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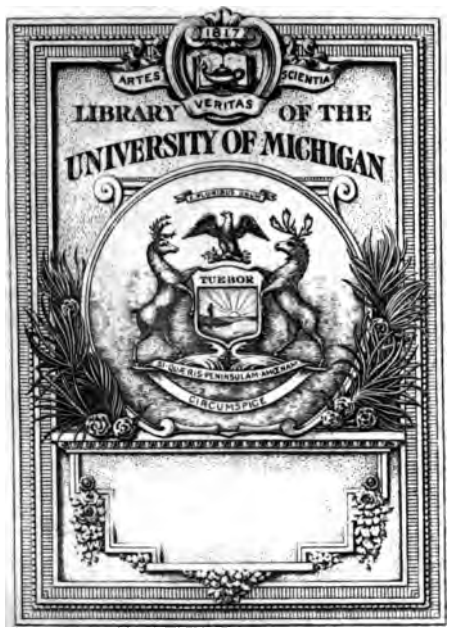
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THE

ODYSSEY

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

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A NEW EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES, CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

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MDCCXCVI.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHILE Ulyſſes lies in the veſtibule of the palace, he is witneſs to the diſorders of the women. Minerva comforts him and caſts him aſleep. At his awaking he deſires a favourable ſign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feaſt of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the Suitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongſt them, notwithſtanding which, Ulyſſes is inſulted by Cteſippus, and the reſt continue in their exceſſes. Strange prodigies are ſeen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the deſtruction of the wooers. P.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

AN ample hide divine Ulyſſes ſpread,
And form'd of fleecy ſkins his humble bed:
(The remnants of the ſpoil the ſuitor-crowd
In feſtival devour'd, and victims vow'd.)
Then o'er the chief, Eurynome the chaſte
With duteous care a downy carpet caſt:

NOTES.

Ver. 5.] This incorrect rhyme might be ſuperſeded thus, with more fidelity at the ſame time to his original:

Then o'er the chief, *reclining to repoſe*,
Euronyme a downy carpet *throws*;
Dire *thoughts of vengeance labour in his breaſt*,
And *plotting* Wrath *denies his members reſt*:

but not without ſome loſs of harmony in the *ſecond* verſe, which

With dire revenge his thoughtful boſom glows,
And ruminating wrath, he ſcorns repoſe.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes ſurvey,
Whilſt to nocturnal joys impure, repair
With wanton glee, the proſtituted fair.

---

will allow no poſition to the *proper name* with acceptance to the ear, but that allotted by our tranſlator.

Ver. 12. *With wanton glee, the proſtituted fair.*] Euſtathius expatiates upon the conduct of theſe female ſervants of Penelope. Silence and a decent reſerve (remarks that author) is the ornament of the fair ſex; levity and laughter betray them into an unguarded behaviour, and make them ſuſceptible of wanton impreſſions. The Athenians, as Pauſanias informs us, had a temple ſacred to Love and Venus the whiſperer. Venus was called the whiſperer (ψίθυρος) becauſe they who there offered up their prayers applied their mouths to the ear of the ſtatue of that Goddeſs, and whiſpered their petitions; an intimation, that women ought to govern their tongue, and not let it tranſgreſs either by loudneſs or loquacity. But this no ways affects the ladies of Great Britain; they ſpeak ſo well, they ſhould never be ſilent.

Ulyſſes, Homer tells us, is almoſt provoked to kill theſe females with his own hands: this has been imagined a thought unworthy an hero. The like objection has been made againſt Æneas in Virgil (Æneid, lib. ii. ver. 567.)

Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
The graceleſs Helen in the porch I ſpy'd
Of Veſta's temple: there ſhe lurk'd alone,
Muffl'd ſhe ſat, and what ſhe could, unknown;
Trembling with rage, the ſtrumpet I regard,
Reſolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.

This whole paſſage is ſaid to have been expunged from Virgil by Tucca and Varius; for as Virgil there expreſſes it,

'Tis true a ſoldier can ſmall honour gain,
And boaſt no conqueſt from a woman ſlain. *Dryden.*

But the objection is probably made with too great ſeverity, both

His heart with rage this new diſhonour ſtung,
Wav'ring his thoughts in dubious balance hung;
Or, inſtant ſhould he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the ſhame;
Or to their luſt indulge a laſt embrace,
And let the peers conſummate the diſgrace.
Round his ſwoll'n heart the murm'rous fury rolls;
As o'er her young the mother-maſtiff growls,

againſt Homer and Virgil: it is no diſgrace to the beſt or braveſt man, to be ſubject to ſuch paſſions as betray him into no unworthy actions: a hero is not ſuppoſed to be inſenſible; he diſtinguiſhes himſelf as ſuch, if he reſtrains them within the bounds of reaſon. Both Æneas and Ulyſſes are fired with a juſt indignation; and this is agreeable to human nature; but both of them proceed to no outragious action, and this ſhews that their paſſions are governed by ſuperiour reaſon. However this reſentment of Ulyſſes is leſs liable to objection than that of Æneas: Ulyſſes ſubdues his indignation by the reflection of his own reaſon; but Virgil introduces a machine to compoſe the ſpirit of Æneas;

— — — all ſhining heav'nly bright,
My mother ſtood reveal'd before my ſight,
She held my hand, the deſtin'd blow to break, &c.

It may be further added that the caſe is very different between Æneas and Ulyſſes. The perſons whom Ulyſſes intends to puniſh are his ſubjects and ſervants, and ſuch a puniſhment would be no more than an act of juſtice, as he is their maſter and king; and we find in the ſequel of the Odyſſey that he actually inflicts it. It ſhould therefore be thought an inſtance of Homer's judgment, in painting the diſorders of theſe ſervants in ſuch ſtrong colours, that we may acknowledge the juſtice, when he afterwards brings them to puniſhment. P.

Ver. 13.] So Chapman:

— — — — — laughing, wantoning
In mutuall lightneſſe, which *his heart* did *ſting*.

Ver. 20. *As o'er her young the mother-maſtiff growls*, &c.] This

And bays the ſtranger groom: ſo wrath compreſt
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breaſt.
Poor ſuff'ring heart! he cry'd, ſupport the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage reſtrain.

[redacted]

in the original is a very bold expreſſion, but Homer, to ſoften it, inſtances a compariſon which reconciles us to it. Ennius has literally tranſlated it, as Spondanus obſerves:

— — "animuſque in pectore *latrat*."

That is, word for word,

— — Κραδίη δέ οἱ ἔνδον ὑλάκτει.

The ſimilitude itſelf is very expreſſive; as the maſtiff barks to guard her young, ſo labours the ſoul of Ulyſſes in defence of his ſon and wife, Penelope and Telemachus. Dacier was afraid that the compariſon could not be rendered with any beauty in the French tongue, and therefore has ſubſtituted another in the room of it, *Son cœur rugiſſoit au dedans de luy, comme un lion rugit autour d'une bergerie, où il ne ſçauroit entrer.* But however more noble the lion may be than the maſtiff, it is evident that ſhe utterly deviates from the alluſion: the maſtiff rages in defence of her young, Ulyſſes of his ſon Telemachus; but how is this repreſented by a lion roaring round a fold, which he is not to defend, but deſtroy? We have therefore choſen to follow Homer in the more humble but more expreſſive ſimilitude; and what will entirely reconcile us to it, is the great honour which was paid to dogs by the antients: they were kept as a piece of ſtate by princes or heroes, and therefore a compariſon drawn from them was held to be as noble as if it had been drawn from a lion. P.

Ver. 22.] A bold adoption from Milton, Par. Loſt. ix. 1002.

Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a ſecond groan;
Sky lour'd, and, *muttering thunder*, ſome ſad drops
Wept.

Ver. 23. *Poor ſuff'ring heart! he cry'd, ſupport the pain*
Of wounded honour, and thy rage reſtrain.]

Theſe two verſes are quoted by Plato in his Phædo, where he treats of the ſoul's immortality; he makes uſe of them to prove

Not fiercer woes thy fortitude cou'd foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years toil
Dire Polypheme devour'd: I then was freed
By patient prudence, from the death decreed.
Thus anchor'd ſafe on reaſon's peaceful coaſt,
Tempeſts of wrath his ſoul no longer toſt;
Reſtleſs his body rolls, to rage reſign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,

---

that Homer underſtood the ſoul to be uncompounded and diſtinct from the body. "If the ſoul, argues that author, were a compounded ſubſtance, if it were harmony, (as ſome philoſophically aſſert) ſhe would never act diſcordantly from the parts which compoſe it; but we ſee the contrary, we ſee the ſoul guide and govern the parts of which ſhe herſelf is pretended to be compoſed; ſhe reſiſts, threatens and reſtrains our paſſions, our fears, avarice and anger: in ſhort, the ſoul ſpeaks to the body as to a ſubſtance of a nature entirely different from its own. Homer therefore evidently underſtood that the ſoul ought to govern and direct the paſſions, and that it is of a nature more divine than harmony."

This is undoubtedly very juſt reaſoning; and there is an expreſſion, obſerves Dacier, that bears the ſame import in the holy ſcriptures: *The heart of David ſmote him when he numbered the people.* There is this difference; in Homer by *heart* is underſtood the corporeal ſubſtance, in the ſcriptures the ſpiritual; but both make a manifeſt diſtinction between the ſoul and the body. P.

Ver. 32. *As one who long,* &c.] No paſſage in the whole Odyſſey has fallen under more ridicule than this compariſon; Monſieur Perault is particularly ſevere upon it: Homer (ſays that Critick) compares Ulyſſes turning in his bed to a black-pudding broiling on a gridiron; whereas the truth is, he compares that hero turning and toſſing in his bed, burning with impatience to ſatisfy himſelf with the blood of the Suitors, to a man in ſharp hunger preparing the entrails of a victim over a great fire; and

The ſav'ry cates on glowing embers caſt
Inceſſant turns, impatient for repaſt:

---

the agitation repreſents the agitation of Ulyſſes. Homer compares not the thing, but the perſons.

Boileau, in his notes upon Longinus, anſwers this objection. It is notorious that the belly of ſome animals was one of the moſt delicious diſhes amongſt the antients: that the *ſumen* or ſow's belly was boaſted of for its excellence by the Romans, and forbidden by a ſumptuary law as too voluptuous. Beſides the Greek word uſed to expreſs a black-pudding was not invented in the days of Homer. Ogilby indeed thus renders it:

As one a pudding broiling on the coals.

But you will aſk, Is not the alluſion mean at beſt, and does it not convey a low image? Monſieur Dacier anſwers in the negative, in his notes upon Ariſtotle's Poeticks. The compariſon is borrowed from ſacrifices which yielded blood and fat, and was therefore ſo far from being deſpicable, that it was looked upon with veneration by antiquity. Lib. i. of the Iliad.

On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.

The *cawls* and the *choiceſt morſels* were the fat of the victim, ſelected as the beſt part of it, to be offered to the Gods. We may find that the thought was noble in the oriental language, for the author of Eccleſiaſt. makes uſe of it, xlvii. 2. *As is the fat taken from the peace-offering, ſo was David choſen out of the children of Iſrael.* And the ſame alluſion which was uſed to repreſent the worth and excellence of David, could be no degradation to Ulyſſes.

But what is underſtood by the *belly of the beaſt, full of fat and blood?* Boileau is of opinion that thoſe words denote the fat and the blood which are in thoſe parts of an animal naturally: but he is in an error, as appears evidently from theſe lines, lib. xviii. of the Odyſſey.

Γαστέρες αἳ δ' αἰγῶν κίαθ' ἰὼ πυρί· τὰς δ' ἐπὶ δόρπῳ
Καυθείμεθα, κίσσης τε καὶ αἵματος ἱμπλήσαντες.

Implentes ſanguine & pinguedine, in cœnâ deponamus; a demonſtration that Homer intends not the natural fat and blood of the animal. P.

Ulyſſes ſo, from ſide to ſide devolv'd,
In ſelf-debate the Suitors doom reſolv'd;
When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From heav'n deſcends the Jove-born martial Maid;
And hov'ring o'er his head in view confeſs'd,
The Goddeſs thus her fav'rite care addreſs'd.
Oh thou, of mortals moſt inur'd to woes!
Why roll thoſe eyes unfriended of repoſe?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Bleſt in thy queen! bleſt in thy blooming heir!
Whom, to the Gods when ſuppliant fathers bow,
They name the ſtandard of their deareſt vow.
Juſt is thy kind reproach, (the chief rejoin'd)
Deeds full of fate diſtract my various mind,
In contemplation rapt. This hoſtile crew
What ſingle arm hath proweſs to ſubdue?

Thus in Pope's Eloiſa, verſe 21.

Shrines! where their vigils *pale-ey'd* virgins keep:

which is imitated from a poem (if genuine) of the Duke of Wharton's on the Fear of Death:

Where pale-ey'd griefs *their* waſting *vigils keep.*

Ver. 35.] No legitimate meaning of the word *devolv'd* can be made conſonant to the requiſition of this paſſage.

Ver. 47.] The ſame bad rhymes are in Ogilby:

Who alwaies are, as in a body, *joyn'd.*
Beſides this, more then that *diſtracts my mind.*

Or if by Jove's, and thy auxiliar aid,
They're doom'd to bleed; O ſay, celeſtial maid:
Where ſhall Ulyſſes ſhun, or how ſuſtain,
Nations embattled to revenge the ſlain?
Oh impotence of faith! Minerva cries,
If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the Gods? Lo Pallas' ſelf deſcends,
Inſpires thy counſels, and thy toils attends.

Ver. 52.] Let this aukward abbreviation, admiſſible only in leſs dignified ſtrains, be thus avoided:

To *death devoted*, ſay, celeſtial maid!—

Ver. 56. *If man on frail unknowing man relies,*
Doubt you the Gods?]

There is excellent reaſoning in this. If a friend whom we know to be wiſe and powerful, adviſes us, we are ready to follow his inſtructions; the divine Being gives us his counſel, and we refuſe it. Monſieur Dacier obſerves that Epictetus had this paſſage in his view, and beautified his morality with it. "The protection of "a prince or potentate (ſays that author) gives us full tranquil- "lity, and baniſhes from us all uneaſy apprehenſion. We have "an all-powerful Being for our protector, and for our Father; "and yet the knowledge of it is not ſufficient to drive away our "fears, inquietudes, and diſcontents."

What Homer further puts into the mouth of the Goddeſs of Wiſdom is conſonant to ſacred verity, and agrees with the language of the Scripture; *Pſalm* xxvii. 3. *Though an hoſt of men were laid againſt me, yet ſhall not my heart be afraid.*

The Poet almoſt in every book mentions the deſtruction of the Suitors by the ſingle hand of Ulyſſes, to reconcile us to it by degrees, that we may not be ſhocked at the great cataſtrophe of the poem as incredible: it is particularly judicious to inſiſt upon it in this place in a manner ſo ſolemn, to prepare us for the approaching event. If the deſtruction of the Suitors ſhould appear humanly improbable by being aſcribed ſolely to Ulyſſes, it is at leaſt reconcileable to divine probability, and becomes credible through the intervention of a Goddeſs. P.

In me affianc'd, fortify thy breaſt,
Tho' myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim conteſt:
My ſure divinity ſhall bear the ſhield,
And edge thy ſword to reap the glorious field.
Now, pay the debt to craving nature due,
Her faded pow'rs with balmy reſt renew.
She ceas'd: ambroſial ſlumbers ſeal his eyes;
His care diſſolves in viſionary joys:
The Goddeſs pleas'd, regains her natal ſkies.

Not ſo the queen; the downy bands of ſleep
By grief relax'd, ſhe wak'd again to weep:
A gloomy pauſe enſu'd of dumb deſpair;
Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent pray'r.
Diana! ſpeed thy deathful ebon dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulſive heart.

Ver. 60.] Chapman gives his author literally, and well:

Ile tell thee therefore cleerely: if there were
Of divers languag'd men an army here
Of fifty companies, all driving hence
Thy ſheepe and oxen, and with violence
Offer'd to charge us, and beſiedge us round;
Thou ſhouldſt their prey reprize, and them confound.

Ver. 62.] Pope in his Eſſay on Man:

Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field.

Ver. 66.] The rhyme is imperfect. Chapman is very good:

Thus pour'd the goddeſſe ſleepe into *his eyes*,
And re-aſcended the Olympian *ſkies*.

Ver. 70.] Ogilby has not ill repreſented his author:

When ſhe had wept till ſhe could weep no more,
Thus ſhe the chaſt Diana did implore.
Virgin, Jove's Daughter, grant me this requeſt,
To ſhoot thy deadly arrow through my breaſt.

Ver. 72. *Diana! ſpeed thy deathful ebon dart*, &c.] I doubt not

Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Toſt thro' the void illimitable ſpace:
Or if diſmounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean ſhroud!
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan-fair
Were doom'd to wander thro' the devious air;
Thyſelf untimely and thy conſort dy'd,
But four celeſtials both your cares ſupply'd.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:

---

but the reader will be pleaſed with the beauty of this ſoliloquy. There is an aſſemblage of tender images and moving complaints, and yet they are ſuch as betray no meanneſs of ſpirit: the lamentation of Penelope is the lamentation of a queen and heroine; ſhe mourns, but it is with dignity. The Poet makes a good uſe of her ſorrows, and they excellently ſuſtain her character of perſevering to elude the addreſſes of the Suitors, when ſhe wiſhes even to die rather than to yield to them.

But I confeſs the inſerting ſo many particularities of the daughters of Pandarus, &c. greatly leſſens the pathetick of this ſpeech. P.

Ver. 74. *Snatch me, ye whirlwinds!* &c.] The antients (ſays Dacier) were perſuaded that ſome perſons were carried away by ſtorms and whirlwinds. I would rather imagine ſuch expreſſions to be entirely figurative and poetical; it is probable that what gave occaſion to theſe fictions might be no more than the ſudden deaths of ſome perſons, and their diſappearance was aſcribed, in the language of poetry, to ſtorms and whirlwinds. The Orientals delighted in ſuch bold figures. *Job* xxvii. 21. *The eaſt wind carrieth him away, and as a ſtorm hurleth him out of his place.* And *Iſaiah* xli. 16. *The wind ſhall carry them away, and the whirlwind ſhall ſcatter them.* P.

Ver. 82. *Venus in tender delicacy rears*
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years.]

Imperial Juno to their youth aſſign'd
A form majeſtick, and ſagacious mind:
With ſhapely growth Diana grac'd the bloom;
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilſt to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright Cytherea ſought the bow'r of Jove;
(The God ſupreme, to whoſe eternal eye
The regiſters of fate expanded lie)

Monſieur Dacier obſerves upon this paſſage; Venus is ſaid to feed theſe infants with wine, milk, and honey; that is, ſhe nurſed them in their infancy, with plenty and abundance. For this is the import of the expreſſion: a land flowing with milk and honey means a land of the greateſt fertility, as is evident from the writings of Moſes. So the prophet. *Butter and honey ſhall he eat, till he knows how to refuſe the evil and chooſe the good*; that is, till the age of diſcretion. P.

Ver. 84. *Imperial Juno to their youth aſſign'd*
A form majeſtick, and ſagacious mind.]

It may ſeem that Homer aſcribes improper gifts to this Goddeſs; wiſdom is the portion of Minerva, beauty of Venus, why then are they here aſcribed to Juno? Spondanus calls this an inſolvable difficulty. Dacier explains it by ſaying, that the beauty of princeſſes is different from that of perſons of an inferiour ſtation, their beauty conſiſts in a majeſty that is every way great and noble, and ſtrikes with awe, very different from the little affectations and formal ſoftneſſes of inferiour beauty; the former kind is the gift of Venus to the lower part of the fair ſex, the latter is beſtowed on princeſſes and queens, by Juno the regent of the ſkies. P.

Ver. 88.] Ogilby is in ſome points more conciſe, and not contemptible; with whom compare Par. Loſt, viii. 638.

Whilſt heaven bright Venus ſcal'd, of Jove to know,
The great diſpenſer of our weal and woe,
With whom theſe beauteous virgins ſhould be match'd,
Them Harpyes in a winged tempeſt ſnatch'd.

Wing'd Harpies ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge away,
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
Be ſuch my lot! Or thou Diana ſpeed
Thy ſhaft, and ſend me joyful to the dead:
To ſeek my lord among the warriour-train,
E'er ſecond vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking ſenſe alone aſſail,
Whilſt Night extends her ſoft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches care the torture ends:
No truce the warfare of my heart ſuſpends!
The night renews the day-diſtracting theme,
And airy terrours ſable ev'ry dream.

Ver. 92. *Wing'd Harpies ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge away.*] It is not evident what is meant by theſe princeſſes being carried away by the Harpies: Euſtathius thinks that they wandered from their own country, and fell into the power of cruel governeſſes, whoſe ſeverities the Poet aſcribes to the ἁρπυιαι, or Furies. Dacier imagines, that theſe two princeſſes having ſeen the unhappy fate of their ſiſter Aëdon (who was married to Zethus, and ſlew her own ſon) feared a like calamity, and dreading marriage, retired to ſome diſtant ſolitude, where never being heard of, it gave room for the fiction. It muſt be allowed that the thought excellently agrees with the wiſhes of Penelope: theſe princeſſes were taken away at the point of their marriage; Penelope believes herſelf to be in the ſame condition, and wiſhes to be loſt rather than ſubmit to ſecond nuptials. This ſpeech has a further effect; we find Penelope reduced to the utmoſt exigency, ſhe has no further ſubterfuge; the Poet therefore judiciouſly paints this exigency in the ſtrongeſt colours, to ſhew the neceſſity of unravelling the intrigue of the poem in the concluſion of the Odyſſey. P.

Ver. 94.] A ſmall alteration will perfect the rhyme:

— — — — or *be*, Diana! *ſped*
Thy ſhaft—.

The laſt alone a kind illuſion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd Ulyſſes brought,
In manly bloom, and each majeſtick grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;
Such raptures in my beating boſom riſe,
I deem it ſure a viſion of the ſkies.
Thus, whilſt Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments ſhe breathes her moan;
The ſounds aſſault Ulyſſes' wakeful ear;
Miſ-judging of the cauſe, a ſudden fear

Ver. 104.] Pope's Eloiſa, verſe 240.

To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes:
Ye, *ſoft illuſions!* dear deceits! ariſe.

Ver. 107. *As when for Troy he left my fond embrace.*] This little circumſtance is not without a good effect: it ſhews that the whole ſoul of Penelope was poſſeſſed with the image of Ulyſſes. Homer adds, *ſuch as he was when he ſailed to Troy*; which is inſerted to take off our wonder that ſhe ſhould not diſcover him; this Ulyſſes in diſguiſe is not like the Ulyſſes ſhe formerly knew, and now delineates in her imagination. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 110. *Thus, whilſt Aurora mounts her purple throne.*] This is the morning of the fortieth day; for part of the eighteenth book, and the whole nineteenth, and ſo far of the twentieth book, contain no more time than the evening of the thirty-ninth day. P.

Ver. 111.] Thus Milton, Par. Loſt, xi. 266. in a paſſage not diſſimilar:

— — — — — Eve, who unſeen
Yet all had heard, with *audible lament*
Diſcover'd ſoon the place of her retire.

Ver. 113. — — — *a ſudden fear*
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms.]

I was at a loſs for an explication of this line, till I found it in

Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;
He thinks the queen is ruſhing to his arms.
Up-ſpringing from his couch, with active haſte
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;
(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air)
And thus the Gods invok'd, with ardent pray'r.
Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heav'n to friend
If the long ſeries of my woes ſhall end;
Of human race now riſing from repoſe,
Let one a bliſsful omen here diſcloſe:

Euſtathius; for why ſhould Ulyſſes imagine that Penelope knew him to be Ulyſſes, after a ſpeech that expreſſed ſo much concern for his abſence? Ulyſſes, having only heard the voice, not diſtinguiſhed the words of her lamentation, miſtakes the tears of Penélope for tears of joy; he ſuſpects that the diſcovery is made by Euryclea or Telemachus; that they have told her the truth to give her comfort; and fears leſt in the tranſport of her joy ſhe ſhould act ſomething that would betray him to the Suitors, and prevent his deſigns: he therefore immediately withdraws, and makes a prayer to heaven for a ſign to re-aſſure his hopes, that he may proceed with confidence to their deſtruction. P.

Ver. 120. *Jove, and ethereal thrones*—123.— *a bliſsful omen*—] The conſtruction in the Greek is ungrammatical, for after Ζεῦ πάτερ the ſingular, the Poet immediately adds εἴ μ' ἐθέλοντες in the plural number; τὰ λοιπὰ δαιμόνια are implied, ſays Euſtathius, ſo that θεοὶ is underſtood, which rectifies the conſtruction.

The reader will fully underſtand the import of this prayer, from the nature of omens, and the notions of them amongſt the antients: *If*, ſays Ulyſſes, *my prayer is heard, let there be a voice from within the palace to certify me of it*; and immediately a voice is heard, *O Jupiter, may this day be the laſt to the Suiters!* Such ſpeeches as fell accidentally from any perſon were held ominous, and one of the antient ways of divination; Ulyſſes underſtands it as ſuch,

And to confirm my faith, propitious Jove!
Vouchſafe the ſanction of a ſign above.
Whilſt lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying God his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a ſapphire ſky his thunder ſounds:
With ſpringing hope the hero's heart rebounds.

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und accepts the omen. It was in uſe among the Romans, as appears from Tully of divination, when P. Æmilius was going to war with Perſeus king of the Macedonians, he found his little daughter in tears: *O father*, ſays ſhe, *Perſeus is dead!* meaning her little dog named Perſeus! Æmilius immediately replied, *O daughter, I embrace the omen*, applying it to Perſeus king of the Macedonians; who was afterwards conquered by him, and died a captive in Rome. The ſame practice was uſed by the Hebrews, it was called *Bath Kol*; this is an inſtance of it: two rabbies deſiring to ſee Samuel a Babyloniſh doctor, *let us follow*, ſaid they, *the hearing of Bath Kol*; travelling therefore near a ſchool, they heard a boy reading theſe words out of 1 Samuel xxv. 1. *And Samuel died.* They obſerved it, and found that their friend was dead. The *ſortes Virgilianæ* afterwards were much of this kind. P.

The clauſe at the concluſion of this verſe is probably not without authority; but this conſtruction appears to me particularly harſh and inelegant. The language is Miltonian, Par. Loſt. ii. 310.

Thrones and imperial Pow'rs, ofſpring of Heaven,
Ethereal Virtues!

Ver. 128. *Loud from a ſapphire ſky*—] It was this circumſtance, of thunder burſting from a *ſerene ſky*, that made it ominous: it was noted as ſuch among the Romans in the books of the augurs; and Horace brings it as a proof againſt the opinions of Epicurus.

— — — — "Dieſpiter
"Igni coruſco nubila dividens,
"Plerumque *per purum* tonantes
"Egit equos, volucremque currum."

Virgil likewiſe ſpeaks of thunder as ominous: when Anchiſes

Soon, with conſummate joy to crown his pray'r,
An omen'd voice invades his raviſh'd ear.
Beneath a pile that cloſe the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female ſlaves the gift of Ceres grind;
Taſk'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and ſtrength of man)
Diſcharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repoſe the reſt withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the taſk aſſign'd,
Still turn'd the toilſome mill with anxious mind;
And thus in bitterneſs of ſoul divin'd.
Father of Gods and men; whoſe thunders roll
O'er the cerulean vault, and ſhake the pole;

ſaw the lambent flame round the head of Iulus, he prays to Jupiter, and immediately it thunders.

" Vix ea fatus erat ſenior, ſubitoque fragore
" Intonuit."

The Stoicks drew an argument from thunder from a ſerene air againſt the doctrines of Epicurus, who taught that the Gods had no regard of human affairs; for they concluded ſuch thunder to be præter-natural, and an argument of a divine Providence. P.

Ver. 133. *Twelve female ſlaves the gift of Ceres grind.*] This little particularity ſhews us the great profuſion of the Suitors, who employed twelve mills to find them bread. There is a particular energy in the word ἐπιῤῥώοντο; it denotes the great labour and aſſiduity of theſe people in preparing the bread, and conſequently the great waſte of the Suitors. It likewiſe preſerves a piece of antiquity, that kings formerly had mills in their palaces to provide for their families, and that theſe mills were attended by women; I ſuppoſe becauſe preparing bread was an houſhold care, and therefore fell to the lot of female ſervants. P.

Whoe'er from heav'n has gain'd this rare oſtent,
(Of granted vows a certain ſignal ſent)
In this bleſt moment of accepted pray'r
Piteous, regard a wretch conſum'd with care!
Inſtant, O Jove! confound the ſuitor-train,
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers caſt,
And be this feſtival decreed their laſt!
Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and ſky,
Ulyſſes' heart dilates with ſecret joy.
Meantime the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dreſs'd, advanc'd the royal heir;
With manly graſp he wav'd a martial ſpear,
A radiant ſabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden ſandal ſhone.
His ſteps impetuous to the portal preſs'd;
And Euryclea thus he there addreſs'd.
Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection, and repoſe,
Beſtow'd the ſtranger gueſt? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?

Ver. 147.] Why not literally?
O Jove! *this day* confound—,
Ver. 151.] Theſe rhymes will not paſs. Thus?
Big with their doom, *which* earth and ſky *diſcloſe*,
Ulyſſes' heart with ſecret *tranſport glows*.

Promiſcuous grace on all the queen confers;
(In woes bewilder'd, oft' the wiſeſt errs.)
The wordy vagrant to the dole aſpires,
And modeſt worth with noble ſcorn retires.
She thus: O ceaſe that ever honour'd name
To blemiſh now; it ill deſerves your blame.
A bowl of gen'rous wine ſuffic'd the gueſt;
In vain the queen the night-refection preſt;
Nor would he court repoſe in downy ſtate,
Unbleſs'd, abandon'd to the rage of Fate!
A hide beneath the portico was ſpread,
And fleecy ſkins compos'd an humble bed;
A downy carpet caſt with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.

Ver. 165. *Promiſcuous grace on all the queen confers.*] This ſpeech of Telemachus may ſeem to be wanting in filial reſpect, as it appears to condemn the conduct of his mother: but (remarks Euſtathius) the contrary is to be gathered from it. His blame is really a commendation; it ſhews that her affection was ſo great for Ulyſſes, that ſhe received every vagrant honourably, who deceived her with falſe news about him; and that other perſons who brought no tidings of him, though men of great worth, were leſs acceptable. P.

Ver. 166.] The former clauſe of this verſe is no unreaſonable comment from the tranſlator, and originating, perhaps, from Dacier; though Fenton and Broome were much leſs intent on conſulting their predeceſſors, than Pope uniformly appears to have been: "Car pour la reine ma mere, quoique pleine de prudence et de "ſageſſe, *elle eſt ſi occupée de ſon affliction*, qu'elle ne diſtingue "perſonne."

His cornel jav'lin pois'd, with regal port,
To the ſage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,
Forth-iſſuing from the dome the prince repair'd:
Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him ſourly ſtalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to the toil the menial train.
What marks of luxury the marble ſtain!
Its wonted luſtre let the floor regain;
The ſeats with purple cloathe in order due;
And let th' abſterſive ſponge the board renew:

Ver. 179.] The tranſlation here is very free, nor perfect in it's rhymes. I ſhall give a literal repreſentation:

She ſpake: Telemachus went through the dome,
With ſpear in hand, and two ſwift dogs behind,
On to the Forum, where the Greeks were met.

Ver. 180. *To the ſage Greeks conven'd in Themis court,*
Forth-iſſuing from the dome the prince repair'd:]

It was cuſtomary for kings and magiſtrates to go early every morning into the publick aſſemblies, to diſtribute juſtice, and take care of publick affairs; but this aſſembly contributing nothing to the action of the Odyſſey, the Poet paſſes it over in a curſory manner, without any enlargement. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 189. *And let th' abſterſive ſponge the board renew.*] The table was not anciently covered with linnen, but carefully cleanſed with wet ſponges. Thus Arrian, ἆρον τὰς τραπέζας, σπόγισον: and Martial:

"Hæc tibi ſorte datur tergendis ſpongia menſis,"

They made uſe of no napkins to wipe their hands, but the ſoft and fine part of the bread, which they called ἀπομαγδαλίαι, which afterwards they threw to the dogs; this cuſtom is mentioned in the Odyſſey, lib. x.

Let ſome refreſh the vaſe's ſullied mold;
Some bid the goblets boaſt their native gold;
Some to the ſpring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
Diſpatch! for ſoon the Suitors will aſſay
The lunar feaſt-rites to the God of day.
She ſaid; with duteous haſte a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the ſpring repair;

Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα κύνες δαίτηθεν ἴοῦσι
Σαίνωσ', αἰεὶ γάρ τι φέρει μειλίγματα θυμῷ.

As from ſome feaſt a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, ſome morſel to receive,
Such as the good man ever wont to give.

The morſel in the tranſlation, and the μειλίγματα in the Greek, mean theſe pieces of bread, or ἀπομαγδαλίαι, with which the antients wiped their hands after eating, and then threw to the dogs. P.

Ver. 195. *The lunar feaſt-rites to the God of day.*] This was the laſt day of one month, and the firſt of the following: the Greek months were lunar, the firſt day of every month was a day of great ſolemnity, and it was conſecrated to Apollo, the author and fountain of light. Ulyſſes had ſaid, lib. xiv. ver. 186.

E'er the next moon increaſe, or this decay,
His antient realms Ulyſſes ſhall ſurvey;
In blood and duſt each proud oppreſſor mourn.
Τοῦ μὲν φθίνοντος μηνὸς, τῦ δ' ἰσαμένοιο.

This, ſays Solon in Plutarch, means that Ulyſſes ſhall return on the laſt day of the month preciſely; and here we find it verified. Ulyſſes diſcovers himſelf upon this day, and kills the Suitors: by his return, in the foregoing period, is meant his diſcovery; for he was returned when he made that aſſertion to Eumæus. It is therefore probable, that the above recited verſe was rightly interpreted by Solon. P.

Ver. 196.] Paradiſe Loſt, xi. 582.

With varied toils the reſt adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the Suitors come.
Some wield the ſounding ax; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful ſtrokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(Eumæus in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feaſt, all brawny-chin'd,
He brought; the choiceſt of the tuſky kind:
In lodgements firſt ſecure his care he view'd,
Then to the king this friendly ſpeech renew'd:
Now ſay ſincere, my gueſt! the ſuitor-train
Still treat they worth with lordly dull diſdain;
Or ſpeaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?
Some pitying God (Ulyſſes ſad reply'd)
With vollied vengeance blaſt their tow'ring pride,
No conſcious bluſh, no ſenſe of right reſtrains
The tides of luſt that ſwell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are toſt,
All cheaply ſated at another's coſt!

— — — — when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dreſs.

Ver. 202.] Milton, Par. Loſt, iv. 336.

The ſavory pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirſted ſcoop the *brimming* ſtream.

Ver. 212.] Paradiſe Loſt, iv. 928.

— — — — when in battel to thy aid
The *blaſting volied thunder* made all ſpeed,

While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, maſter of the bearded fold,
The goodlieſt goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the Suitors' feaſt preferr'd:
Two grooms aſſiſtant bore the victims bound;
With quav'ring cries the vaulted roofs reſound:
And to the chief auſtere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man.
Here, vagrant, ſtill? offenſive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
Theſe arguments I'll uſe: nor conſcious ſhame,
Nor threats, thy bold intruſion will reclaim.
On this high feaſt the meaneſt vulgar boaſt
A plenteous board! Hence! ſeek another hoſt!
Rejoinder to the churl the king diſdain'd,
But ſhook his head, and riſing wrath reſtrain'd.
From Cephalenia croſs the ſurgy main
Philætius late arriv'd, a faithful ſwain.

Ver. 225.] In theſe vulgarities Ogilby is oftentimes humorous enough:

What, good-man Troubleſom, art thou here yet?
Know'ſt thou not how out of theſe doors to get?

Ver. 231.] Thus his author, literally:

He ſpake; and ſage Ulyſſes nought reply'd;
But ſilent ſhook his head, deep-plotting ills:

ſo that our tranſlator ſeems to have conſulted Ogilby:

Ulyſſes thus affronted nothing ſaid,
But *kept down ſtruggling rage*, and ſhook his head.

A ſteer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race;
Imported in a ſhallop not his own:
The dome re-echo'd to their mingled moan.
Straight to the guardian of the briſtly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind.

What gueſt is he, of ſuch majeſtick air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim thro' th' eclipſe of fate, the rays divine
Of ſov'reign ſtate with faded ſplendour ſhine.
If monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyſs are we foredoom'd to go!

Ver. 235.] This ſeems a ſtrange *periphraſis* for a *heifer!*

Ver. 237. *Imported in a ſhallop*—] To underſtand this paſſage, it is neceſſary to remember that Melanthius and Philætius fed their flocks and herds in Cephalenia, an adjacent iſland, under the dominion of Ulyſſes; but living in different parts of it, they are brought over in ſeparate veſſels, by different ferrymen, πορθμῆες, as Homer expreſſes it. P.

Ver. 238.] Thus Ogilby:

And them did neer the *eccboing* portal tie.

Ver. 243.] An admirable couplet! excepting that *dim* and *faded* ſhould not have been aſſociated in the period. Better, perhaps,

Shot thro' th' eclipſe of Fate:—

or in ſome ſuch manner.

Ver. 245. *If monarchs by the Gods*, &c.] This is the reaſoning of Philætius: kings are in a peculiar manner the care of the Gods; and if the Gods exempt not kings from calamities, how can inferiour perſons (ſays Dacier) expect to be exempted, or complain in the day of adverſity? But I perſuade myſelf the words have a deeper ſenſe, and mean Ulyſſes; "Well may

Then affable he thus the chief addreſs'd,
Whilſt with pathetick warmth his hand he preſs'd.
Stranger! may fate a milder aſpect ſhew,
And ſpin thy future with a whiter clue!
O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;
The tyrant, not the father of the ſkies!

" vagrants ſuffer, when kings, ſuch as Ulyſſes, are not free from " afflictions." P.

Ver. 249.] Perhaps, this pronunciation of the verb *ſhew* in poetry is preferable, as furniſhing variety, and forming a diſtinction from the ſubſtantive *ſhow*.

Ver. 251. *O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;*
The tyrant, not the father of the ſkies!]

Theſe words are to be aſcribed to the exceſs of ſorrow which Philætius feels for the ſufferings of Ulyſſes: for they certainly tranſgreſs the bounds of reaſon. But if we conſider the ſtate of theology in Homer's time, the ſentence will appear leſs offenſive; " How can Jupiter (ſays Philætius) who is our father, throw his " children into ſuch an abyſs of miſery? Thou, oh Jove, haſt " made us, yet haſt no compaſſion when we ſuffer." It is no eaſy matter to anſwer this argument from the heathen theology, and no wonder therefore if it confounds the reaſon of Philætius; but we who have certain hopes of a future ſtate, can readily ſolve the difficulty: that ſtate will be a time of retribution; it will amply recompence the good man for all his calamities, or as Milton expreſſes,

Will juſtify the ways of God to men.

It may be obſerved in general that this introduction of Philætius and his ſpeech, ſo warm in the cauſe of Ulyſſes, is inſerted here with admirable judgment: the Poet intends to make uſe of his aſſiſtance in the deſtruction of the Suitors; he therefore brings him in giving Ulyſſes full aſſurance of his fidelity; ſo that when that hero reveals himſelf to him, he does not depart from his cautious character, being before certified of his honeſty.

I will only add, that Philætius is not to be looked upon as a common ſervant, but as an officer of ſtate and dignity; and

Unpiteous of the race thy will began!
The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulſe, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulyſſes from his ſtate a wand'rer ſtill,
Upbraids thy pow'r, thy wiſdom, or thy will:
O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—
Freſh flow my tears, and ſhall for ever flow!

whatever has been ſaid in theſe annotations concerning Eumæus may be applied to Philætius; he is here called ἔρχαμε ἀνδρῶν, a title of honour, and Ulyſſes promiſes to marry him into his own family in the ſequel of the Odyſſey; conſequently he is a perſonage worthy to be an actor in epick poetry. P.

Ver. 260. *Freſh flow my tears, and ſhall for ever flow!*] The words in the original are ἴδιον ὡς ἰάνησα, and they are very differently explained by Dacier and Euſtathius. Ἴδιον, τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἰδίωσα, ἠγωνίασα, "I have ſweated and been in an agony at the thought "of the ſevere diſpenſations of Jupiter;" this is the interpretation of Euſtathius. Dacier takes ἴδιον to be an adjective, and then it muſt be connected with the preceding period.

Οὐκ ἐλεαίρεις ἄνδρας, ἐπὴν δὴ γείνεαι αὐτὸς,
Μισγέμεναι κακότητι, καὶ ἄλγεσι λευγαλέοισι,
Ἴδιον ὡς ἀνίησα.

Ut privatim, vel domeſtico admonitus ſum exemplo, for ſo we may render ἴδιον meaning Ulyſſes; then the ſenſe will be this; *Jupiter, though thou haſt made us, thou haſt no compaſſion upon mankind, thou caſteſt us into evils and miſery; as I have learned by a private or domeſtick inſtance, namely in the perſon of Ulyſſes.* If my judgment were of any weight, I ſhould recommend this interpretation rather than that of Euſtathius, which ſeems to be a forced one, and I remember no inſtance of this nature in Homer; but the preference is ſubmitted to the reader's deciſion. P.

Chapman gives his author literally, and well:

My browes have ſwet to ſee it; and mine eyes
Broke all in teares.

Like thee, poor ſtranger gueſt, deny'd his home!
Like thee, in rags obſcene decreed to roam!
Or haply periſh'd on ſome diſtant coaſt,
In Stygian gloom he glides a penſive ghoſt!
O, grateful for the good his bounty gave,
I'll grieve, 'till ſorrow ſink me to the grave!
His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
The regent of his Cephalenian herd:
With vaſt increaſe beneath my care it ſpreads,
A ſtately breed! and blackens far the meads.
Conſtrain'd, the choiceſt beeves I thence import,
To cram theſe cormorants that crowd his court:
Who in partition ſeek his realm to ſhare;
Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
Since here reſolv'd oppreſſive theſe reſide,
Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:

But now comes the note of our tranſlator!

All quit their ſpheres, and ruſh into the ſkies.

The quantity of the firſt ſyllable in the word ὄλος, taken in Dacier's acceptation, utterly reſiſts that ſtation in an *hexameter* verſe; as almoſt every ſchool-boy could have told theſe learned annotators.

Ver. 265.] This ungraceful contraction may be thus avoided:

I, grateful for the good his bounty gave,
Will grieve—.

Ver. 269.] The paſſage labours with ſuperfluity of expreſſion, and a faulty rhyme. Thus?

With vaſt increaſe beneath my care it *ſpeeds*,
A ſtately *race!* and blackens *all* the meads.

Ver. 275.] The ſenſe of his author is not diſtinctly diſcovered here. A literal tranſlation is ſubjoined:

Now to ſome foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
And with the royal herd protection buy:
Then, happier thoughts return the nodding ſcale,
Light mounts deſpair, alternate hopes prevail:
In op'ning proſpects of ideal joy,
My king returns; the proud uſurpers die.
To whom the chief: In thy capacious mind
Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
Attend a deed already ripe in fate:
Atteſt, oh Jove! the truth I now relate!
This ſacred truth atteſt each genial pow'r,
Who bleſs the board, and guard this friendly bow'r!
Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
Thy wiſh produc'd in act, with pleas'd ſurvey,
Thy wond'ring eyes ſhall view: his rightful reign
By arms avow'd Ulyſſes ſhall regain,
And to the ſhades devote the ſuitor-train.

But numerous ſchemes my thoughtful breaſt revolves:
Moſt vile it were, while yet the ſon ſurvives,
To ſtranger lands theſe oxen to convey
Purloin'd; but harder ſtill it ſeems, to bide
Amidſt theſe woes, and guard another's herd.
Indeed, long ſince an exile had I fled
To ſome great king, from ills too vaſt to bear,
But ſtill ſome hope remains to ſee diſpers'd
The ſuitors, by our hapleſs lord's return.

Ver. 283.] Chapman is more accurate and ſimple:

O Jove ſupreme, the raptur'd ſwain replies,
With deeds conſummate ſoon the promis'd joys!
Theſe aged nerves, with new-born vigour ſtrung,
In that bleſt cauſe ſhou'd emulate the young—
Aſſents Eumæus to the pray'r addreſt;
And equal ardours fire his loyal breaſt.
Meantime the Suitors urge the prince's fate,
And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
When in his airy tour, the bird of Jove
Truſs'd with his ſinewy pounce a trembling dove;
Iniſter to their hope! This omen ey'd
Amphinomus, who thus preſaging cry'd:

Herdſman (ſaid he) becauſe thou art in ſhew,
Nor lewd, nor indiſcreete; and that I know
There rules in thee an underſtanding ſoule—.

Ver. 298.] Thus? more exactly:

Nor leſs Eumæus' pray'rs the Gods entreat
To give Ulyſſes to his native ſeat.

Ver. 302.] So Milton, Par. Loſt, xi. 185.

— — — — nigh in her ſight
The bird of Jove, ſtoop'd from *his aery tour*,
Two birds of gayeſt plume before him drove.

Ver. 305. *Amphinomus, who thus preſaging cry'd.*] It may be aſked why Amphinomus gives this interpretation to the prodigy? and why might not the eagle denote the Suitors, and the pigeon Telemachus? No doubt but ſuch an interpretation would have been ſpecious, but contrary to the rules of augury. The eagle is the king of birds, and muſt therefore of neceſſity denote the chief perſonage, and could only be applied to Ulyſſes, or Telemachus. Amphinomus thus interprets it, and the Suitors acquieſce in this interpretation.

The Gods from force and fraud the prince defend;
O peers! the ſanguinary ſcheme ſuſpend:
Your future thought let ſable Fate employ;
And give the preſent hour to genial joy.
From council ſtraight th' aſſenting peerage ceas'd,
And in the dome prepar'd the genial feaſt.

Ver. 311. *And in the dome prepar'd the genial feaſt.*] The antients, ſays Euſtathius, obſerve that this is the only place where the Suitors offer any ſacrifice throughout the whole Odyſſey, and that there is no inſtance at all, that they make any prayer to the Gods. But is it evident from this place, that this is a ſacrifice? It is true the ſacrificial term of ἱέρευον is mentioned; but perhaps that word may not denote a ſacrifice; for ἱερεῖα, though it primarily ſignifies the fleſh of animals offered to the Gods, yet in a leſs proper acceptation implies the fleſh of all animals indifferently. Thus Athenæus, τροφὴν, τὴν τῶν νεογνῶν ἱερείων, which muſt be rendered, *the fleſh of young animals.* Thus Lib. vii. εὐσηπέστερα τὰ νύκτωρ θνόμενα ἱερεῖα, *the fleſh of animals that are killed by night ſooneſt putrifies*; and Galen uſes ζῶον, and ἱερεῖον, for an animal indiſcriminately. The reaſon is, becauſe originally no animal was ever ſlain but ſome part of it was offered to the Gods, and in this ſenſe every ζῶον was ἱερεῖον. If we conſult the context in Homer, it muſt be allowed that there is no other word but ἱέρευον that diſtinguiſhes this from a common repaſt, through the whole deſcription; and if that word will bear a remote ſignification, as ἱερεῖον does, I ſhould conclude, that this is no ſacrifice. Nay, if it ſhould be found that ἱέρευον implies of neceſſity a religious act, yet it will not prove that this is more than a cuſtomary meal, ſince the antients at all entertainments made libations to the Gods. What may ſeem to ſtrengthen this conjecture is that the Poet immediately adds, that the Greeks, Ἀχαιοὶ, ſacrificed in the grove of Apollo; without mentioning that the Suitors partook in the ſacrifice: nay they ſeem to be feaſting in the palace, while the Greeks are offering in the grove. P.

Diſ-rob'd, their veſts apart in order lay,
Then all with ſpeed ſuccinct the victims ſlay:
With ſheep and ſhaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud ſteer was on the marble ſpread.
With fire prepar'd they deal the morſels round,
Wine roſy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
By ſage Eumæus borne: the purple tide
Melanthius from an ample jar ſupply'd:
High caniſters of bread Philætius plac'd;
And eager all devour the rich repaſt.
Diſpos'd apart, Ulyſſes ſhares the treat;
A trivet-table, and ignobler ſeat,
The prince appoints; but to his fire aſſigns
The taſteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
Partake my gueſt, he cry'd, without controll
The ſocial feaſt, and drain the cheering bowl:
Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age;

Ver. 320.] The ſubjoined couplet has a truer rhyme:

Philætius plac'd high caniſters of bread:
On the rich *banquet* all *with ardour fed.*

Ver. 323. *A trivet-table, and ignobler ſeat.*] This circumſtance is not inſerted unneceſſarily; the table is ſuitable to the diſguiſe of Ulyſſes, and it might have created a jealouſy in the Suitors if Telemachus had uſed him with greater diſtinction. P.

So Dryden, at Ovid's Metamorphoſes, book xii.

The *trivet-table* of a foot was lame.

Ver. 327.] His author dictates,

— — — — and drain the *golden* bowl:

which implies honour and reſpect.

This dome a refuge to thy wrongs ſhall be,
From my great ſire too ſoon devolv'd to me!
Your violence and ſcorn, ye Suitors ceaſe,
Leſt arms avenge the violated peace.
  Aw'd by the prince, ſo haughty, brave, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, Amazement chain'd the tongue.
Be patient, peers! at length Antinous cries;
The threats of vain imperious youth deſpiſe:
Wou'd Jove permit the meditated blow,
That ſtream of eloquence ſhou'd ceaſe to flow.
  Without reply vouchſaf'd, Antinous ceas'd:
Meanwhile the pomp of feſtival increas'd:
By heralds rank'd, in marſhall'd order move
The city-tribes, to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful ſhade,
The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;
Partook the ſacred feaſt, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(An humble ſide-board ſet) Ulyſſes ſhar'd.

Ver. 330.] Our poet might glance on Ogilby:
  Nor ſhall this palace proſtituted *be*;
  My father built it for himſelf and *me*.

Ver. 334.] I ſhould prefer,
  Aw'd by Telemachus, *the bold* and young.
But the tranſlation here is excellent, and could ſcarcely be mended by ſkill far ſuperiour to mine.

Obſervant of the prince's high beheſt,
His menial train attend the ſtranger-gueſt:
Whom Pallas with unpard'ning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inſpir'd.
A Samian peer, more ſtudious than the reſt
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jeſt;
And urg'd, for title to a conſort queen,
Unnumber'd acres arable and green;
(Cteſippus nam'd) this lord Ulyſſes ey'd,
And thus burſt out, impoſthumate with pride.
The ſentence I propoſe, ye peers, attend:
Since due regard muſt wait the prince's friend,
Let each a token of eſteem beſtow:
This gift acquits the dear reſpect I owe;
With which he nobly may diſcharge his ſeat,
And pay the menials for the maſter's treat.
He ſaid; and of the ſteer before him plac'd,
That ſinewy fragment at Ulyſſes caſt,

Ver. 349.] Paradiſe Loſt, xi. 251.

Adam, heav'n's *high beheſt* no preface needs.

Ver. 359.] Nothing, in my opinion, can exceed the dexterity and ſpirit, with which our tranſlator has executed this humorous ſpeech.

Ver. 366.] Our poet ſtrains moſt egregiouſly to expreſs a ſingle term, in a manner perfectly ludicrous and bombaſtical, on which Fenton, from a love of pomp, ſometimes ſeems to border. How much better Ogilby has acquitted himſelf?

This ſaid, at him he threw a bullock's hoof,
Snatch'd from the baſket: he, his head declin'd,

Where to the paſtern-bone, by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indiſſolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high, the wall unſeemly ſign'd.
The chief indignant grins a ghaſtly ſmile;
Revenge and ſcorn within his boſom boil;

Avoids the blow, much troubled in his mind:
The cloven foot rebounds againſt the wall.

Chapman too is very good:

Thus ſnatcht he with a valiant hand, from out
The poore folkes commune baſket, a neats-foot,
And threw it at Ulyſſes; who his head
Shrunke quietly aſide, and let it ſhed
His malice on the wall.

Ver. 370. — — — *grins a ghaſtly ſmile*;] The expreſſion in Greek is remarkable:

— — — μείδησε δὲ θυμῷ
Σαρδάνιον (or Σαρδόνιον.)

Some tell us that there is an herb frequent in the iſland of Sardinia, which by taſting diſtorts the muſcles, that a man ſeems to laugh while he is under a painful agony; and from thence the Sardinian *laugh* became a proverb, to ſignify a laugh which concealed an inward pain. Others refer the expreſſion to an antient cuſtom of the Sardinians (a colony of the Lacedemonians;) it is pretended that upon a certain feſtival every year, they not only ſlew all their priſoners of war, but alſo all the old men that were above ſeventy, and obliged theſe miſerable wretches to laugh while they underwent the ſeverity of torment. Either of theſe reaſons fully explains the meaning of the Σαρδόνιος γέλως, and ſhews it to denote an exterior laugh, and an inward pain. I am inclined to prefer the former interpretation, not only as it appears moſt natural, but becauſe Virgil ſeems to underſtand it in that ſenſe, for he alludes to the above-mentioned quality of the Sardinian herbs, Eclogue vii. verſe 41.

"Immo ego Sardois videor tibi amarior herbis."

When thus the prince with pious rage inflam'd:
Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltleſs of the mark, my certain ſpear
Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
Nor ſhou'd thy ſire a queen his daughter boaſt;
The ſuitor, now, had vaniſh'd in a ghoſt:
No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawleſs pow'r
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
For genuine worth, of age mature to know,
My grape ſhall redden, and my harveſt grow.

— — — deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws.

The reader may obſerve that Cteſippus breaks out into buffoonry, and the Suitors frequently are guilty of it in other parts of the Odyſſey: theſe levities have been proſcribed by the Criticks as too low, and unworthy of epick poetry: but Homer adapts himſelf to his characters, he paints ridiculous men in ridiculous colours; though I will not ſay but ſuch characters are more proper for comedy than epick poetry. If ever they are pardonable, they are in Homer, who puts theſe low pleaſantries into the mouths of drunkards and debauchees; ſuch perſons being generally men of no worth or ſerious deportment. P.

Paradiſe Loſt, ii. 846.

He ceas'd, for both ſeem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible *a ghaſtly ſmile.*

Ver. 380.] There is nothing of this in Homer, whom Chapman has given with fidelity:

— — — — — — I now
Have yeares to underſtand my ſtrength, and know
The good and bad of things.

The ſame paſſage has occurred in book xviii. verſe 269. with equal infidelity in the tranſlator there.

Or if each other's wrongs ye ſtill ſupport,
With rapes and riot to profane my court;
What ſingle arm with numbers can contend?
On me let all your lifted ſwords deſcend,
And with my life ſuch vile diſhonours end.
A long ceſſation of diſcourſe enſu'd,
By gentler Agelaus thus renew'd.
A juſt reproof, ye peers! your rage reſtrain
From the protected gueſt, and menial train:
And prince! to ſtop the ſource of future ill,
Aſſent yourſelf, and gain the royal will.
Whilſt hope prevail'd to ſee your ſire reſtor'd,
Of right the queen refus'd a ſecond lord.
But who ſo vain of faith, ſo blind to fate,
To think he ſtill ſurvives to claim the ſtate?
Now preſs the ſovereign dame with warm deſire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inſpire:
The lord ſelected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long-contended prize:
Whilſt in paternal pomp, with plenty bleſt,
You reign, of this imperial dome poſſeſt.
Sage and ſerene Telemachus replies:
By him at whoſe beheſt the thunder flies!

Ver. 385.] Compare the ſame paſſage in book xvi. ver. 110.

Ver. 399.] The rhymes require removal. Thus?

By him, ſelected to the nuptial *bed,*
Far hence the long-contended prize *be led.*

Ver. 403. *Sage and ſerene Telemachus replies,* &c.] It is ob-

And by the name on earth I moſt revere,
By great Ulyſſes, and his woes I ſwear!
(Who never muſt review his dear domain;
Inroll'd, perhaps, in Pluto's dreary train,)
Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,
My bridal gifts ſhall load the future ſpouſe:
But from this dome my parent-queen to chaſe!—
From me, ye Gods! avert ſuch dire diſgrace.
But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
The Suitors ſouls, inſenſate of their doom!
A mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd the fated crowd;
The roofs reſound with cauſeleſs laughter loud:

ſervable that Telemachus ſwears by the *ſorrows* of his father; an expreſſion, in my judgment, very noble, and at the ſame time, full of a filial tenderneſs. This was an antient cuſtom amongſt the Orientals, as appears from an oath not unlike it in Geneſis xxxi. 53. *And Jacob ſware by the* fear *of his father Iſaac.*

But how is this ſpeech to be underſtood? for how can Telemachus perſuade his mother to marry, when he knows that Ulyſſes is returned? There is a concealed and an apparent meaning in the expreſſion. Telemachus, obſerves Euſtathius, ſwears that he will not hinder his mother from taking an huſband, but he means Ulyſſes: the words therefore are ambiguous, and the ambiguity deceives the Suitors, who believe that by this oath Telemachus obliges himſelf not only not to hinder, but promote the intended nuptials. P.

Ver. 413.] The powers of our tranſlator, ſecond only to Pope himſelf, and nearer to him than to the *third* in order, have compaſſed this paſſage with all deſirable felicity. The full ſenſe is exhibited, and the terrific grandeur preſerved in all it's vigour.

Ver. 415. *A mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd*, &c.] It is in the Greek, *They laughed with other men's cheeks.* There are many explications of this paſſage; Euſtathius imagines it to denote a feigned and pretended laughter. Eraſmus explains it, *non libenter neque ex*

Floating in gore, portentous to ſurvey!
In each diſcolour'd vaſe the viands lay;

animo ridere, ſed ita ridere quaſi non tuis, ſed alienis maxillis uterer. But if we conſult the conduct of the Suitors, a contrary interpretation will ſeem to be neceſſary: for this laughter of the Suitors appears to be very real, and from the heart. Homer calls it ἄσβεστον *exceſſive, inextinguiſhed*; and again, ἡδὺ γέλασσαν, or they laughed *with joy, ſuaviter riſerunt*; which expreſſions denote a real and unfeigned laughter. But how will the words be brought to bear this conſtruction? Very naturally: they laughed as if they had borrowed their cheeks, as if their cheeks were not their own, and conſequently they were not afraid to uſe them with licence and exceſs; ſuch perſons as the Suitors having no regard for any thing that belongs to another.

Horace makes uſe of the ſame expreſſion,

"Cum rapies in jus, malis ridentem alienis."

And likewiſe Valerius;

"Erranteſque genæ, atque alieno gaudia vultu."

This is the opinion of Dacier: but there are ſome lines in the Greek that make it doubtful; for immediately after the expreſſion of laughing with other mens cheeks, Homer adds, that their eyes *flowed with tears*, and *ſorrow ſeized their ſouls*. It is true Homer deſcribes the Suitors under an alienation of mind, and a ſudden diſtraction occaſioned by Minerva; and from hence we may gather the reaſons why they are toſt by ſo ſudden a tranſition to contrary paſſions, from laughter to tears; this moment they laugh extravagantly, and the next they weep with equal exceſs; perſons in ſuch a condition being liable to ſuch viciſſitudes. P.

This reminds me of Mr. Gray:

And moody Madneſs, laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt woe.

Ver. 417. *Floating in gore, portentous to ſurvey!*
In each diſcolour'd vaſe the viands lay.]

This is to be looked upon as a prodigy, the belief of which was eſtabliſhed in the old world, and conſequently, whether true or falſe, may be allowed to have a place in poetry. See book xii. note on verſe 464.

Then down each cheek the tears ſpontaneous flow,
And ſudden ſighs precede approaching woe.
In viſion rapt, the * Hypereſian ſeer
Uproſe, and thus divin'd the vengeance near.
O race to death devote! with Stygian ſhade
Each deſtin'd peer impending Fates invade:

In the following ſpeech of Theoclymenus there is a beautiful enthuſiaſm of poetry; but how are we to underſtand that Theoclymenus ſees theſe wonders, when they are inviſible to all the Suitors? Theoclymenus was a prophet, and ſpeaks of things future as preſent; it is the eye of the prophet that ſees theſe events, and the language of prophecy that ſpeaks of them as preſent. Thus when he ſays he ſees the palace red with blood, and thronged with ghoſts; he anticipates the event, which is verified in the approaching death of the Suitors.

Euſtathius is of opinion that by the laſt words of this ſpeech Theoclymenus intends to expreſs an eclipſe of the ſun; this being the day of the new moon, when eclipſes happen. Others underſtand by it the death of the Suitors, as when we ſay the ſun is for ever gone down upon the dead: Theocritus uſes that expreſſion, Θνήσκοντι πάντα δοκεῖν ἅλιος. Homer means by it, that the Suitors ſhall never more behold the light of the ſun.

— — — ἠέλιος δὲ
Οὐρανῷ ἐξαπόλωλε — —

So far Euſtathius. It may be added that the Roman poets uſed the ſame expreſſion in this latter ſignification. Thus Catullus,

"Nobis quùm ſemel occidit brevis lux,
"Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda."

Either of theſe expoſitions makes the paſſage intelligible. P.

Ver. 419.] I ſhould prefer, to avoid an unpleaſant uniformity:
Down *every* cheek—.

* Theoclymenus. P.

With tears your wan diſtorted cheeks are drown'd;
With ſanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick ſwarms the ſpacious hall with howling ghoſts,
To people Orcus, and the burning coaſts!
Nor gives the ſun his golden orb to roll,
But univerſal night uſurps the pole!
Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The peers reproach the ſure divine of fate;
And thus Eurymachus: the dotard's mind
To ev'ry ſenſe is loſt, to reaſon blind:
Swift from the dome conduct the ſlave away;
Let him in open air behold the day.

Ver. 429.] This verſe ſeems neither ſufficiently eaſy in it's ſtructure, nor animated in it's diction, for the original. It were audacity to propoſe amendment: but I ſhall attempt a more accurate approximation to Homer's language:

O'er heaven's black concave, quench'd the ſolar light!
Spreads the thick ſhroud of univerſal Night.

What follows is verbally correſpondent:

— — — — — — — — the ſun
Is loſt from heaven, and baleful gloom o'erſpreads.

Or, perhaps, we may thus render, not contemptibly:

See, from his bright pavilion drops the ſun!
See, thro' the ſkies a gloom of horror run!

Ver. 436. *Let him in open air behold the day.*] The Suitors taking the prediction of Theoclymenus literally, viz. *I ſee you all involved in darkneſs*, think him diſtracted, not conceiving his words to be a prophecy; and therefore by way of deriſion com-

Tax not, (the heav'n-illumin'd ſeer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetick mind.
No clouds of errour dim th' etherial rays,
Her equal pow'r each faithful ſenſe obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling ſteps I bend,
Far hence, before yon hov'ring deaths deſcend;
Leſt the ripe harveſt of revenge begun,
I ſhare the doom ye Suitors cannot ſhun.
This ſaid, to ſage Piræus ſped the ſeer,
His honour'd hoſt, a welcome inmate there.

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mand him to be carried into a place of publick reſort, that he may convince himſelf it is full day. Euſtathius imagines, they intended to reproach him with drunkenneſs, becauſe it makes all objects appear indiſtinct and different from the reality: he quotes a pleaſant expreſſion of Anacharſis to this purpoſe: a certain perſon telling him at an entertainment that he had married a very ugly woman; *I think ſo too*, replied Anacharſis; *but fill me a bumper, that I may make her a beauty.* P.

Ver. 437. *Tax not, (the heav'n-illumin'd ſeer rejoin'd,)* &c.] Euſtathius explains the anſwer of Theoclymenus to be both pleaſant and ſerious: "I have *eyes*, and therefore have no occaſion "for a guide to lead me from the palace; I have *ears*, and there- "fore hear that my abſence is deſired; I have both my *feet*, and "therefore am able to go away without giving others the trouble "to aſſiſt me; and I have an *underſtanding* well informed, by "which I ſee the evil that threatens the Suitors, and haſte away "to avoid it." P.

Ver. 442.] Our tranſlator wanders too deviouſly from the language of his original. Thus the paſſage ſtands in Homer:

— — — — — for miſchief, I perceive,
Is coming on you; miſchief, that will ſpare
No ſuitor here, who in Ulyſſes' houſe
Plan, 'mid rude inſults, machinations dire.

O'er the protracted feaſt the Suitors ſit,
And aim to wound the prince with pointleſs wit:
Cries one, with ſcornful leer and mimick voice,
Thy charity we praiſe, but not thy choice;
Why ſuch profuſion of indulgence ſhown
To this poor, tim'rous, toil-deteſting drone?
That other feeds on planetary ſchemes,
And pays his hoſt with hideous noon-day dreams.
But, prince! for once at leaſt believe a friend,
To ſome Sicilian mart theſe courtiers ſend,

Ver. 456. *To ſome Sicilian mart theſe courtiers ſend.*] It is evident from this paſſage that the name of Sicily is very antient, and Euſtathius makes the following remark upon it: that the reaſon why the Poet never mentions this word in deſcribing the wanderings of Ulyſſes which happen chiefly near Sicily, is to make his poetry more ſurpriſing and marvellous; and that the more to countenance thoſe fabulous relations and miracles which he has told to the Phæacians, he chuſes to ſpeak of it by names leſs known, and leſs familiar to his readers. Dacier obſerves from Bochart, that this iſland received the name of Sicily from the Phœnicians long before the birth of Homer, or the war of Troy: Siclul in their language ſignifies *perfection*; they call it the *Iſle of perfection*, becauſe it held the chief rank amongſt all the iſlands in the Mediterranean: "It is the largeſt and beſt iſland in all our "ſeas," ſays Strabo. It has likewiſe been thought to have taken its name from the Syrian language, namely from *Segol*, or *Segul*, a *raiſin*. For long before the vine was known in Afric, Sicily was famous for its vineyards, and from thence the Carthaginians imported their raiſins and wines. Homer celebrates this iſland for its wines in the ninth Odyſſey,

Spontaneous wines from weighty cluſters pour,
And Jove deſcends in each prolifick ſhow'r.

Where, if they yield their freight acroſs the main,
Dear ſell the ſlaves! demand no greater gain.
Thus jovial they; but nought the prince replies;
Full on his ſire he roll'd his ardent eyes;
Impatient ſtraight to fleſh his virgin-ſword;
From the wiſe chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive queen
To ſee the circle ſat, of all unſeen.

It is likewiſe probable from this paſſage, that the Sicilians traded in ſlaves; for their lands were fertile, and they merchandized for them to manure the ground. I ſhould rather think that they were remarkable for their barbarity to their ſlaves; the Suitors ſpeaking by way of terrour to intimidate Theoclymenus; and the expreſſion ſeems to bear the ſame import with that concerning Echetus, we will *ſend him to Echetus*, or *the Sicilians, who will uſe him with the utmoſt cruelty*. P.

Ver. 461.] Theſe expreſſions are borrowed from a well-known paſſage of Shakeſpere:

— — — full bravely haſt thou *fleſht*
Thy maiden ſword.

Ver. 463. *Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive queen.*] The word in the original is δίφρος, and ſignifies a large ſeat that would hold two perſons, from δὶς φέρειν.

This circumſtance (obſerves Euſtathius) is not inſerted in vain: the Poet deſcribes Penelope thus ſeated, that ſhe might ſee and hear the actions and deſigns of the Suitors, in order to form her conduct according to the occaſion: now for inſtance, ſhe perceives their inſolence riſen to ſuch an height, that ſhe dares make no further delay, but immediately proclaims herſelf the prize of the beſt archer: and this naturally connects the ſtory with the next book. P.

Sated at length they riſe, and bid prepare
An eve-repaſt, with equal coſt and care:
But vengeful Pallas, with preventing ſpeed,
A feaſt proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feaſt of death! the feaſters doom'd to bleed!

Ver. 469.] The tranſlation of this book preſerves it's excellence to the laſt.

THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

The bending of Ulyſſes's bow.

PENELOPE, to put an end to the ſolicitation of the Suitors, propoſes to marry the perſon who ſhall firſt bend the bow of Ulyſſes, and ſhoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulyſſes taking Eumæus and Philætius apart, diſcovers himſelf to them; then returning, deſires leave to try his ſtrength at the bow, which, though refuſed with indignation by the Suitors, Penelope and Telemachus cauſe it to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and ſhoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the ſame inſtant thunders from heaven; Ulyſſes accepts the omen, and gives a ſign to Telemachus, who ſtands ready armed at his ſide.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS book is entitled Τόξου Θέσις, or the *propoſition of the bow:* this action of Penelope has given occaſion of raillery both to modern and antient Criticks; they inſinuate that ſhe propoſed this exerciſe of the bow to try the ſtrength of her gallants, determining to have regard to that ſingle qualification in the choice of her huſband.

" Penelope viros juvenum tentabat in arcu,
" Qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat."

They interpret πυρὴν ἐτλάνυσσε into a ſenſe very contrary to the character of Penelope. It is true, other authors have directly charged her with inchaſtity, and affirm that ſhe had a ſon named Pan, becauſe *all* the Suitors had a ſhare in him. Lycophron calls her

Βασσάραν σιμῶν κασφυρήτεσσαν.

It is the exerciſe of the bow that has occaſioned theſe imputations; for none of Homer's commentators have given the reaſon why ſhe propoſes that exerciſe in particular; and therefore ſeeing no reaſon for it, they have invented a falſe one, and give the ſtory a ridiculous air: I flatter myſelf that a better ſolution may be found out, and a reaſon given why Penelope propoſes this exerciſe in particular, and preferable to any other.

We are to remember that this day was ſacred to Apollo; this is evident from the preceding book, where the Ithacans offer an hecatomb in a grove conſecrated to that deity: the diverſion ſuits the day, the exerciſe of the bow being proper to be practiſed on the feſtival of that deity, who is the patron of it. Several of the titles of Apollo are derived from it; Ἑκάεργος, Ἑκατήβολος, Ἀργυρότοξος. It is ſtrange that this neceſſary obſervation ſhould eſcape the notice of all commentators.

If any thing further were wanting to reconcile us to the conduct of Penelope in propoſing the bow, an inſtance almoſt parallel to it might be produced from hiſtory. When Cambyſes was preparing to make war againſt Æthiopia, the king of that country bent his great bow with two fingers in the preſence of the Perſian ambaſſadors, and unbending it again, delivered it to them with theſe words, That when the Perſians could do the like, they might hope to conquer the Æthiopians. There is nothing more abſurd in the delivery of the bow to the Suitors by Penelope, than in the ſame act of the Æthiopian king to the Perſian ambaſſadors.

P.

THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

AND Pallas now, to raiſe the rivals fires,
With her own art Penelope inſpires:
Who now can bend Ulyſſes' bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow thro' the diſtant ring,
Shall end the ſtrife, and win th' imperial dame;
But Diſcord and black Death await the game!
The prudent queen the lofty ſtair aſcends,
At diſtance due a virgin-train attends;
A brazen key ſhe held, the handle turn'd,
With ſteel and poliſh'd elephant adorn'd:

NOTES.

Ver. 9. *A brazen key ſhe held,* &c.] The numerous particularities and digreſſive hiſtories crowded together in the beginning

Swift to the inmoſt room ſhe bent her way,
Where ſafe repos'd the royal treaſures lay;
There ſhone high-heap'd the labour'd braſs and ore,
And there the bow which great Ulyſſes bore,

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of this book have not eſcaped cenſure. The Poet very circumſtantially deſcribes the key, and the make of it, as likewiſe the bow and quiver, then tells us who gave it to Ulyſſes; at the mention of the donor's name he ſtarts into a little hiſtory of him, and returns not in many lines to his ſubject; he then no leſs circumſtantially deſcribes the chamber, and the frame of the door, he deſcends to every particular of Penelope's opening it, and every ſtep and motion ſhe takes till ſhe produces the bow before the Suitors. This conduct has been liable to objection, as made up of particulars of ſmall importance to no propoſed end. But notwithſtanding, every circumſtance is not without its effect and beauty, and nothing better ſhews the power of the Poet's diction. So great a critick as Vida admired this very paſſage. Poetic. lib. ii.

" Ipſa procos etiam ut juſſit certare ſagittis
" Penelope, optatas promittens callida tædas
" Victori, per quanta moræ diſpendia mentes
" Suſpenſas trahit, ante viri quam proferat arcum?"

The Poet adapts his verſe to the nature of his ſubject; the deſcription loiters, to expreſs the ſtudied delay of Penelope, and her unwillingneſs to bring affairs to a deciſion. However I will not promiſe that theſe digreſſions and antient hiſtories will pleaſe every reader; the paſſage is ſo far from being faulty, that it is really an inſtance of Homer's judgment; yet every thing that is not a fault, is not a beauty. The caſe is, Penelope propoſes the trial of the bow, merely to protract time from the nuptials; ſhe is ſlow in producing it for the ſame reaſon; and Homer to paint this ſlowneſs in a lively manner, lets the ſubject of the Poem ſtand ſtill, and wanders out of the way, that he may not come too ſoon to the end of his journey. P.

Intolerable rhymes; of which an obvious remedy does not preſent itſelf.

And there the quiver, where now guiltleſs ſlept
Thoſe winged deaths that many a matron wept.
This gift, long ſince when Sparta's ſhores he trod,
On young Ulyſſes Iphitus beſtow'd:
Beneath Orſilochus's roof they met;
One loſs was private, one a publick debt:
Meſſena's ſtate from Ithaca detains
Three hundred ſheep, and all the ſhepherd ſwains;

Ver. 16.] No ill comment on the original, which is ſimply this:

— — — — and many a woful ſhaft.

Our poet might take his hint from the firſt ode of Horace:

— — — — — bellaque matribus
Deteſtata.

Dacier renders: "Le carquois rempli de fléches, ſources de "gemiſſemens et de pleurs."

Ver. 17.] If I miſtake not, the proper *preterite* here would render the rhyme unexceptionable. The formations of this *verb* I ſuppoſe to be, *tread, trode, trod*, or, without abbreviation, *trodden*; for the *preſent, perfect*, and *participle* in their order.

Ver. 19.] Thus Ogilby:

At Orſilochus court, where they in Meſſen *met*,
Ulyſſes came to claim *a publick debt*.

Ver. 21. *Meſſena's ſtate*, &c.] It has been diſputed whether Meſſene here was a city or a country; Strabo affirms it to be a country, lib. viii. It was a port of Laconia, under the dominion of Menelaus in the time of the war with Troy; and then (continues that author) the city named Meſſene was not built. Pauſanias is of the ſame opinion, lib. iv. c. 1. "Before the battle of "Leuctra between the Thebans and Lacedæmonians, it is my "judgment that there was no city called Meſſene;" this is evident from the words of Homer,

And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,
The king and elders trust their common cause.
But Iphitus employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wand'ring mares,

Τὼ δ' ἐν Μεσσήνῃ ξυμβλήτην ἀλλήλοιϊν
Οἴκῳ ἐν Ὀρσιλόχοιο.

Now Orſilochus lived in Pheræ, a city of Meſſenia, and conſequently Ulyſſes and Iphitus meeting at his palace in Meſſenia, Homer muſt mean the country, not the city. That Orſilochus lived in Pheræ, appears from the third Odyſſey.

Ἐς Φηρὰς δ' ἵκοιτο Διοκλῆος ποτὶ δῶμα,
Υἱὸς Ὀρσιλόχοιο.

This Iphitus was the ſon of Eurytus mentioned in the eighth book, famous for his ſkill in archery.

Vain Eurytus! whoſe art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he periſh'd in his prime;
Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durſt defy the bowyer-god.

So that even this digreſſion is not foreign to the purpoſe: the Poet largely deſcribes the bow, being to make great uſe of it in the ſequel of the Odyſſey: he ſhews it was originally in the poſſeſſion of Eurytus, the moſt famous archer in the world: nay, this very digreſſion may appear to be abſolutely neceſſary; it being requiſite to deſcribe that bow, as of no common excellence and ſtrength, which was not to be drawn by any of the Suitors; and at the ſame time it ſets off the ſtrength of the hero of the poem, who alone is able to bend it. P.

Ver. 21. *Three hundred ſheep, &c.*] It has been obſerved in a former annotation, that ſuch ravages or piracies were not only lawful but honourable amongſt the antients; why then is Ulyſſes here ſent to redemand the ſpoils made by the Meſſenians? Dacier anſwers, that ſuch inroads were not allowable except in open war; ſhe means between Greeks and Greeks; for they themſelves exerciſed ſuch piracies with impunity againſt other nations. P.

And mules, the ſtrongeſt of the lab'ring kind;
Hapleſs to ſearch! more hapleſs ſtill to find!
For journeying on to Hercules, at length
That lawleſs wretch, that man of brutal ſtrength,
Deaf to heav'n's voice, the ſocial rite tranſgreſt;
And for the beauteous mares deſtroy'd his gueſt:

Ver. 31. *Deaf to heav'n's voice, the ſocial rite tranſgreſt.*] Homer very ſolemnly condemns this action of Hercules in ſlaying Iphitus; and ſome authors (remarks Euſtathius) defend him by ſaying, he was ſeized with madneſs, and threw Iphitus down from the top of his palace; but this is contrary to Homer, and to the ſentiment of thoſe who write that Hercules was delivered as a ſlave to Omphale, for the expiation of the murder of Iphitus.

But what chiefly wants explication is the expreſſion,

— — — οὐδὲ τράπεζαν
Ἠνίσατ'.———

That is, *he paid no reverence to his table.* The table was held ſacred by the antients, by means of which, honour was paid to the God of Friendſhip and Hoſpitality: it was therefore a crime to diſhonour it by any indecent behaviour. To this purpoſe Juvenal:

"Hic verbis nullus pudor, aut reverentia menſæ."

The ſtatues of the Gods were raiſed upon the tables, they were conſecrated by placing on them ſalt, which was always eſteemed holy, and by offering libations to the Gods from them: the table therefore is called in Plutarch φιλίων θεῶν βωμὸν, καὶ ξενίων, *the altar of the Gods of Friendſhip and Hoſpitality*; and therefore to have eaten at the ſame table, was eſteemed an inviolable obligation of friendſhip: and τράπεζαν παραβαίνειν, to tranſgreſs againſt the table, a breach of the laws of hoſpitality, and the blackeſt of crimes. I will only add, that it was cuſtomary upon making an alliance of hoſpitality to give mutual tokens; thus Ulyſſes here preſents Iphitus with a ſword and ſpear; Iphitus Ulyſſes with a bow. And the producing theſe tokens was a recognition of the covenant of hoſpitality between the perſons themſelves, and their deſcendants in following generations.

He gave the bow; and on Ulyſſes' part
Receiv'd a pointed ſword and miſſile dart:
Of luckleſs friendſhip on a foreign ſhore
Their firſt, laſt pledges! for they met no more.
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulyſſes bore not from his native land;
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.

Now gently winding up the fair aſcent,
By many an eaſy ſtep, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavement glides with grace divine,
(With poliſh'd oak the level pavements ſhine)
The folding gates a dazzling light diſplay'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlay'd.
The bolt, obedient to the ſilken ſtring,
Forſakes the ſtaple as ſhe pulls the ring;
The wards reſpondent to the key turn round;
The bars fall back; the flying valves reſound;

Ver. 39.] The tranſlator probably caſt a glance on Ogilby:

But kept in the remembrance of his *friend*,
And never did but in's own country *bend*.

Ver. 46.] From Milton, Par. Loſt, i. 714.

— — — — and Doric pillars *overlaid*
With golden *architrave*.

Ver. 47.] There can ſcarcely be conceived a finer ſpecimen of elegance and ſimplicity in a poetical deſcription of a very common effect, than that exhibited in this couplet.—The *firſt* verſe of the following couplet is rather too much the echo of that before us to merit ſuch particular approbation.

Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the ſpring.
She moves majeſtick thro' the wealthy room,
Where treaſur'd garments caſt a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its ſplendid caſe, the bow unſtrung:
Acroſs her knees ſhe lay'd the well-known bow,
And penſive ſat, and tears began to flow.

Ver. 51. *Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring.*] This deſcription preſents us with a noble image: Homer introduces it to ſhew the largeneſs and ſtrength of the door, which reſounds as it opens. This exalts a trifling circumſtance into ſublimity and dignity, and renders a common action poetical; not unlike that in the xxivth of the Iliad.

Wide as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
So broad his pinions ſtretch'd their ample ſhade. P.

Homer ſays only,

— — — — — as roars a bull,
The meadow grazing:

ſo that Chapman was conſulted and followed on this occaſion:

— — — — which gave a ſound
(The bolt then ſhooting) as in paſture ground
A bull doth low, and *make the valleys ring*;
So loud the locke humm'd, *when it loos'd his ſpring.*

Ver. 57. *Acroſs her knees ſhe laid the well-known bow,*
And penſive ſat, and tears began to flow.]

The bow recalls to her mind the thought of her huſband, and this raiſes her ſorrows. The leaſt trifle that once belonged to a beloved perſon, is ſufficient to caſt a cloud over the ſoul, which naturally falls in a ſhower of tears: and no doubt the exerciſe which the Suitors are to practiſe with the bow, upon which her future fate depends, aggravates her ſorrows; ſhe weeps not only for the loſs of Ulyſſes, but at the thought that ſhe is ready to enter upon ſecond nuptials, contrary to her inclinations. P.

To full ſatiety of grief ſhe mourns,
Then ſilent, to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud Suitors bears in penſive ſtate
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with Fate.

Behind, her train the poliſh'd coffer brings,
Which held th' alternate braſs and ſilver rings.
Full in the portal the chaſte queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
On either ſide awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majeſtick air.

Say you, whom theſe forbidden walls incloſe,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If theſe neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you ſeek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the ſtrife.
Who firſt Ulyſſes' wond'rous bow ſhall bend,
And thro' twelve ringlets the fleet arrow ſend,
Him will I follow, and forſake my home,
For him forſake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the ſcene of all my paſt delight,
And ſtill to laſt, the viſion of my night!

Ver. 66.] This miſrepreſents his author, who ſays only,

Before her cheeks ſhe held the ſplendid veil:

to conceal her *bluſhes*, not her *tears*.

Ver. 75.] The reader may amuſe himſelf with a compariſon of Fenton's tranſlation of this paſſage in book xix. verſe 668.

Graceful ſhe ſaid, and bade Eumæus ſhow
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden ſpring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.
Philætius too relents, but ſecret ſhed
The tender drops. Antinous ſaw, and ſaid.

Hence to your fields, ye ruſticks! hence away,
Nor ſtain with grief the pleaſures of the day;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The ſad remembrance of a periſh'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow—
Or ſhare the feaſt with due reſpect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave to us the bow:
No vulgar taſk! Ill ſuits this courtly crew
That ſtubborn horn which brave Ulyſſes drew.
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majeſty he bore!
And ſtill (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the ſtrength, the grandeur of the man.

He ſaid, but in his ſoul fond joys ariſe,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.

Ver. 85.] I do not diſcover, whence our poet derived this erroneous acceptation of the word αλλοθι, which has no relation to *ſecrecy* in this place. Dacier's tranſlation is perfectly proper: "Philoetius pleur auſſi *de ſon côté.*"

Ver. 98.] Theſe rhymes are very vicious; to which ſimilar recurred above. Thus?

Still, infant as I was, *in fancy ſcan*—.

To ſpeed the flying ſhaft thro' every ring,
Wretch! is not thine: the arrows of the king
Shall end thoſe hopes, and Fate is on the wing!
Then thus Telemachus. Some God I find
With pleaſing phrenzy has poſſeſs'd my mind;

Ver. 102.] This triplet has but little correſpondence to it's original, of which the following attempt is a faithful copy:

He firſt was doom'd to taſte the fatal ſhaft
From great Ulyſſes' hand, whoſe houſe he ſtain'd.
Embold'ning all his comrades there to ſtay.

Compare our poet's tranſlation of the ſame paſſage below, ver. 171.

Ver. 105. *Then thus Telemachus. Some God I find, &c.*] This ſpeech is not without greater obſcurity than is uſual in ſo clear a writer as Homer. M. Dacier has done it juſtice, and clearly opened the ſenſe of it in her paraphraſe. "Surely, ſays Telemachus, Jupiter has diſordered my underſtanding: I ſee my mother, wiſe as ſhe is, preparing to leave the palace, and enter upon a ſecond marriage; and yet in theſe melancholy circumſtances, I think of nothing but diverting myſelf, and being an idle ſpectator of this exerciſe of the bow: no, no, this is not to be ſuffered: you (the Suitors) uſe your utmoſt efforts to rob me of Penelope, I will therefore uſe mine to retain her: a woman the moſt excellent in any nation. But why do I praiſe her? you know her worth; uſe therefore no pretext to defer the trial of the bow, that we may come to an iſſue; I will try the bow with you; and if I ſucceed, then I will retain her as the prize of the conqueſt; then ſhe ſhall not be obliged to ſecond nuptials: nor will Penelope abandon a ſon, who emulating his father, is (like him) able to bear the prize from ſo many antagoniſts."

This is the true meaning of the words of Telemachus; the diction indeed is ſomewhat embarraſſed, and the connexion a little obſcure; but this is done by the Poet, to expreſs the diſorder and hurry of mind in Telemachus, who fears for the fate of Penelope: therefore the connexion of the periods is interrupted, to repreſent Telemachus ſtarting through eagerneſs of ſpirit from thought to thought, without order or regularity. P.

Ver. 106.] *Pleaſing phrenzy*, amabilis inſania: Horace.

When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladneſs leaps my heart?
Come then, ye Suitors! and diſpute a prize
Richer than all th' Achaian ſtate ſupplies,
Than all proud Argos, or Mycæna knows,
Than all our iſles or continents encloſe:
A woman matchleſs, and almoſt divine,
Fit for the praiſe of ev'ry tongue but mine.
No more excuſes then, no more delay;
Haſte to the trial—Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow thro' the deſtin'd ring,
Then if no happier knight the conqueſt boaſt,
I ſhall not ſorrow for a mother loſt;
But bleſt in her, poſſeſs theſe arms alone,
Heir of my father's ſtrength, as well as throne.
He ſpoke; then riſing, his broad ſword unbound,
And caſt his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made faſt.
(His perfect ſkill the wond'ring gazers ey'd,
The game as yet unſeen, as yet untry'd.)

Ver. 125.] Poetry, I think, would well endure a term, that renders the rhyme exact:

— — — — — in a line he *caſt*
The level axes.

Then, with a manly pace, he took his ſtand;
And graſp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
Three times, with beating heart, he made eſſay;
Three times, unequal to the taſk gave way:
A modeſt boldneſs on his cheek appear'd;
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd.
The fourth had drawn it. The great ſire with joy
Beheld, but with a ſign forbade the boy.

Ver. 130.] Ogilby has,

Then ſtanding forth, he *twangs* the ſtring.

Ver. 135. *The fourth had drawn it. The great ſire with joy*
Beheld, but with a ſign forbade—]

It is not apparent at the firſt view why Ulyſſes prohibits Telemachus from drawing the bow; but Euſtathius gives ſufficient reaſon for this conduct: it would have defeated his whole deſign, and rendered the death of the Suitors impracticable; for Telemachus has declared that he would retain Penelope, if he ſucceeded in the exerciſe of the bow; and this of neceſſity would create an immediate conteſt between that hero and the Suitors, and bring matters unſeaſonably to extremity. The ſame author aſſigns a ſecond reaſon: Ulyſſes fears leſt Telemachus, by bending the bow, ſhould make it more ſupple and flexible, and therefore commands him to deſiſt, leſt it ſhould be drawn by the Suitors; beſides, if he had drawn it, it would have raiſed an emulation amongſt them, and they would have applied the utmoſt of their abilities not to be outdone by ſo young a perſon as Telemachus; but his deſpair to effect it, makes them leſs ſollicitous, the trial being equally unſucceſsful to them all.

It may alſo be obſerved, that there is a very happy addreſs made to Telemachus by Homer; he ſhews us that he could have drawn it, but deſiſts in obedience to Ulyſſes: thus the Poet has found out a way to give Telemachus the honour of the victory without obtaining it; and at the ſame time ſhews the ſuperior

His ardour ſtraight th' obedient prince ſuppreſt,
And artful, thus the ſuitor-train addreſt.
Oh lay the cauſe on youth yet immature!
(For heav'n forbid, ſuch weakneſs ſhould endure)
How ſhall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an inſult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom heav'n with better nerves has bleſt,
Accept the trial, and the prize conteſt.
He caſt the bow before him, and apart
Againſt the poliſh'd quiver propt the dart.
Reſuming then his ſeat, Epitheus' ſon
The bold Antinous to the reſt begun.
"From where the goblet firſt begins to flow,
"From right to left, in order take the bow;

wiſdom of Ulyſſes, who reſtrains his ſon in the heat of his attempt; and makes him, by a happy preſence of mind, at once foreſee the danger, and prevent it. P.

Ver. 139.] More properly, I think,
— — — — on *age* yet immature.

Ver. 145.] Thus his author, with an additional verſe:
He ſpake, and grounds the bow, laid ſidelong down
Againſt the well-conſtructed poliſh'd wall.

Ver. 149. *From where the goblet firſt begins to flow,*
From right to left, &c.]

Antinous makes this propoſition, that every perſon may try his ſkill without confuſion. Perhaps it is propoſed by Antinous by way of omen, the right hand being reckoned fortunate: but however that be, it is very evident that in the entertainments of the

"And prove your ſeveral ſtrengths"—The princes heard,
And firſt Leiodes, blameleſs prieſt, appear'd:

antients the cup was delivered towards the right hand: hence δεξίωσις came to ſignify to drink towards the right hand; and Athenæus thus interprets this paſſage in the firſt of the Iliad.

— — — χρυσείοις δεπάεσσι
Δεξιὸν' ἀλλήλους. — —

Which, remarks that author, ſignifies ἐδεξιοῦντο προπινόντες ἑαυτοῖς ταῖς δεξιαῖς. And there is expreſs mention made of this practice, lib. i. ver. 597. of the Iliad.

— — — θεοῖς ἐπὶ δεξιὰ πᾶσιν
Οἰνοχοεῖ — — —

That is, *beginning from the right hand*, as the ſcholiaſt rightly interprets it, *Vulcan delivered the bowl to all the Gods.*

This obſervation explains various paſſages in many antient authors, as well as in the Iliad and Odyſſey; the cuſtom indeed is not of any great importance, but is at leaſt a curioſity, and valuable becauſe antient. I doubt not but the bowl out of which theſe perſons drank, would by antiquaries be thought ineſtimable; and the poſſeſſion of an antient bowl is not quite ſo valuable as the knowledge of an antient cuſtom. P.

Ver. 152. — — *Leiodes, blameleſs prieſt.*] The word in the original is θυοσκόος, a perſon who makes predictions from victims or from the ſmoke of the ſacrifice. This Leiodes, the Poet tells us, ſat next to the bowl; the reaſon of it, ſaith Euſtathius, was becauſe the Suitors feared leſt poiſon ſhould be mixed in it, and they thought themſelves ſafe through his care and inſpection: but it may perhaps be a better reaſon to ſay, that he ſat there in diſcharge of his office as a prophet, to make libations to the Gods; as was cuſtomary at the beginning and end of all entertainments.

The Poet adds, that this prophet was placed at the extremity of the apartment; the reaſon may be becauſe he was an enemy to the inſolence of the Suitors, and therefore withdrew from their converſation; or perhaps the word is inſerted only to ſhew that his place was the firſt (for Euſtathius explains μυχόθεν by ἐπὶ τέλει and ἐσχάτου) and therefore he was the moſt proper perſon to

The eldeſt born of Oenops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place:
He, only he, of all the ſuitor-throng,
Their deeds deteſted, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the ſtubborn horn he ſtrains,
The ſtubborn horn reſiſted all his pains!
Already in deſpair he gives it o'er:
Take it who will, he cries, I ſtrive no more.
What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow?
What ſouls and ſpirits ſhall it ſend below?

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begin the experiment, that the reſt might make trial according as they were ſeated, ſucceſſively: and what makes this the more probable is, that the propination always began from the moſt honourable perſon. P.

Ver. 161. *What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow?*
What ſouls and ſpirits, &c.]

There is in theſe words a full and clear prediction of the deſtruction of the Suitors by the bow of Ulyſſes: but what follows, when the prophet comes to explain himſelf, renders it ambiguous. *Better indeed to die,* &c. The next line is very remarkable for the diſtinction it makes between θυμὸς and ψυχὴ, *ſoul* and *ſpirit*: the reader may turn to the note on lib. xxiii. ver. 92, 124. of the Iliad; and that on lib. xi. ver. 743. of the Odyſſey, where an account is given of the notion of the antients concerning this diviſion. I ſhall only here add a paſſage in St. Paul to the Hebrews, which did not then occur to me, that remarkably falls in with it. *The word of God is quick and powerful, and ſharper than a two-edged ſword, piercing even to the dividing aſunder of ſoul and ſpirit.* Heb. iv. 12.

This Leiodes falls by the ſword of Ulyſſes in the next book: but is it not injuſtice to take away the life of a perſon who is here deſcribed as a man of virtue, deteſting the actions of the Suitors, and dignified with prophecy? It is eaſy to anſwer this objection;

Better indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than diſappointed live,
With each new ſun to ſome new hope a prey,
Yet ſtill to-morrow falſer than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we ſought?
This bow ſhall eaſe us of that idle thought,
And ſend us with ſome humbler wife to live,
Whom gold ſhall gain, or deſtiny ſhall give.
Thus ſpeaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At diſtance far the feather'd ſhaft he throws,
And to the ſeat returns from whence he roſe.
To him Antinous thus with fury ſaid.
What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled?
Thy coward-function ever is in fear;
Thoſe arms are dreadful which thou can'ſt not bear.

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he is one of the Suitors to Penelope, as appears from his trying the bow amongſt the reſt of them, in order to obtain her in marriage, and conſequently he is involved in the general crime: this diſtinguiſhes his caſe from that of Medon and Phemius, whom Ulyſſes ſpares; it appearing that they made no pretenſions to the bed of Penelope; whereas Leiodes endeavours to marry the queen, which ſingle act would exclude Ulyſſes from his own bed and dominions. Beſides, if we would eſcape the puniſhment of wicked men, we muſt not only deteſt their crimes, but converſation. P.

Ver. 168.] This line is an improvement from one in Ogilby:

But this bow try'd will finiſh all diſpute.

And I cannot let this opportunity paſs by, of commending the very happy execution of the ſpeech before us.

Why ſhould this bow be fatal to the brave?
Becauſe the prieſt is born a peaceful ſlave.
Mark then what others can—He ended there,
And bade Melanthius a vaſt pile prepare;
He gives it inſtant flame: then faſt beſide
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they ſoak the weapon o'er,
Chafe ev'ry knot, and ſupple ev'ry pore.

Ver. 182.] In this paſſage our tranſlator conſolidates, and very pardonably, the ſpeech of Antinous and the ſubſequent narrative of the execution of his directions, which are a mere repetition of each other in the original.

Ver. 186. *Chafe ev'ry knot, and ſupple ev'ry pore.*] This paſſage has been egregiouſly miſunderſtood, and it has been imagined that this unguent is to anoint the limbs of the Suitors to make them more ſupple, after the manner of the wreſtlers who obſerved that cuſtom; but it is very evident that τόξον is to be underſtood in the Greek, and that it is the bow, not the limbs of the Suitors, that is to be anointed. Euſtathius thus fully explains it: the lard is brought to make the bow pliant, they chafe it before the fire that the particles of it may enter the pores of the bow, and render it flexible. But Euſtathius falls into an errour about the feat that is brought by Melanthius: he imagines the Suitors ſat while they drew the bow, that they might be upon a level with the ringlets which were fixed upon the ground; whereas in reality the feat is brought, that they may ſit while they chafe the bow. Homer himſelf ſays, when Leiodes endeavours to draw it, that he ſtood up, ἀνίστατο, and again,

He ſtood, and ſtepping forward try'd the bow.
Στῆ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἐδὸν ἰὼν, καὶ τόξα πειρήτιζεν.

But how is this to be reconciled with the conduct of Ulyſſes, who is directly affirmed to ſit while he draws it.

— — — εἵλκεν νευρὴν γλυφίδας τε
Αὐτόθεν ἐκ δίφροιο καθήμενος — —

Vain all their art, and all their ſtrength as vain;
The bow inflexible reſiſts their pain.
The force of great Eurymachus alone
And bold Antinous, yet untry'd, unknown:
Thoſe only now remain'd; but thoſe conſeſt
Of all the train the mightieſt and the beſt.
Then from the hall, and from the noiſy crew,
The maſters of the herd and flock withdrew.

That circumſtance is inſerted to ſhew the great ſtrength and dexterity of Ulyſſes, who is able to draw it in that diſadvantageous poſture: the Poet in every incident maintains his ſuperiority. P.

Ver. 193. *Then from the hall, and from the noiſy crew,*
The maſters of the herd and flock withdrew.]

It is wonderful how exactly the Poet obſerves the diſtribution of time; he diſtinctly marks the action of every day, and allots a proper ſpace to every action. In this place the poem goes forward while Ulyſſes withdraws to engage the aſſiſtance of Philætius and Eumæus. The Suitors are amuſed and employed about the bow, while Ulyſſes ſteals away from their obſervation, and returns without raiſing their jealouſy. The Poet likewiſe manages the time of the diſcovery of Ulyſſes very judiciouſly; though he knew the fidelity of Eumæus and Philætius, yet he truſts them not with the knowledge of his perſon, till the very hour of execution; agreeable to the general character of his cautious nature and profound ſecrecy. But then is not this an imputation to Penelope, that he ſhould chuſe to diſcover himſelf to theſe two perſons, rather than to his queen? The anſwer is, There was a neceſſity for his diſcovery to the former, but none to the latter; he wants their aſſiſtance in the future engagement, and makes good uſe of it; whereas a diſcovery made to the queen could have been of no advantage, and might poſſibly have proved detrimental; beſides, this is a ſeaſon that requires expedition; and we find Ulyſſes complies with it, and is very conciſe in the diſcovery and interview with Philætius and Eumæus. The Poet therefore reſerves the diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Penelope to a time of more

The king obſerves them: he the hall forſakes,
And, paſt the limits of the court, o'ertakes,
Then thus with accent mild Ulyſſes ſpoke:
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the ſecret of my breaſt conceal,
Or (as my ſoul now dictates) ſhall I tell?
Say, ſhou'd ſome fav'ring God reſtore again
The loſt Ulyſſes to his native reign?
How beat your hearts? what aid wou'd you
afford?
To the proud Suitors, or your antient Lord?
Philætius thus. Oh were thy word not vain!
Wou'd mighty Jove reſtore that man again!
Theſe aged ſinews with new vigour ſtrung
In his bleſt cauſe ſhould emulate the young.
With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd
Each pow'r above, with wiſhes for his Lord.
He ſaw their ſecret ſouls, and thus began.
Thoſe vows the Gods accord: behold the man!

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leiſure, that he may dwell upon it more largely, and beautify his poem with ſo eſſential an ornament with greater ſolemnity. P.

Ver. 197.] Neither this nor the following couplet has rhymes, that can be conceded. We may thus ſubſtitute in this view:

Then *accents* mild Ulyſſes thus *preferr'd*:
Ye faithful guardians of the flock and herd!
Shall I the ſecret of my breaſt conceal,
Or, *what* my ſoul now dictates, *here reveal*?

Ver. 205.] Compare the ſame paſſage at verſe 294 of the foregoing book.

Your own Ulyſſes! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wand'rings from this hapleſs land:
At length he comes; but comes deſpis'd, unknown,
And finding faithful, you, and you alone.
All elſe have caſt him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wiſhes, and their pray'rs, forgot!
Hear then, my friends! If Jove this arm ſucceed,
And give yon' impious revellers to bleed,
My care ſhall be, to bleſs your future lives
With large poſſeſſions, and with faithful wives;
Faſt by my palace ſhall your domes aſcend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now truſt your eye;
Lo! the broad ſcar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolychus's ſons, of yore,
On Parnaſs' top I chas'd the tuſky boar.
His ragged veſt then drawn aſide diſclos'd
The ſign conſpicuous, and the ſcar expos'd;

Ver. 213.] Thus may the rhymes be ſuperſeded:
Your own Ulyſſes, *whom* at length *reſtore*
Twice ten years' ſuff'rings to his native ſhore,
Is come at laſt! but *come* deſpis'd, unknown,

Ver. 217.] Or thus? from an obvious motive:
All elſe have caſt him from their very *minds:*
E'en in their pray'rs *no place their monarch finds.*

Ver. 231. — — *and the ſcar expos'd.*] Ariſtotle treating of

Eager they view'd; with joy they ſtood amaz'd;
With tear-full eyes o'er all their maſter gaz'd:

the different ſorts of Remembrances, chap. xvii. of his Poeticks, divides them into two kinds, *natural* or *adventitious*; the former ſort is ſimple and without art, which Poets uſe for want of invention; as for inſtance, when they bring about the diſcovery of a perſon by ſome natural mark or token upon the body: the latter are either marks upon the body, or ſcars occaſioned by ſome accident, or token diſtinct from the body, ſuch as the caſket, &c. which Plautus and Terence uſe in the diſcovery of ſeveral perſons in their comedies: of this latter kind is this ſcar of Ulyſſes; it is an adventitious remembrance, and theſe remembrances (continues Ariſtotle) may be uſed with more or leſs art: thus in the caſe of this wound of Ulyſſes, it is uſed by Homer in a different way: Euryclea, lib. xix. deſcries it accidentally; Ulyſſes here ſhews it to Eumæus and Philætius voluntarily; and it is certain that all thoſe marks which a Poet deſignedly and deliberately uſes to eſtabliſh any verity, have leſs ingenuity than thoſe which produce their effects undeſignedly and caſually, and conſequently the remembrance in the nineteenth Odyſſey is more ingenious than the ſecond diſcovery. The reaſon is, it ſhews no ingenuity to have recourſe to ſuch marks, when we have an intention to make the diſcovery: it cauſes no ſurpriſe nor variety, neither is it produced by any art or invention: on the contrary, the other in the nineteenth book ariſes from the ſubject, and not from the fancy of the Poet only. But, ſays Dacier, when Ariſtotle affirms that this preſent remembrance wants ingenuity, we are not yet to imagine that he condemns it; for it is a remembrance made by neceſſity. Ulyſſes has not opportunity to wait till the diſcovery is made accidentally, as in the nineteenth book; he is abſolutely compelled to make it deſignedly, to engage Eumæus and Philætius in his cauſe, by plainly proving to them that he was the real Ulyſſes. If therefore that hero ſhews leſs art in the manner of the remembrance, he ſhews more wiſdom in accommodating his conduct to the opportunity, and uſing the preſent conjuncture advantageouſly, to bring about his own re-eſtabliſhment. I will only further obſerve the judgment of Homer in making this diſcovery with the utmoſt brevity, concluding it in the compaſs of two verſes: he had before enlarged upon the wound, and the reader is already fully

Around his neck their longing arms they caſt,
His head, his ſhoulders, and his knees embrac'd:
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their pow'r,
In ſolemn ſilence fell the kindly ſhow'r.
The king too weeps, the king too graſps their hands,
And moveleſs, as a marble fountain, ſtands.
Thus had their joy wept down the ſetting ſun,
But firſt the wiſe man ceas'd, and thus begun.
Enough—on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, obſerve us near;
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.

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inſtructed in the ſtory: there is likewiſe another reaſon that requires conciſeneſs; the urgency of the time demands it, for Ulyſſes and Eumæus could not be long in conference without obſervation, and raiſing the jealouſy of the Suitors. P.

Ver. 234.] Bad rhymes from Chapman:

— — — — — which made them *caſt*
Their armes about him; his broade breſt *embrac't*,
His necke and ſhoulders kiſt.

Ver. 236.] This couplet, of which the *ſecond* verſe is extremely beautiful, the tranſlator has interpolated.

Ver. 239.] We have another interpolation in this line, which ſeems to border on extravagance.

Ver. 242.] Theſe *four* verſes repreſent the following thought and portion of his author:

Ceaſe from your tears and grief: leſt ſome deſcry
As from the houſe they paſs; and tell within.

Re-enter then, not all at once, but ſtay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty ſuitors will deny the bow;
But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away,
Thy maſter's weapon to his hand convey.
At ev'ry portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate:
Cloſe let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Tho' arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans they hear.
To thy ſtrict charge, Philætius! we conſign
The court's main gate: to guard that paſs be thine.

This ſaid, he firſt return'd: the faithful ſwains
At diſtance follow, as their king ordains.
Before the flame Eurymachus now ſtands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:

Ver. 252. *At ev'ry portal,* &c.] This is a very neceſſary injunction; Ulyſſes fears not only left any of the Suitors ſhould make his eſcape, but alſo left any of the women who were friends to the Suitors ſhould give information to their partiſans abroad, and introduce them to their aſſiſtance. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 256.] This couplet is conſtructed from one in his Rape of the Lock, ii. 113.

The drops to thee, Brillante! we conſign;
And, Momentilla! let the watch be thine.

Ver. 258.] Thus his author;

He ſpake, and enter'd ſtraight the pompous dome;
Then on his former ſeat his ſtation took:
Nor the two faithful ſwains ſtay'd long behind.

Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty ſoul and thus began:
I mourn the common cauſe; for, oh my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what ſhame attends?
Not the loſt nuptials can affect me more,
(For Greece has beauteous dames on ev'ry ſhore)
But baffled thus! confeſs'd ſo far below
Ulyſſes' ſtrength, as not to bend his bow!
How ſhall all ages our attempt deride?
Our weakneſs ſcorn?—Antinous thus reply'd.
Not ſo, Eurymachus: that no man draws
The wond'rous bow, attend another cauſe.
Sacred to Phœbus is the ſolemn day,
Which thoughtleſs we in games would waſte away:

Ver. 266. *Not the loſt nuptials — —*] No doubt but Eurymachus miſrepreſents his real ſentiments, when he makes the loſs of Penelope of little importance; but his conduct is an exact picture of human nature: when we have uſed our utmoſt endeavours to obtain our deſires, and have failed in the attempt, the object immediately loſes its value, and we would be thought to deſpiſe it. To be eaſy under any diſappointment is the reſult of reaſon; but to ſeem to deſpiſe what we have been very ſollicitous to obtain, ariſes from the pride of our natures, which perſuades us to endeavour to cheat the world into an opinion that we have not been diſappointed: the remedy for this diſeaſe of our minds, is a regular conduct, and to hold the ballance even in all our affairs, that the ſcale be not raiſed too high or depreſſed too low. P.

Ver. 274. *Sacred to Phœbus is the ſolemn day.*] Antinous in this reply, ſpeaks, as well as Eurymachus, with diſſimulation; he

'Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd ſtrife forego,
And here leave fixt the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the ſew'r approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine;
So end our night: before the day ſhall ſpring,
The choiceſt off'rings let Melanthius bring: 281

is unwilling to give a true reaſon, and therefore invents a falſe one: the true reaſon why he defers the trial of the bow is, becauſe he fears his inability to draw it: the feigned reaſon is a pretended piety paid to the day: it was a day to be obſerved religiouſly, and he inſinuates that all ſports upon it are a profanation of it; and conſequently, Apollo being provoked, diſables them from drawing the bow, of which he is the patron. This is the reaſon why he propoſes to offer a libation, to atone for the abuſe of the day by their diverſions. But perhaps the reaſon why Antinous defers the exerciſe of the bow to the following day, is not becauſe he thought it unlawful to proceed in it, on the feſtival of Apollo; for why ſhould an exerciſe which was inſtituted in honour of that deity, be thought a profanation of the day? I ſhould therefore rather conclude, that the impiety intended by Antinous, was their omiſſion in not offering a ſacrifice to that God before they begun the trial, that he might proſper their endeavours: the concluſion of his ſpeech makes this opinion probable: "Let us "now defer the experiment, and offer ſacrifice in the morning "to Apollo, that he may give us ſucceſs in drawing the bow;" which implies that they were unſucceſsful becauſe they had forgot to ſacrifice. I will only add, that Antinous mentions a goat as an offering to Apollo; we have before ſeen bulls, ſheep and bullocks offered to that deity; the reaſon why a goat is a proper victim, I ſuppoſe is becauſe he is a rural God, and patron of ſhepherds, and therefore all kinds of beaſts were offered to him promiſcuouſly. P.

Ver. 280.] Thus? with correcter rhymes:

Now bid the ſew'r *prepare the genial wine*
For due *libation*, and *the* rites divine.

Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich ſmokes, high-curling to the ſkies.
So ſhall the patron of theſe arts beſtow
(For his the gift) the ſkill to bend the bow.
They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds bring
The cleanſing waters from the limpid ſpring:
The goblet high with roſy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite compleat, up-roſe the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated ſcheme began.
If what I aſk your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!
Chief, if it hurt not great Antinous' ear,
(Whoſe ſage deciſion I with wonder hear)
And if Eurymachus the motion pleaſe;
Give heav'n this day, and reſt the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms diſpute the prize,
And take it he, the favour'd of the ſkies!
But ſince 'till then, this trial you delay,
Truſt it one moment to my hands to-day:
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you deſpiſe;

Ver. 292.] The ſame rhymes are in Chapman.

Ver. 296.] Or thus:

If *wills* Eurymachus, *your efforts ceaſe*:

for the preſent terminations cannot be deemed rhymes.

If yet this arm its antient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long-continued train)
And wants and inſults, make me leſs than man?
Rage flaſh'd in light'ning from the ſuitors eyes,
Yet mix'd with terrour at the bold emprize.
Antinous then: O miſerable gueſt!
Is common ſenſe quite baniſh'd from thy breaſt?
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To ſit diſtinguiſh'd, with our preſence grac'd,
Admitted here with princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
To copious wine this inſolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great Eurytion when this frenzy ſtung,
Pirithous' roofs with frantick riot rung;

Ver. 306.] Or thus, for a better rhyme:

And wants and inſults, make *my wiſhes vain.*

Ver. 318. *Pirithous' roofs,* &c.] The ſtory of the Centaur is this: Pirithous, a Lapithite, marrying Hippodamia the daughter of Adraſtus, invited the Centaurs and Lapithæ to his nuptials; the Centaurs drinking to great exceſs, and offering violence to the bride, engaged them in a quarrel; Eurytion was the perſon who began the diſorder, and the war that enſued became fatal to the whole nation of the Centaurs. Horace alludes to this hiſtory.

"At nequis modici tranſiliat munera liberi,
"Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa ſuper mero
"Debellata" — —

The Lapithites were a people of Theſſaly inhabiting the mountains Pindus and Othrys; the Centaurs were their neighbours, and dwelt in mount Pelion. This war between the Lapithites and the Centaurs probably laſted about a year: for it began on the day of the nuptials of Pirithous, and on the day that his ſon Polypætes

Boundleſs the Centaur rag'd; 'till one and all
The heroes roſe, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His noſe they ſhorten'd, and his ears they ſlit,
And ſent him ſober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curſt,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggreſſor firſt.
Such fate I propheſy our gueſt attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor ſhall theſe walls ſuch inſolence contain;
The firſt fair wind tranſports him o'er the main;

---

was born, he obtained a deciſive victory over the Centaurs, and drove them from mount Pelion. Thus lib. ii. ver. 896. of the Iliad.

Thy troops Argiſſa, Polypætes leads
And Eleon, ſhelter'd by Olympus' ſhades;
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodamé's embrace,
That day when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head
To diſtant dens the ſhaggy Centaurs fled.

This hiſtory is at large related by Ovid, Metam. xii. He calls Eurytion by the name of Eurytus, and deſcribes the nuptial feaſt in a cave, and not in the palace of Pirithous. Thus Mr. Dryden,

In a cool cave's receſs the treat was made,
Whoſe entrance trees with ſpreading boughs o'erſhade:
There one more brutal of the brutal brood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once; beheld with luſtful eyes
The bride, at once, reſolv'd to make his prize:
Down went the board; and faſt'ning on her hair
He ſeiz'd with ſudden force the frighted fair:
'Twas Eurytus began. — —

Ver. 321.] Thus Ogilby:

Cropt both his ears, and up his noſtrils ſlit.

Where Echetus to death the guilty brings,
(The worſt of mortals, ev'n the worſt of kings.)
Better than that, if thou approve our chear,
Ceaſe the mad ſtrife, and ſhare our bounty here.
To this the queen her juſt diſlike expreſt:
'Tis impious, prince! to harm the ſtranger-gueſt,
Baſe to inſult who bears a ſuppliant's name,
And ſome reſpect Telemachus may claim.
What if th' Immortals on the man beſtow
Sufficient ſtrength to draw the mighty bow?
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wand'ring ſtranger for my lord?
A hope ſo idle never touch'd his brain:
Then eaſe your boſoms of a fear ſo vain.
Far be he baniſh'd from this ſtately ſcene
Who wrongs his princeſs with a thought ſo mean.
O fair! and wiſeſt of ſo fair a kind!
(Reſpectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak ſurmiſe, but ſenſe of ſhame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame;

Ver. 330.] The reader, who recollects ſome former remarks on the Iliad reſpecting the ſatirical propenſity of our tranſlator, when *kings* preſented themſelves to his imagination, will not wonder at the boldneſs of the climax in the verſe before us.

Ver. 332.] Ogilby has a neat line:

With us ſit ſtill, but not with us compare.

Ver. 337.] This thought is foreign to his author. There is nothing unſuitable to the Greek in the following ſubſtitution:

What, if the *ſtranger's ſturdy hands ſhould ſhew*—.

We dread the cenſure of the meaneſt ſlave,
The weakeſt woman: all can wrong the brave.
" Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
" Of that brave chief whoſe bow they cou'd not
" bend!
" In came a beggar of the ſtrolling crew,
" And did what all thoſe princes could not do."
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus poſterity upbraid our name.
To whom the queen. If Fame engage your
views,
Forbear thoſe acts which infamy purſues;

Ver. 354.] This is feeble, and not accurate. Perhaps, the following ſubſtitution is not liable to either cenſure:

He ſtrung the bow, and ſent an arrow through.

Ver. 357. — — — *If Fame engage your views,*
Forbear thoſe acts which infamy purſues.]

This anſwer of Penelope is very ſevere and very juſt. Eurymachus (obſerves Dacier) had ſaid, If this beggar draws the bow, we ſhall loſe our reputation: Penelope anſwers, It is in vain to be ſollicitous about your reputation, when your lives are a ſeries of infamous actions: fame is the reward of good, and ſhame the portion of baſe and unworthy deeds: it is no diſhonour to a prince to be ſurpaſſed by a beggar in ſtrength, but a prince is more infamous than a beggar, if his actions betray him to be a worſe man; a baſe action ſinks him into contempt, and taints his nobility. The words in Homer are, τὶ ἀλίγια ταῦτα τίθεσθε; which Euſtathius thus explains; Why do you overlook the greater diſhonour, and are thus afraid of trifles? and, adds Dacier, the ſentiment is juſt and happy: theſe princes place diſgrace where it is not; they think it a ſhame to yield in ſtrength to this ſtranger, which is really no ſhame; mere ſtrength is the praiſe of a beaſt, not of a prince: on the contrary, what is really a ſhame, they

Wrong and oppreſſion no renown can raiſe;
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praiſe.
The ſtature of our gueſt, his port, his face,
Speak him deſcended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he deſires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence, to reward his merit, he ſhall bear
A two-edg'd falchion, and a ſhining ſpear,
Embroider'd ſandals, a rich cloak and veſt,
And ſafe conveyance to his port of reſt.
O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
Permit me (cries Telemachus) to claim
A ſon's juſt right. No Grecian prince but I
Has pow'r this bow to grant, or to deny.

think to be none; they prey upon a king, who was a friend to all mankind; they act a thouſand inſolent and baſe deeds, and yet apprehend no diſcredit. This is an unhappy, and I wiſh it were an unjuſt, picture of human nature; we deceive ourſelves with falſe notions both of ſhame and glory, and we may apply the words of Terence to this purpoſe:

— — — — — — "Hic, ubi opus eſt,
"Non verentur: illic ubi non opus eſt, ibi verentur.

Praiſe is only to be obtained by virtue, and fame is the certain reward of it: ill-nature or envy may eclipſe it, but it will prevail and break out into glory. P.

Ver. 366.] This ſpeech is excellently done: but the reader may ſee a ſimple thought, omitted by our tranſlator, in Ogilby:

A ſword, a pair of ſandals, and a ſpear,
That he nor dogs nor men ſhall need to fear.

Ver. 372.] Thus Hobbes:

Mother, to give the bow, or to deny't
Is in my pow'r.

Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courſer-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms deſcend;
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, oh queen! thy houſhold taſk reſume,
Tend, with thy maids, the labours of the loom;

Ver. 377. *Retire, oh queen!* &c.] This ſpeech has been accuſed of too great a liberty, and as wanting in reſpect from a ſon to a mother: Telemachus ſpeaks with authority, when he ought to have ſhewed obedience and filial duty. But theſe criticks miſtake the deſign and intention of Telemachus; he ſpeaks directly to Penelope, but obliquely and intentionally to the Suitors: it is for this reaſon that he ſays he is ſupreme in the palace, viz. to let them know that he will not give up the ſway into their power. He tells Penelope that the bow ſhall be uſed as he directs; this is done to intimidate the Suitors, and prepare the way for the delivery of it to Ulyſſes, contrary to their injunctions to Eumæus.

The verſes are the ſame with thoſe in the vith of the Iliad. There Hector ſpeaks to Andromache, a tender huſband to a fond wife, and the ſpeech was never taxed with any want of love and kindneſs. In that place Hector remembers that he is an huſband, yet forgets not that he is an hero. In this Telemachus deviates not from the duty of a ſon, yet ſpeaks in the character and ſtyle of a prince.

Euſtathius excellently enlarges upon the words of Telemachus. There is an abſolute neceſſity that Penelope ſhould withdraw, that ſhe might not be preſent at the ſcene of blood and ſlaughter. It is for the ſame reaſon that the Poet introduces Minerva caſting her into a profound ſleep, that ſhe might be entirely ignorant of the death of the Suitors: this is abſolutely neceſſary; for if ſhe ſhe had been acquainted that Ulyſſes was returned, and the Suitors ſlain by his hand, there could have been no room for the interview between Ulyſſes and Penelope in the ſucceeding parts of the Odyſſey.

But is not Minerva introduced upon too ſmall an occaſion, only to caſt Penelope into a ſlumber? Would not nature have worked

The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
Theſe cares to man belong, and moſt to me.
Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His ſage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There in her chamber as ſhe ſat apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
On her Ulyſſes then ſhe fix'd her ſoul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,

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the ſame effect without the aſſiſtance of the Goddeſs? I have already remarked, that machines are not always uſed out of neceſſity, but frequently for ornament, to dignify the poetry and create ſurpriſe by the appearance of a deity. But here the Poet brings down Minerva, to give credibility to the ſtory; for though it be true that nature is ſufficient to produce this effect, yet that it ſhould operate in the critical and exact moment, when the Poet has occaſion for it, is in ſome degree incredible: the Poet therefore to reconcile the relation to probability, introduces a præternatural ſleep, occaſioned by the immediate operation of a Goddeſs. P.

Compare Fenton's verſion of the ſame lines in book i. ver. 455.

Ver. 381. — — — *the queen admir'd*
His ſage reply — —]

Penelope is amazed at the free remonſtrance of Telemachus; ſhe is ignorant of the reaſon of it, yet immediately retires, not doubting but his words flowed from a juſt cauſe, and not from a want of filial duty: ſhe is therefore ſaid by the Poet to lodge his words in her memory, waiting till time ſhould unfold the myſtery. *Dacier.* P.

In much the ſame manner Ogilby proceeds:

The queen her ſon's direction much *admires*,
And ſtraight to her apartment thence *retires*.

'Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In ſlumber clos'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
Now thro' the preſs the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noiſe, and wild uproar.
Hold, lawleſs ruſtick! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, inſenſate, doſt thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to ſome ſequeſter'd den,
Far from the ſweet ſociety of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou ſhalt be made;
If heav'n and Phœbus lend the Suitors aid.
Thus they. Aghaſt he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on.
Proceed, falſe ſlave, and ſlight their empty words;
What? hopes the fool to pleaſe ſo many lords?
Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, ſhall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
Th' oppreſſive Suitors from my walls expell!

Ver. 387.] The word cries is without authority, and has no uſe but to facilitate the rhyme. Thus?

'Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her *woes*,
O'er her *pin'd* eyes *the veil of* ſlumber *threws*.

Ver. 390.] Thus Milton, Par. Loſt, ii. 541.

— — — Hell ſcarce holds the *wild uproar*.

Ver. 398.] Might we ſubſtitute

— — — — — thus urg'd *the clown*?

Then what a ſhoal of lawleſs men ſhould go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!
The Suitors with a ſcornful ſmile ſurvey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, haſtes to bring
The ſtrife-full bow, and gives it to the king.
Old Euryclea calling then aſide,
Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cry'd)

Ver. 405.] This is not agreeable to his author. Ogilby does not want fidelity:

I with a miſchief ſoon would ſend them hence,
Who act with ſo much pride and inſolence.

Ver. 407. *The Suitors with a ſcornful ſmile*, &c.] Spondanus believes they laugh out of contempt of Telemachus; Dacier, becauſe they believe the time come which is to end all their doubts by the marriage of Penelope; they hope to draw the bow, and this hope mollifies their anger. But all theſe reaſons (as well as thoſe of Euſtathius) ſeem to be rather invented than natural: we may find a ſufficient reaſon of their laughter, from the ſharpneſs of Telemachus towards Eumæus; they rejoice to ſee an enemy (for ſuch they eſteem Eumæus) miſuſed, and this will likewiſe give a reaſon why the Poet adds, that they ceaſed their anger againſt Telemachus, namely, becauſe he gratifies their ill-will by threatening Eumæus. P.

Ver. 412. *Hear what Telemachus enjoins*, &c.] It is very evident that this command proceeds not from Telemachus but Ulyſſes: it was Ulyſſes who gave directions to ſhut the door of the women's apartment; but Eumæus is ignorant that Euryclea was acquainted with the return of Ulyſſes, and therefore ſpeaks as from Telemachus. He knew very well that ſhe would obey the orders of Telemachus, but if ſhe had not been acquainted with the return of Ulyſſes, ſhe would have made ſome heſitation, believing the beggar to be really a ſtranger and not Ulyſſes. *Euſtathius.* P.

At ev'ry portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate;
And if unuſual ſounds invade their ear,
If arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or iſſue forth preſume,
But cloſe attend the labours of the loom.

Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an inſtant were the palace gates.
In the ſame moment forth Philætius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmoſt gate; (the cable ſtrongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ſhip from Ægypt brought)
Then unperceiv'd and ſilent at the board
His ſeat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.

And now his well-known bow the maſter bore,
Turn'd on all ſides, and view'd it o'er and o'er:

Ver. 413.] See above, verſe 252.

Ver. 417.] The rhyme might be mended thus:
Let none call *out*, or iſſue *from the room*.

Ver. 423. — — — (*the cab'e ſtrongly wrought*
Of Byblos' reed, — — —]

The word in the Greek is βύβλινον, which we are not to underſtand of the Ægyptian Papyrus, but it is derived from βύβλος or βίβλος, a plant growing in the marſhes of Ægypt, βοτάνης ἰμφιῤῥὼς πανύφυλλος, that bears the reſemblance of the Papyrus, as Euſtathius explains it. Of this plant the antients made their cordage; on the top of it there grew fibrous threads reſembling hair, and thus Strabo deſcribes it, ψιλὴ ῥάβδος ἐπ' ἄκρῳ ἔχουσα χαίτην, *a ſlender twig, hairing, as it were, hair on the top of it.* P.

Ver. 428. *Turn'd on all ſides, and view'd it o'er and o'er.*]. This little particularity is not inſerted in vain: Ulyſſes is ready to

Leſt time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner abſent, and untry'd ſo long.
While ſome deriding—How he turns the bow!
Some other like it ſure the man muſt know,
Or elſe wou'd copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he ſteals.—
Heav'n to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!
And bleſs, in all to which he ſtands inclin'd,
With ſuch good fortune as he now ſhall find.
Heedleſs he heard them; but diſdain'd reply;
The bow peruſing with exacteſt eye.

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engage in a terrible combat; it is therefore very neceſſary to be curious in the examination of the bow, to be certain that he might depend upon it: if he had obſerved that it had been decayed through time, his prudence would have furniſhed him with ſome other inſtrument. Euſtathius is of opinion that this whole bow was made of horn, becauſe τερες denotes worms that breed in horn: the bow, ſays that author, was made of horn, and not of wood, like the Scythian bows. This, it muſt be confeſſed, is not entirely ſatisfactory, becauſe the bows were antiently tipt or pointed at the extremities with horn; and to this horn Ulyſſes may refer. But the other opinion is moſt probable, and Ovid thus underſtood it:

" Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu,
" Qui latus argueret *corneus arcus* erat." P.

Ver. 434.] There is more drollery, than good faith, in this tranſlation. Chapman keeps cloſer to his author's words:

A cunning rogue he is at any ill.

Ver. 435.] Ogilby is not unſucceſsful:

May Fortune him a ſpecial favour ſend,
And not before, until this bow he bend.

Ver. 439.] An elegant expreſſion; adopted, I preſume, from Ogilby:

Then, as ſome heav'nly minſtrel, taught to ſing
High notes reſponſive to the trembling ſtring,
To ſome new ſtrain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute reſts with vocal wire,
Relaxes, ſtrains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great maſter drew the mighty bow!
And drew with eaſe. One hand aloft diſplay'd
The bending horns, and one the ſtring eſſay'd.

Thus jeer'd the ſuitors, whilſt Ulyſſes bore
The able bow, *peruſing* it all o're.

With no leſs elegance Milton, Par. Loſt, viii. 267.

Myſelf I then *perus'd*, and limb by limb
Survey'd.

Ver. 440. *Then, as ſome heav'nly minſtrel,* &c.] Euſtathius confeſſes himſelf to be greatly pleaſed with this compariſon; it is very juſt, and well ſuited to the purpoſe; the ſtrings of the lyre repreſent the bow-ſtring, and the eaſe with which the lyriſt ſtretches them, admirably paints the facility with which Ulyſſes draws the bow. When ſimilitudes are borrowed from an object entirely different from the ſubject which they are brought to illuſtrate, they give us a double ſatisfaction, as they ſurpriſe us by ſhewing an agreement between ſuch things in which there ſeems to be the greateſt diſagreement. P.

Ver. 444.] Our tranſlator had not a clear perception of his author's meaning in this paſſage. I ſhall give Mr. Cowper's verſion:

As when, in art and ſong adept, a bard
Unlab'ring ſtrains the chord to a new lyre,
The twiſted entrails of a ſheep below
With fingers nice inſerting, and above;
With ſuch facility Ulyſſes bent
His own huge bow.

From his eſſaying hand the ſtring let fly
Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry.
A gen'ral horrour ran thro' all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was ev'ry face.
Signs from above enſu'd: the unfolding ſky
In light'ning burſt; Jove thunder'd from on high.

Ver. 448. — — — *the ſtring let fly*
Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry.]

The compariſon is not intended to repreſent the ſweetneſs of the ſound, but only the quality and nature of it; and means a harſh or jarring ſound, or ſomewhat rough, διάτορος, as Euſtathius interprets it; ſuch a ſound as the ſwallow makes when ſhe ſings by ſtarts, and not in one even tenour. The ſwallow is inharmonious, and Ariſtophanes uſes χελιδόνων μουσεῖα in his frogs, to ſignify thoſe who are enemies to the Muſes; and here the Poet uſes it to denote a ſhrill, harſh, or jarring ſound. P.

Ver. 449.] Thus Ogilby:

Then taking up, he *ravages* the well-ſtretch'd ſtring,
Which like a ſwallow's *ſhriller* voice did ring.

Ver. 452. *Signs from above enſu'd*—] The ſignal of battle is here given in thunder by Jupiter, as in the eleventh book of the Iliad.

Ev'n Jove, whoſe thunder ſpoke his wrath, diſtill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field.

And again,

That inſtant Juno and the martial maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid.

This prepares us for the greatneſs of the following action, which is uſhered in with thunder from heaven: and we are not ſurpriſed to ſee Ulyſſes defeat his enemies, when Jupiter declares himſelf in his favour. Homer calls this thunder a ſign and a prodigy: it is a ſign, becauſe it predicts the event; and a prodigy, becauſe the thunder proceeds from a ſerene ſky. *Euſtathius.* P.

So Chapman:

Fir'd at the call of Heav'n's almighty lord,
He ſnatch'd the ſhaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Faſt by, the reſt lay ſleeping in the ſheath,
But ſoon to fly the meſſengers of death.)
Now ſitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Thro' ev'ry ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the ſhaft, releas'd, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vaniſh'd from the ſtring,
Sung on direct, and threaded ev'ry ring.
The ſolid gate its fury ſcarcely bounds;
Pierc'd thro' and thro', the ſolid gate reſounds.
Then to the prince. Nor have I wrought thee ſhame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I loſt
That antient vigour, once my pride and boaſt.

— — — — — And then, Jove *rent*
The aire with thunder.

Ver. 455.] By the ſingle term *glitter'd*, our poet has very happily and comprehenſively expreſſed his author's word *naked*, or taken out of the quiver.

Ver. 460.] Chapman employs the ſame term of art:
— — — — *nockt* it then, and drew.

Ver. 467. — — — *nor have I loſt*
That antient vigour — —]
Ulyſſes ſpeaks not thus out of vanity, but ſolely to confirm the courage of Telemachus, and his two friends, Eumæus and Philætius. He ſets his vigour before their eyes, that they may have confidence in it in the ſucceeding engagement. P.

Ill I deſerv'd theſe haughty peers diſdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In ſweet repaſt the preſent hour employ,
Nor wait 'till ev'ning for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's ſoft voice prolong the night;
Muſick, the banquet's moſt refin'd delight.
He ſaid, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his ſhining ſword.
Faſt by his father's ſide he takes his ſtand;
The beamy jav'lin lightens in his hand.

Ver. 471. *In ſweet repaſt the preſent hour employ,*
Nor wait 'till ev'ning — —]

This circumſtance is very neceſſary; Ulyſſes excites the Suitors to ſupper by day-light, becauſe it would be more eaſy for him to aſſault them while they ſat at table; the poſture would give him ſome advantage; and he adds *before evening*, becauſe if they had ſupped by the light of the torch, upon extinguiſhing it, they had greatly embarraſſed him, and perhaps rendered his deſigns ineffectual through the benefit of the darkneſs. Neither is it without reaſon that he propoſes ſinging and muſick; he does it to draw away their thoughts from any jealouſy of intended violence; and by this method he gives the aſſault unexpectedly, and begins the ſlaughter before they are prepared to make any oppoſition. P.

THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of the Suitors.

ULYSSES begins the ſlaughter of the Suitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himſelf, and lets fly his arrows at the reſt. Telemachus aſſiſts, and brings arms for his father, himſelf, Eumæus and Philætius. Melanthius does the ſame for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulyſſes in the ſhape of Mentor. The Suitors are all ſlain, only Medon and Phemius are ſpared. Melanthius and the unfaithful ſervants are executed. The reſt acknowledge their maſter with all demonſtrations of joy. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

WE are now come to the great event or cataſtrophe of the Odyſſey, which is the deſtruction of the Suitors. The manner by which the Poet conducts it, has been praiſed and cenſured, by ſome as noble and heroick, by others as romantick and incredible: it is therefore highly neceſſary to vindicate Homer in the chief action of the whole poem, that he may not be found culpable, in the place where he ought to be the moſt exact, and draw his hero to the beſt advantage. The objection made againſt this deciſive action is, that the Poet makes Ulyſſes perform impoſſibilities; no one perſon, with ſuch ſmall aſſiſtance, being able to deſtroy above an hundred enemies. It is no anſwer to ſay that Pallas deſcends to aid Ulyſſes, for it has been already proved, that all incidents which require a divine probability, ſhould be ſo diſengaged from the action, that they may be ſubſtracted from it without deſtroying it; whereas this action is eſſential to it. No leſs a critic than Longinus, chap. vii. condemns Homer; for, enumerating the faults of the Odyſſey, he thus proceeds: "To "theſe may be added the abſurdities he commits, in the account "of the deſtruction of Penelope's Suitors." And Scaliger, lib. v. of his Poeticks, is of the ſame opinion: *Ulyſſes interfecit arcu procos, inter quos & ipſum tantillum eſſet intervalli: quare omnes ſimul in eum impetum non fecerunt?* The ſtrength of this objection lies in the omiſſion of the Suitors in not ruſhing at once upon Ulyſſes in an united body: now this was impoſſible, he ſtood upon the threſhold in a narrow paſs, and by this advantage he was able to make it good againſt a great inequality of numbers. It is not difficult to bring inſtances of a like nature from undoubted hiſtory: Cocles alone defended the bridge over the Tyber againſt the whole army of Porſena, and ſtood unmoveable till the Romans broke it down behind him. And Leonidas the Spartan general defended the paſs of Thermopylæ with a ſmall number, againſt three millions of Perſians led by Xerxes; and if he had not been betrayed, he would have probably defeated his whole army. In both theſe inſtances there was a greater inequality of numbers, than between Ulyſſes and the Suitors. The reader will be reconciled to the probability of theſe relations, if he conſiders that the whole buſineſs of war was antiently decided by mere ſtrength of body: fire-arms now ſet all men upon a nearer level; but in theſe early ages, the ſtrongeſt perſon was the greateſt hero; a man of ſuperiour and uncommon ſtrength drove his enemies before

him like an army of boys, and with as much facility. From this obſervation it is evident, that Homer ſcarce tranſgreſſes the bounds of hiſtorick truth, when he deſcribes Achilles chaſing whole ſquadrons of Trojans: he wrote according to the manners of his times, and drew after the life, though ſometimes he improved a feature to give grace to the picture of his hero: thus in the ſcripture, from the mere advantage of ſtrength, we ſee a ſingle Goliah defy the whole armies of Iſrael.

Rapin commends the conduct of Homer in bringing about the deſtruction of the Suitors. The unravelling the whole Odyſſey (ſays that author) by their deaths, is very great, and very becoming an hero; that whole ſtory is dreſſed up in colours ſo decent, and at the ſame time ſo noble, that antiquity can hardly match any part of the narration; here Homer has diſplayed himſelf to the beſt advantage. I wiſh Rapin had given his reaſons, and not run into a general commendation: but we ſhall be ſufficiently convinced of the judgment of Homer in deſcribing the Suitors falling chiefly by Ulyſſes, if we conſider the nature of epic poetry. The chief action is to be performed by the hero of the poem: thus Hector falls by Achilles; Turnus by Æneas; the death of the Suitors is the chief action of the Odyſſey, and therefore it is neceſſarily to be executed by Ulyſſes; for if any other perſon had performed it, that perſon would have done an action more noble than the hero of the poem, and eclipſed his glory. It is for the ſame reaſon that the Poet refuſes all eaſy methods to re-eſtabliſh Ulyſſes: he throws him into difficulties which he is to ſurmount by his own proweſs and magnanimity. Homer might eaſily have raiſed an army, and placed Ulyſſes at the head of it; but the more difficult way being moſt conducive to his honour, he rejects all eaſy methods, ſhews him ſtruggling with infinite hazards, out of which he extricates himſelf perſonally by his wiſdom and courage. By this means he compleats the character of his hero, leaves a noble image of his worth upon the minds of the ſpectators, and makes him go off the ſtage with the utmoſt applauſe. P.

THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THEN fierce the hero o'er the threſhold ſtrode;
Stript of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Then fierce the hero o'er the threſhold ſtrode,* &c.] Plato was particularly ſtruck with the beauty of theſe lines: in his dialogue intitled Iön, p. 145. Socrates thus ſpeaks: "When "you repeat the verſes of Homer emphatically, and raviſh the "whole audience, whether it be the paſſage where he ſings how "Ulyſſes leaps upon the threſhold, diſcovers himſelf to the "Suitors, and pours his arrows before his feet: or where Achilles "ruſhes upon Hector; or where he paints the lamentations of "Hecuba, Priam, or Andromache; tell me, are you any longer "maſter of your own paſſions? are you not tranſported? and "raviſhed with divine fury, think yourſelf preſent at the very "actions, either in Ithaca, or Troy?" It muſt indeed be

Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable ſtore;
Before his feet the rattling ſhow'r he threw,
And thus terrific, to the Suitor crew.

One vent'rous game this hand has won to-day,
Another, princes! yet remains to play;
Another mark our arrow muſt attain.
Phœbus aſſiſt! nor be the labour vain.

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allowed, that Homer here paints to the life; we ſee Ulyſſes, his motion, his attitude, and the noble fury with which he begins the onſet. The Poet intereſts us in the cauſe of his hero, and we fight on his ſide againſt his enemies.

Euſtathius obſerves, that inſtead of ῥάχος the Æolians wrote βράχος; an obſervation of too little importance to have been regarded, if he had not given us a fragment of Sappho as a proof of it.

Τὶς δ' ἀγροιῶτις θέλγει νοὸν
Οὐκ ἐπιζαμένη τὰ βράκια ἕλκειν
Ἐπὶ τῶν σφυρῶν;

which he thus explains,

What ruſtic beauty dreſs'd in aukward charms
Detains my lover from his Sappho's arms?

The circumſtance of throwing the arrows before his feet is not inſerted without a reaſon; Ulyſſes could reach them from thence with more facility and expedition, than if they had hung at his ſhoulder in the quiver. P.

Ver. 2.] This compariſon is interpolated by the tranſlator. Thus?

Then gain'd the chief the threſhold with a bound,
And threw his tatter'd rayment to the ground.

Ver. 4.] Homer ſays only, *full of arrows*; but Hobbes in a ſimilar *periphraſis* to that of our poet, with unuſual elegance:

With bow in hand and *arrows tipt with death.*

Ver. 10. *Phœbus aſſiſt!*] Ulyſſes addreſſes a prayer to Apollo to give ſucceſs to his preſent enterpriſe; he directs it to him, be-

Swift as the word the parting arrow ſings,
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings:
Wretch that he was, of unprophetick ſoul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl;
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For Fate who fear'd amidſt a feaſtful band?
And Fate to numbers by a ſingle hand?

cauſe he is the God of Archery; and he concludes in four words, in compliance with the exigence of the time, which will not permit him to ſpeak at large. This prayer to Apollo confirms my obſervation, that Penelope propoſed the trial of the bow in honour of that deity, and we find that it was cuſtomary from a remarkable paſſage in the Iliad, lib. iv.

But firſt to ſpeed thy ſhaft, addreſs thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus with the ſilver bow:
And ſwear the firſtlings of the flock to pay
On Zelia's altars to the god of day.

It is from the urgency of the time that the ſpeech of Ulyſſes, as well as the prayer, is conciſe: it would have been very injudicious, when he was ready to aſſault his enemies unexpectedly, to have prefaced the onſet with a long oration; this would have given them an alarm, and time to make an oppoſition. P.

Ver. 11.] This intervening deſcription is ſupremely elegant in the verſion of our conſummate artiſt.

Ver. 18. *And Fate to numbers by a ſingle hand?*] This particular is very artful; the Poet while he writes, ſeems to be ſurpriſed at the difficulty of the enterpriſe he is about to relate. He is in doubt of the great event, and ſtands ſtill in admiration of it. This has a double effect; it ſets the courage of Ulyſſes in a ſtrong point of light, who executes what might be almoſt thought an impoſſibility; and at the ſame time it excellently contributes to make the ſtory credible; for Homer appears to be held in ſuſpenſe by the greatneſs of the action; an intimation that nothing

Full thro' his throat Ulyſſes' weapon paſt,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his laſt.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows;
A ſtream of gore burſt ſpouting from his noſe;
Grim in convulſive agonies he ſprawls:
Before him ſpurn'd, the loaded table falls,
And ſpreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they ſaw him fall,
Uproſe the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they caſt a haggard eye,
Each look'd for arms, in vain; no arms were nigh:

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but the real truth and deference to veracity could extort from him a belief of it: thus by ſeeming to make the relation improbable, the Poet eſtabliſhes the probability of it. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 22. *A ſtream of gore burſt ſpouting — —*] The word in the original is αὐλὸς, which commonly ſignifies a pipe or muſical inſtrument: the antients (obſerves Euſtathius) uſed it to denote a fountain; here therefore it implies a flux or fountain of blood; κρουνὸς ἐξανόλισμα αἵματος, the word therefore very happily paints the blood ſpouting from the noſtrils, as from a fountain; and in this ſenſe, it gives us a full image of the nature of the wound; the blood ſprung as from a pipe, through the mouth of the wound, or from the veins, through the noſtrils. P.

Ogilby renders, with ſome originality:

A purple fountain conduits from his noſe.

Ver. 27.] A rhyme, nearly the ſame, has too recently occurred. Thus Ogilby:

Up ſtart the ſuitors as they ſaw him *fall*;
And ſudden murmur flies about the *hall*.

Aim'ſt thou at princes? (all amaz'd they ſaid)
Thy laſt of games unhappy haſt thou play'd;
Thy erring ſhaft has made our braveſt bleed,
And Death, unlucky gueſt, attends thy deed.
Vultures ſhall tear thee — Thus incens'd they ſpoke,
While each to Chance aſcrib'd the wond'rous ſtroke,
Blind as they were; for Death ev'n now invades
His deſtin'd prey, and wraps them all in ſhades.
Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulyſſes ſpoke.

Ver. 35. — — *Thus incens'd they ſpoke,*
While each to Chance aſcrib'd the wond'rous ſtroke.]

This paſſage was look'd upon as ſpurious by the antients; for they thought it impoſſible that all the Suitors ſhould ſpeak the ſame ſentiment, as by compact, like a *chorus* in a tragedy: they appealed to the cuſtom of Homer himſelf, who continually wrote

Ὣς ἄρα τις εἴπεσκε.

Euſtathius anſwers, that the Poet ſpeaks thus confuſedly, to repreſent the confuſion of the Suitors at the death of Antinous. Dacier defends him by ſaying, that all the Suitors imagined that Antinous was ſlain by accident, and therefore the whole aſſembly having the ſame ſentiment, the Poet might aſcribe to every member of it the ſame expreſſion. Either of theſe ſolutions explains the difficulty. P.

Ver. 37.] Our poet has a ſimilar couplet in his tranſlation of the fable of Dryope:

I can no more: the creeping rind invades
My cloſing lips, and hides my head in ſhades.

Ver. 40.] Paradiſe Loſt, vi. 850.

One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurs'd, *that wither'd all their ſtrength.*

Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
Ulyſſes vengeful from the Trojan ſhore;
While to your luſt and ſpoil a guardleſs prey,
Our houſe, our wealth, our helpleſs handmaids lay:
Not ſo content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
Ev'n to our bed preſumptuous you aſpir'd:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or ſhame of men, or dread of gods above:
Heedleſs alike of infamy or praiſe,
Or Fame's eternal voice in future days:
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending fate is yours, and inſtant doom.

Ver. 42. *Ulyſſes vengeful from the Trojan ſhore.*] The mention of the return of Ulyſſes from Troy is not inſerted caſually: he ſpeaks thus to intimidate his enemies, by recalling to their minds all the brave actions that he performed before it. Were not this his intention, he would have varied his expreſſion, for in reality he has been abſent from Troy near ten years, and returns from the Phæacian, not the Trojan ſhores. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 47.] The ſenſe of that portion in his original, which correſponds to theſe *four* verſes, is fully and literally comprehended in the ſubjoined couplet:

Of gods, who dwell high heav'n, no fear your mind
Sway'd, nor the future vengeance of mankind.

Our poet might be miſled by Ogilby:

Nor injur'd men regard, nor *future fame:*

who follows Chapman's acceptation of the paſſage:

— — — — — your preſent fame,
Or any faire ſence of your future name.

Dacier and Hobbes are correct.

Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the Suitors ſtood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood;
Trembling they ſought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold Eurymachus reply'd.
If, as thy words impart, (he thus began)
Ulyſſes lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much haſt thou ſuſtain'd
In thy ſpoil'd palace, and exhauſted land;
The cauſe and author of thoſe guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjuſt Antinous bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide;
To ſlay thy ſon, thy kingdoms to divide,
Theſe were his aims; but juſter Jove deny'd.

Ver. 54.] The words *recedes* and *flying*, thus aſſociated, are inelegantly tautologous.

Ver. 59.] Thus we might rectify the rhymes:

Great are thy wrongs *from this unruly band*—.

Ver. 64. *To ſlay thy ſon, thy kingdoms to divide.*] This expreſſion is judiciouſly inſerted, and with good reaſon put into the mouth of one of the Suitors, namely Eurymachus. The Poet is now puniſhing them for their crimes; it is therefore very neceſſary that the reader ſhould be ſatisfied that they deſerve puniſhment; for if it be not an act of juſtice, it is murder. The Poet therefore brings them all confeſſing themſelves guilty by the mouth of Eurymachus; their crime is the intended murder of Telemachus, and the uſurpation of the throne of Ulyſſes. If this had not been ſet in a clear light, there might have been room for a ſuſpicion that Ulyſſes inflicted a puniſhment too great for the guilt of the Suitors. For was it a crime that deſerved death, to aim at the marriage of Penelope? This is not to be ſuppoſed; for they took her to be a widow, and might therefore without a crime aſk

Since cold in death th' offender lies; oh ſpare
Thy ſuppliant people, and receive their pray'r!
Braſs, gold, and treaſures ſhall the ſpoil defray,
Two hundred oxen ev'ry prince ſhall pay:
The waſte of years refunded in a day.
'Till then thy wrath is juſt——Ulyſſes burn'd
With high diſdain, and ſternly thus return'd.

All, all the treaſures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly ſhould for mercy call;
'Tis you that offer, and I ſcorn them all;
Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
'Till pale as yonder wretch each ſuitor lies.

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her in marriage. Was death due for the waſte and profuſion of the riches of Ulyſſes? This might have been redreſſed, by a full repayment, and a juſt equivalent. Homer therefore, to ſhew that there is a cauſe for the ſeverity of the puniſhment, ſets their crimes in open view, which are an intentional murder, and an actual treaſon. The place likewiſe where he inſerts this circumſtance is well choſen, viz. in the place where the puniſhment is related; and by this method we acknowledge the equity of it. It is true; Eurymachus throws the guilt upon Antinous as the chief offender; but all the Suitors have been his aſſociates, and approved of all his violent and bloody deſigns through the Odyſſey, and therefore are juſtly involved in the ſame puniſhment; ſo that Ulyſſes puniſhes rebellious ſubjects by the authority of a king. Homer likewiſe obſerves juſtice in the death of Antinous; he is the firſt in guilt, and the firſt that falls by his hero's hands. P.

Ver. 72.] In every inſtance of this kind, for the preſervation of grammatical propriety, I ſhould write, in imitation of the antients,

— — — — — and ſternly *theſe* return'd.

Hence with thoſe coward terms; or fight, or fly,
This choice is left ye, to reſiſt or die;
And die I truſt ye ſhall.—He ſtornly ſpoke:
With guilty fears the pale aſſembly ſhook.
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
Yon' archer, comrades, will not ſhoot in vain;
But from the threſhold ſhall his darts be ſped,
(Who-e'er he be) 'till ev'ry prince lie dead.
Be mindful of yourſelves, draw forth your ſwords,
And to his ſhafts obtend theſe ample boards,
(So need compells.) Then, all united ſtrive
The bold invader from his poſt to drive;
The city rous'd ſhall to our reſcue haſte,
And this mad archer ſoon have ſhot his laſt.

Ver. 79.] Thus Ogilby:

All I can grant you now, is, Fight, or Fly.

Ver. 81.] Ogilby gives us the ſame vicious rhymes:

This ſaid, their knees relax'd, cold agues *ſhook*;
When thus Eurymachus to them trembling *ſpoke*.

Nor otherwiſe above, at verſe 39.

Ver. 88. *And to his ſhafts obtend theſe ample boards.*] Eurymachus exhorts the Suitors to make uſe of the tables to oppoſe Ulyſſes in the manner of ſhields; from whence obſerves Euſtathius, it may be gathered that every Suitor had a peculiar table. This may be confirmed from this book; for when Antinous falls, he overturns a table; which, if there had been but one, would have been too large to be thus overthrown; beſides he ſpeaks in the plural number, τραπέζας. P.

Ver. 91. *The city rous'd ſhall to our reſcue haſte.*] It is impoſſible but that the Suitors muſt have many friends amongſt the Ithacans. Intereſt or ill-humour engages men in faction; but this

Swift as he ſpoke, he drew his traitor ſword,
And like a lion ruſh'd againſt his lord:
The wary chief the ruſhing foe repreſt,
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breaſt:
His failing hand deſerts the lifted ſword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board:
Before him wide, in mix'd effuſion roll
Th' untaſted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full thro' his liver paſs'd the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground,
He ſpurn'd the ſeat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce ſoul to darkneſs div'd, and hell.
Next bold Amphinomous his arms extends
To force the paſs: the god-like man defends.

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is not the full import of the ſenſe of Homer: the Ithacans were ignorant that Ulyſſes was returned, and no wonder therefore if they engaged in defence of the princes of their land, againſt a ſtranger and a beggar; for ſuch in appearance was Ulyſſes. P.

Ver. 94.] Or, faithfully, and without interpolation:

And ſprang with dreadful ſhouts upon his lord.

Ogilby might ſet our author upon deviſing a *ſimile* for the occaſion:

And raging *like a tempeſt* on him ſet.

Ver. 96.] This is ſtrange indeed. Thus his author:

And wings a previous arrow to his breaſt.

Ver. 97.] Thus Ogilby:

— — — — — he drops his *ſword*,
Water and wine down tumbles with the *board*.

Ver. 103.] Or thus?

He ſpurns the ſeat in anguiſh as he lies;
And gloom eternal ſettles on his eyes.

Thy ſpear, Telemachus! prevents th' attack,
The brazen weapon driving thro' his back,
Thence thro' his breaſt its bloody paſſage tore;
Flat falls he thund'ring on the marble floor,
And his cruſh'd forehead marks the ſtone with gore.

Ver. 108. *The brazen weapon driving thro' his back.*] Euſtathius, and Spondanus from him, interpret this paſſage very much to the diſadvantage of the courage of Telemachus: they obſerve that he is yet new to the horrours of war, and therefore wanting the heart to meet his enemy in the front, gives him this wound between the ſhoulders: that as ſoon as he has given the blow, out of fear he leaves the ſpear in the wound; an action as diſreputable, as to throw away the ſhield in battle; and laſtly, that it is fear that ſuggeſts to his mind the expedient to fetch the arms, a pretext to be diſtant from danger. But it is not difficult to defend Telemachus. Amphinomous was aſſaulting Ulyſſes, and conſequently his back was turned towards Telemachus, and this occaſions the wound in that part. This combat is not a combat of honour, where points of ceremony are obſerved; Telemachus was therefore at liberty to deſtroy his enemy by any methods, without any imputation of cowardice; eſpecially conſidering the inequality of the parties. Neither is it out of fear that he quits his ſpear; but from a dictate of wiſdom: he is afraid leſt ſome of the Suitors ſhould attack him while he is diſengaging it, and take him at an advantage, while he has no weapon to uſe in his own defence; beſides, he has no farther occaſion for it; he haſtes away to provide other arms, not only for himſelf, but for Ulyſſes and his friends; and this is ſo far from being the ſuggeſtion of fear, that it is the reſult of wiſdom.

There is ſome difficulty in the expreſſion πρυμνὴν τύψας, the meaning of it is, leſt he ſhould receive a deſcending blow: the word is an adjective, and Euſtathius tells us, that χειρὶ is to be underſtood; I ſhould rather chuſe φασγάνῳ, which immediately precedes, it being as good ſenſe to ſay, a wound is given by a deſcending ſword, as a deſcending hand. P.

Ver. 110.] Thus Ogilby:

He left his jav'lin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty ſpear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To ruſh between, and uſe the ſhorten'd ſword.
With ſpeedy ardour to his ſire he flies,
And, Arm, great father! arm (in haſte he cries)
Lo hence I run for other arms to wield,
For miſſile jav'lins, and for helm and ſhield;
Fast by our ſide let either faithful ſwain
In arms attend us, and their part ſuſtain.

Whilſt with his forehead he ſalutes the *floor*;
The ſpear Telemachus draws blushing with *gore*.

Ver. 113.] This is an erroneous interpolation of his author, as will appear from Chapman, who is correct:

— — — — — not ſtaying to acquire
His lance again; in doubt, that while he drew
The fixed pile, ſome other might renew
Fierce charge upon him; and his unarm'd head
Cleave with his back-drawne ſword.

Ver. 117. — — — *Arm* (*in haſte he cries*).] Homer almoſt conſtantly gives the epithet πτερόεντα to ἔπεα; *winged words*. Plutarch in his treatiſe upon Garrulity gives us the meaning of it. A word (ſays that author) while it remains unſpoken is a ſecret, but being communicated, it changes its name into common rumour; it is then *flown* from us; and this is the reaſon why Homer calls words *winged*: he that lets a bird fly from his hand, does not eaſily catch it again; and he that lets a word ſlip from his tongue cannot recall it; it flies abroad, and flutters from place to place every moment. It has indeed in ſome paſſages a ſtill cloſer meaning; when a perſon ſpeaks with precipitation, the epithet expreſſes the ſwiftneſs of the ſpeech, the words are winged: it is here applied with particular propriety; Telemachus aſks a queſtion in the compaſs of four lines, and receives an anſwer in two from Ulyſſes; the time not allowing any delay. P.

Haſte and return (Ulyſſes made reply)
While yet th' auxiliar ſhafts this hand ſupply;
Leſt thus alone, encounter'd by an hoſt,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important paſs be loſt.
With ſpeed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent ſpears,
And four broad bucklers, to his ſire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they ſhone,
At once each ſervant brac'd his armour on;
Around their king a faithful guard they ſtand,
While yet each ſhaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after chief expir'd at ev'ry wound,
And ſwell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.

Ver. 122.] Our poet evidently treads in the ſteps of Chapman:

Run then (ſaid he) and come, before the laſt
Of theſe *auxiliary ſhafts* are paſt.

Ver. 128.] Thus Ogilby:

— — — — from thence he loaden *bears*
Four ſhields, four helmets, and eight *glittering ſpears*.

Ver. 130.] Paradiſe Loſt, vi. 527.

— — — — — in arms they ſtood
Of *golden panoply*.

Ver. 135.] This part of the tranſlation is excellent. Much in the ſame manner Chapman:

— — — — — — Till all, a *hill*
Had rais'd in th' even floor'd hall.

Soon as his ſtore of flying fates was ſpent,
Againſt the wall he ſet the bow unbent:
And now his ſhoulders bear the maſſy ſhield,
And now his hands two beamy jav'lins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high creſt, and caſt a dreadful ſhade.
There ſtood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch, appear'd the ſubject town.

Ver. 136.] Ogilby might excite our poet's invention to this elegant poetical *periphraſis*:

— — — — — diſpenſing *feather'd ſtorms*.

Ver. 137. *Againſt the wall he ſet the bow unbent.*] The Poet may be thought too circumſtantial in the diſpoſal of the bow; but there is a reaſon for it; he ſhews Ulyſſes placed it out of the reach of the Suitors, who, if they had ſeized the bow, might have furniſhed themſelves with arrows from the dead bodies of their friends, and employed them againſt Ulyſſes: this caution was therefore neceſſary. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 142. *There ſtood a window near, whence looking down,*
From o'er the porch appear'd the ſubject town.]

The word in the Greek is ὑρσοθύρη, *janua ſuperior*, and it is likewiſe uſed a little lower. It has given great trouble to the commentators to explain the ſituation of theſe two paſſages. Dacier imagines that by the former there was a deſcent into the court-yard, and ſo to the ſtreet; but this cannot be true: for Agelaus exhorting his aſſociates to ſeize this paſſage, makes uſe of the word ἀναβαίνω, which ſignifies to *aſcend*, and not to *deſcend* into the court-yard: beſides, he bids them raiſe the people by *ſhouting to them*, which ſeems to imply, that this place overlooked the ſtreets, from whence a ſhout might be heard by the people. Ὑρσοθύρη (obſerves Euſtathius) is θύρη εἰς ἣν ἄρνται τὶς θέλων ἰδεῖν ἀκεῖθεν, that is, *a door by which a perſon aſcends to obtain a proſpect*. This pro-

A double ſtrength of valves ſecur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only paſs:

bably led to the roof of the porch of the palace fronting the ſtreet, from whence a perſon ſtanding in the open air, and ſhouting, might raiſe the city; or as for greater clearneſs it is here tranſlated a window, which anſwers all theſe purpoſes.

But there is ſtill a difficulty ariſing from the word λαύρη, which is thus ſolved by Euſtathius, λαύρη ἐστὶν ὁ πρὸς τὴν ὑρσοθύρην ἄγων στενωπός, that is, a narrow paſſage leading to this private window or door, and he afterwards interprets it by στενὴ ὁδός.

From what has been obſerved, it appears evidently that there was another paſſage to the upper apartments of the palace; for this was guarded by Eumæus, and was inacceſſible, and conſequently Melanthius conveys the arms to the Suitors by ſome other ſtair-caſe. This Homer expreſſes by ἀναῤῥώγας μεγάροιο; the former word is very well explained by Heſychius, it ſignifies the paſſages of the palace leading from chamber to chamber, or the διοδοὶ of the apartments. Ῥωγὴ properly denotes a rupture, and here repreſents the openings of the paſſages from room to room. The antients thought this whole paſſage ſo obſcure, that they drew a plan of theſe inward paſſages of the palace, as Euſtathius informs us; in this they figured the porch, the higher aperture, the other ſtair-caſe, and the room where the arms were laid. But Dacier ſtarts another difficulty: if Melanthius could go up to the room where the arms lay, why could he not go from thence into the courts of the palace, and raiſe the city? The anſwer is, becauſe the arms were placed in an inward apartment, and there was no paſſage from thence into the palace-yards. Her miſtake aroſe from her opinion that there was an entry into the palace by the ὑρσοθύρη, which opinion is refuted in the beginning of this annotation. If indeed Telemachus had brought down the arms this way, then there muſt have been a paſſage for Melanthius to the place from whence Agelaus bids him raiſe the city; for if Telemachus had paſſed to the armoury by it, why might not Melanthius from it? But this is not the caſe; for this door or window is not mentioned till Telemachus has furniſhed Ulyſſes and his friends with armour; and conſequently Homer cannot intend that we ſhould underſtand that Telemachus aſcended to the armoury by it. P.

The cautious king, with all preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there:
When Agelaüs thus: Has none the ſenſe
To mount yon' window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour town? the town ſhall force the door,
And this bold archer ſoon ſhall ſhoot no more.
Melanthius then: That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the ſtraight.
But other methods of defence remain,
Myſelf with arms can furniſh all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts ſhall pierce the prince and king.
He ſaid; and mounting up the lofty ſtairs,
Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:

Ver. 145.] He found the word *paſs* at the end of a verſe in Chapman, and was ſatisfied with any rhyme to match it.

Ver. 158.] Thus Ogilby:

This ſaid, Melanthius haſtens *up the ſtairs*,
And thence twelve ſhields, and plumed *helmets bears*,
And twice ſix launces: ſtraight the ſuitors arm;
Ulyſſes trembled at this freſh alarm:

and this, with a little chaſtiſement, I ſhould prefer to the verſion before us, too ſimilar in the neighbouring rhymes.

Ver. 159. *Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears.*] Ariſtarchus, remarks Euſtathius, blamed this deſcription as incredible; for how could one perſon be able to carry ſuch a load of armour at one time? But we are not to make this ſuppoſition; the Poet ſpeaks indefinitely, and leaves us at liberty to

All arm, and ſudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of ſpears.
The hero ſtands oppreſt with mighty woe,
On ev'ry ſide he ſees the labour grow:
Oh curſt event! and oh unlook'd-for aid!
Melanthius or the women have betray'd——
Oh my dear ſon!——The father with a ſigh:
Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply.
Falſhood is folly, and 'tis juſt to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;
My haſte neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has ſupply'd their war.
Run good Eumæus then, and (what before
I thoughtleſs err'd in) well ſecure that door:

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conjecture that Melanthius brought them at ſeveral times; thus a little lower we find him going again for arms to furniſh the reſt of the Suitors. P.

Ver. 167.] Paradiſe Loſt, v. 371.

Whom this *th' angelic virtue* anſwer'd mild.

Ver. 172. *Run good Eumæus*, &c.] This paſſage, where Telemachus bids Eumæus go and ſee who brings the arms, proves that Telemachus did not before abſent himſelf from the battle out of cowardice: here he chuſes to partake the danger with Ulyſſes, and ſends Eumæus and Philætius to execute his orders; a ſign that he does not conſult his ſafety at the expence of his honour. *Euſtathius.*

But it may ſeem extraordinary, that Ulyſſes and Telemachus ſhould be in doubt to know the perſon who brought the arms to the Suitors; eſpecially when Agelaus had held a publick conference with Melanthius in order to it; but, anſwers Euſtathius, they ſpoke with a low voice, and at a proper diſtance from Ulyſſes.

Learn if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought miſgives) by Dolius' ſon.
While yet they ſpoke, in queſt of arms again
To the high chamber ſtole the faithleſs ſwain,
Not unobſerv'd. Eumæus watchful ey'd,
And thus addreſs'd Ulyſſes near his ſide.
The miſcreant we ſuſpected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be pow'rful, ſhall I ſlay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this deteſted deed?
Not ſo (reply'd Ulyſſes) leave him there,
For us ſufficient is another care:
Within the ſtricture of this palace wall
To keep inclos'd his maſters 'till they fall.

It may alſo be objected, that Melanthius could not poſſibly bring the arms without the obſervation of Ulyſſes and his friends. To ſolve this difficulty we muſt have recourſe to the ſecond private door, or ὑποθύρη, mentioned in a former annotation: by this paſſage he aſcends and deſcends without a diſcovery; that paſſage ſtanding in ſuch a ſituation, as not to be viſible to thoſe who were on the oppoſite ſide of the palace. What may ſeem to contradict this obſervation is, what Homer afterwards adds, for he directly tells us, that Eumæus obſerved that the perſon who brought the arms was Melanthius; but that expreſſion may only imply, that he ſaw Melanthius going from the reſt of the company, and haſting towards that aſcent, and therefore juſtly concludes him to be the perſon. P.

Ver. 176.] So Chapman:

While theſe ſpake thus, Melanthius went *againe*
For more faire armes; whom the renowned *ſwaine*
Eumæus ſaw.

Ver. 187. *To keep inclos'd his maſters — —*] It may be aſked,

Go you and ſeize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this, his body by ſtrong cords extend,
And on a column near the roof ſuſpend;
So ſtudy'd tortures his vile days ſhall end.
The ready ſwains obey'd with joyful haſte,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they paſt,
As round the room in queſt of arms he goes:
(The half-ſhut door conceal'd his lurking foes)
One hand ſuſtain'd a helm, and one the ſhield
Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,

when Eumæus retires from the guard of the paſſage, what hinders the Suitors from ſeizing it, and by it giving notice to the city of their danger? What Ulyſſes here ſays obviates this objection. He tells Eumæus, that he and Telemachus will defend it againſt all the efforts of his enemies: by this expreſſion he gives us to underſtand, that Telemachus ſhall poſt himſelf in the place of Eumæus, and make it good till he has executed juſtice upon Melanthius. P.

Ver. 193.] We might thus ſuperſede theſe imperfect rhymes:

The ready ſwains with joyful haſte *obey*;
Steal to the felon, unperceiv'd, *their way*.

Ver. 197. *One hand ſuſtain'd a helm, and one the ſhield.*] We ſee Melanthius after a diligent ſearch finds only one helm and one ſhield; and the ſhield is deſcribed as almoſt ſpoiled with age: from hence Euſtathius gathers that there were no more left in the armoury; for it is probable that Melanthius would not have returned with ſo few arms if he could have found more; nor would he have brought the decayed ſhield, if he could have ſupplied himſelf with a ſtronger; ſo that all the arms of Ulyſſes were ſeventeen helmets, twelve at firſt delivered to the Suitors by Melanthius, one more he was now bringing, and Ulyſſes and his friends were in poſſeſſion of four: there were the ſame number of

Cover'd with duſt, with dryneſs chapt and worn,
The braſs corroded, and the leather torn:
Thus laden, o'er the threſhold as he ſtept,
Fierce on the villain from each ſide they leapt,
Back by the hair the trembling daſtard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
Active and pleas'd, the zealous ſwains fulfil
At ev'ry point their maſter's rigid will:
Firſt, faſt behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then ſtreighten'd cords involv'd his body round:
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
The howling felon ſwung from ſide to ſide.
Eumæus ſcoffing then, with keen diſdain:
There paſs thy pleaſing night, oh gentle ſwain!
On that ſoft pillow, from that envy'd height
Firſt may'ſt thou ſee the ſpringing dawn of light;
So timely riſe, when morning ſtreaks the eaſt,
To drive thy victims to the Suitors feaſt.

ſhields, and twenty ſpears, twelve given to the Suitors, and eight to the aſſiſtants of Ulyſſes. This was his private armoury for the defence of his palace: and we are not to conclude, that theſe were the whole arms of the nation; there probably was a publick repoſitory for armour for the publick uſe of their armies againſt their enemies. P.

Ver. 213.] Our poet ſeems to have glanced on Chapman:

— — — — — — Now you may
All night keepe watch heere, and the earlieſt day
Diſcerne (*being hung ſo high*):

a reaſon implied, but not ſpecified, in their original.

This ſaid, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and haſty ſtrode away:
Each breathing death, reſum'd his dang'rous poſt
Near great Ulyſſes; four againſt an hoſt.
When lo! deſcending to her hero's aid
Jove's daughter Pallas, War's triumphant maid:
In Mentor's friendly form ſhe join'd his ſide;
Ulyſſes ſaw, and thus with tranſport cry'd.
Come, ever welcome, and thy ſuccour lend;
Oh ev'ry ſacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
Whate'er thro' life's whole ſeries I have done
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And aiding this one hour, repay it all.
Thus he; but pleaſing hopes his boſom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
The adverſe hoſt the phantom warriour ey'd,
And firſt loud threat'ning, Agelaüs cry'd.
Mentor beware, nor let that tongue perſuade
Thy frantick arm to lend Ulyſſes aid;
Our force ſucceſsful ſhall our threat make good,
And with the ſire's and ſon's commix thy blood.

Ver. 225.] The tranſlator has here expanded into *three* couplets *two* verſes only of his author; which may be thus exhibited:

Mentor, remember thy kind friend, and ward
This evil off; our years and ſouls the ſame.

Ver. 226.] Eloiſa, ver. 154.

And all thoſe tender names in one, they love.

Damaſtor's ſon, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war; Eurynomus ſucceeds;
With theſe, Piſander great Polyctor's ſon,
Sage Polybus, and ſtern Amphimedon,
With Demoptolemus: theſe ſix ſurvive;
The beſt of all, the ſhafts had left alive.
Amidſt the carnage deſp'rate as they ſtand,
Thus Agelaüs rous'd the lagging band.
The hour is come, when yon' fierce man no more
With bleeding princes ſhall beſtrow the floor:
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boaſt;
The four remain, but four againſt an hoſt.
Let each at once diſcharge the deadly dart,
One ſure of ſix ſhall reach Ulyſſes' heart:
Thus ſhall one ſtroke the glory loſt regain:
The reſt muſt periſh, their great leader ſlain.
Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirſty all of one man's blood they flew;

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of a ſwallow, becauſe it is a domeſtick bird, and therefore may be ſaid to appear within the walls of the palace with moſt probability. P.

The tranſlator might caſt an eye on Ogilby:

Up to a golden beam ſhe takes her flight,
And like a ſwallow perch'd, to ſee the *fight*.
When Agelaus, old Damaſtor's *ſon*,
Eurynomus, and young *Amphimedon*—.

Ver. 279.] Or, more faithfully,

The reſt *I reck not*, their great leader ſlain.

Ver. 280.] So Chapman:

In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
And ſcatter'd ſhort, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd ſound, one on the threſhold falls,
One ſtrikes the gate, one rings againſt the walls;
The ſtorm paſt innocent. The god-like man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began.
'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So ſpeed 'em heav'n) our jav'lins at the foe.
That impious race to all their paſt miſdeeds
Would add our blood. Injuſtice ſtill proceeds.
He ſpoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolemus, Ulyſſes ſlew;
Euryades receiv'd the prince's dart;
The goatherd's quiver'd in Piſander's heart;
Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus, falls;
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.

As he then will'd, they all at random *threw*,
Where they ſuppos'd he reſted; and then *flew*
Minerva after every dart—.

Ver. 288.] Ogilby, corrected, is not inferiour, in my opinion:

Now, friends! 'tis our's to try: that impious throng
Would *add our murders to their former* wrong.

Ver. 297.] He might be thinking of a verſe in his own Eloiſa:

And more than echoes talk along the walls.

Chapman is more obſervant of his author's expreſſion:

— — — all which tore the paved floore
Up with their teeth.

The reſt retreat: the victors now advance,
Each from the dead reſumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe diſcharge the ſteely ſhow'r;
Again made fruſtrate by the virgin-pow'r.
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threſhold fall,
Some wound the gate, ſome ring againſt the wall;
Some weak, or pond'rous with the brazen head,
Drop harmleſs, on the pavement ſounding dead.
Then bold Amphimedon his jav'lin caſt;
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd:
And from Cteſippus' arm the ſpear elanc'd
On good Eumæus' ſhield and ſhoulder glanc'd;
Not leſſen'd of their force (ſo ſlight the wound)
Each ſung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.

Ver. 298. — — — *the victors now advance,*
Each from the dead reſumes his bloody lance.]
The danger beginning to abate by the fall of the chief of the enemy, Ulyſſes advances from his ſtand: there was a neceſſity for this conduct: Ulyſſes and his three aſſiſtants had killed four enemies with their ſpears; and conſequently the Poet was obliged to ſupply them with freſh weapons, otherwiſe, if they had diſcharged their ſpears once more, they muſt have been left naked and defenceleſs, having only two a-piece brought by Telemachus. This obſervation ſhews the exactneſs which Homer maintains in his relation. P.

Ver. 306.] Shocking rhymes! and the whole ſeries ſeems to have been formed from Ogilby:

Whate're th' attempt, Pallas made fruitleſs *fall:*
This hits the floor, the gate this, that the *wall.*
Telemachus hand Amphimedons javelin *rac'd,*
The point the ſkin ſcarce piercing, over-*paſt*
Eumæus ſhoulder; Cteſipus his *lance,*
Flying ore his target, did a little *glance,*
And ſcarce blood fetching, lighted on the *ground.*

Fate doom'd thee next, Eurydamus, to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Ulyſſes' ſpear.
By the bold ſon Amphimedon was ſlain:
And Polybus renown'd the faithful ſwain.
Pierc'd thro' the breaſt the rude Cteſippus bled,
And thus Philætius gloried o'er the dead.
There end thy pompous vaunts and high diſdain;
Oh ſharp in ſcandal, voluble and vain!
How weak is mortal pride! To heav'n alone
Th' event of actions and our fates are known:
Sceffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is anſwer'd with this ſpear.

Ver. 323. *The victim's heel is anſwer'd with this ſpear.*] This refers to a paſſage in the latter end of the twentieth Book of the Odyſſey, where Cteſippus throws the foot of a bullock at Ulyſſes. Philætius here gives him a mortal wound with his ſpear, and tells him it is a return for the foot of the bullock. Euſtathius informs us, that this became a proverb, τοῦτο τὸ ἀντὶ ποδὸς ξυνήϊον, to expreſs a return of evil for evil; the like may be obſerved of the death of Antinous, who was killed as he lifted the bowl to drink.

Πολλὰ μεταξὺ πέλει κύλικος καὶ χείλεος ἄκρου.

Which is exactly rendered by our proverb, *Many things happen between the cup and the lip.* Thus likewiſe the kindneſs of Cyclops was uſed proverbially, to denote a ſevere injury diſguiſed under a ſeeming civility; that monſter having promiſed Ulyſſes mercy, but it was only the mercy to devour him laſt. Theſe little inſtances prove the great veneration the antients had for Homer. P.

Ogilby keeps cloſe to his author, and is not contemptible:

Take this return for th' hoſpitable hoof
Thou ſent'ſt Ulyſſes, under his own roof
Craving thy alms.

Ulyſſes brandiſh'd high his vengeful ſteel,
And Damaſtorides that inſtant fell;
Faſt by Leocritus expiring lay,
The prince's jav'lin tore its bloody way
Thro' all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains beſmear the ſtone.
Now Pallas ſhines confeſs'd; aloft ſhe ſpreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful ægis blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they ſee, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, diſtracted, thro' the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeſe's ſting,
When ſultry days, and long, ſucceed the gentle ſpring.

Ver. 329.] This exceeds all moderation. His author dictates the following amendment, which is perfectly exact:

Full with his forehead daſhing on the ſtone.

Ver. 332. *The dreadful ægis* — — —] This ſhield is at large deſcribed, lib. v. of the Iliad.

— — round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of ſerpents, hiſſing, guard the gold:
Here all the terrours of grim war appear;
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear;
Here ſtorm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.

We ſee the terrible effects which the ſhield cauſes are created by the Poet into a kind of beings, and animated to fight on the ſide of his hero. P.

Ver. 335. *Like oxen*, &c.] The fury of the battle being now over; Homer pauſes with the action; and letting his fancy rove in ſearch of foreign ornaments, beautifies and enlivens the horrours of it with two ſimilitudes, drawn from ſubjects very diſtant

Not half ſo keen, fierce vultures of the chace
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,

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from the terrours they are brought to illuſtrate. The former of an herd of cattle, repreſents the confuſion and affright of the Suitors; the latter of the birds, their weakneſs and unavailing flight. The gadfly ſhews the fury and cloſe purſuit of Ulyſſes and his aſſiſtants, the hawks their courage, and ſuperiour power. *Euſtathius.* Virgil at large deſcribes this breeſe-fly. Georg. iii.

About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged inſects mighty ſwarms are ſeen:
This flying plague, to mark its quality,
Oeſtros the Grecians call, *aſilus*, we:
A fierce loud buzzing breeſe: their ſtings draw blood;
And drive the cattle gadding thro' the wood,
Seiz'd with unuſual pains they loudly cry, *&c.*

Dryden.

This deſcription ſhews that it is no ill-choſen ſimilitude; it very well paints the Suitors flying in an herd, and Ulyſſes wounding them as they fly.

The latter ſimile from the hawks, affords ſome curioſity in regard to the antient manner of that ſport. It is evident, ſays Dacier, that this paſſage is an inſtance, that flying of birds of prey, in the nature of our hawking, was practiſed by the antients: the nets, called by Homer νίφεα, were fixed in the plain ground; the fowlers with their falcons took their ſtation upon the adjoining eminences; when the birds, driven from this riſing ground, flew to the plain, they met with the nets, and endeavouring to eſcape them, crowded into flocks: then the hawk or vulture was looſed, and deſcending upon his prey, ſlew them in multitudes; for the birds were incapable of reſiſting, and at the ſame time were afraid of the nets, and therefore could not eſcape: this is the reaſon why the fowlers are ſaid to rejoice at the ſport: a plain indication, that the Poet intended to deſcribe the ſportman's flying his bird at the prey. That the word νίφεα ſignifies *nets*, is evident from Ariſtophanes, μὰ νιφέλας, μὰ δίκτυα, that is, *I ſwear by my nets:* Heſychius is of the ſame opinion, νίφεα, ſays that author, ſignifies the *clouds*, καὶ λίνα θηρατικὰ, *hunters nets.*

When, the wide field extended ſnares beſet,
With conſcious dread they ſhun the quiv'ring net:

Euſtathius directly affirms, that in his time this ſport was practiſed in many countries; and the place where the nets were fixed was called πτιλοτασία. That author conſtrues theſe words πίπτα θλώσσουσαι ἴυγλαι, as if ἐπὶ were to be underſtood, to expreſs the ruſhing of the birds againſt the net; but there is no occaſion for this violence to the text, for by joining πίπτα with θλώσσουσαι, the period will be plain, and ſignify, that through fear of the net they fly with violence to avoid it. Monſieur Dacier has a pretty obſervation upon this ſport; and ſhews us that the antients were uſed to take even deer with nets, by flying at them birds of prey, in conformity to this deſcription of Homer: this is manifeſt from a paſſage in Arrian, lib. ii. c. 1. where he ſpeaks of men placing their fears where they have nothing to fear: Λοιπὸν, ἡμεῖς τὸ τῶν ἐλάφων πάσχομεν· ὅτε φοβοῦνται φεύγουσαι αἱ ἔλαφοι τὰ πτηνὰ, πῶ τρέπονται; ἢ πρὸς τινὰ (τόπον) ἀναχωροῦσιν ὡς ἀσφαλῆ; πρὸς τὰ δίκτυα, ἢ ὕτως ἀπόλλυνται, ἐναλλάξασαι τὰ φοβερὰ ἢ τὰ θαρραλέα. "For what "remains, we are like deer, for they fearing the birds that are "flown at them, what courſe do they take? To what place of "refuge do they run to be in ſecurity? To the nets, and ſo "periſh, miſtaking their danger for their greateſt ſafety." Minerva, in this ſimilitude, is the bird of prey deſcending from the mountain; for ſhe it is who ſcatters the Suitors by diſplaying her *ægis* from the roof of the palace: this is the opinion of Euſtathius: but in the winding up of the compariſon, Homer plainly by the vulture denotes Ulyſſes and his aſſiſtants (though perhaps not excluſively of the Goddeſs) for in the application he writes:

Ὡς ἄρα τοὶ μνηστῆρας ἐπισσύμενοι κατὰ δῶμα
Τύπτον. — — — P.

So Chapman:

The high-fed bullocks flye; whom in the *ſpring*
(When dayes are long) gadbees, or *breezes ſting*.

Ver. 337.] Ogilby gives the beſt account of this *ſimile*, but none of the tranſlators appear to me ſufficiently to have diſcerned the purport of the paſſage; of which I ſhall, therefore, give a literal and very plain tranſlation:

No help, no flight; but wounded ev'ry way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers ſeize the prey.
On all ſides thus they double wound on wound,
In proſtrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly ſhrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the rocking ſtone.
Leiodes firſt before the victor falls:
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls.
O gracious hear, nor let thy ſuppliant bleed:
Still undiſhonour'd or by word or deed

When vultures, with curv'd beaks and crooked claws,
From the tall cliffs ſouſe down on leſſer birds,
Some ſkulking ruſh into the nets thro' fear,
That ſpread the plain; ſome fall a helpleſs prey
To their ſwift foe: the fowlers joy the ſpoil.

Concerning this ſenſe of the Greek word ὑπὸ, the reader may conſult my note on the Trachiniæ of Sophocles, ver. 831.

Ver. 347. *Leiodes firſt before the victor falls:*
The wretched augur — — —]

This Leiodes is the laſt perſon who ſurvives of the Suitors; he was an augur and a prophet, and ought therefore to have followed wiſer counſels: he tells Ulyſſes that he endeavoured to reſtrain the Suitors from their inſolence; but he himſelf aſpired to the bed of Penelope, and conſequently was an aſſociate in their conſpiracies. Leiodes falls without reſiſtance; and indeed it would have been very improper to have repreſented him encountering Ulyſſes in a ſingle combat, when above an hundred had not been able to ſtand before him: beſides, fighting is out of the character of Leiodes; he was not a man of the ſword, but an augur: it would therefore have been contrary to his function, to have drawn him engaging Ulyſſes; and conſequently it is with great propriety that he is deſcribed falling not as a warriour, but as a ſuppliant. P.

This ſpeech is very well done.

Thy houſe, for me, remains; by me repreſs'd
Full oft was check'd th' injuſtice of the reſt:
Averſe they heard me when I counſell'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd, and they juſtly fell.
Oh ſpare an augur's conſecrated head,
Nor add the blameleſs to the guilty dead.
Prieſt as thou art! for that deteſted band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Againſt Ulyſſes have thy vows been made;
For them, thy daily oriſons were paid:
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aſpires:
One common crime one common fate requires.
Thus ſpeaking, from the ground the ſword he took
Which Agelaüs' dying hand forſook;
Full thro' his neck the weighty falchion ſped:
Along the pavement roll'd the mutt'ring head.
Phemius alone the hand of vengeance ſpar'd,
Phemius the ſweet, the heav'n-inſtructed bard.
Beſide the gate the rev'rend minſtrel ſtands;
The lyre, now ſilent, trembling in his hands;

Ver. 365.] Ogilby renders:

With this he took him on the neck ſo juſt,
His head lop'd off lay *muttering* in the duſt.

Ver. 366.] He omits an important clauſe of his author, which I ſhall give in a correction of Ogilby:

But *minſtrel* Phemius, whom againſt his will
The Suitors forct to ſing, he *ſpar'd to* kill.

Ver. 370.] Thus in his Eloiſa:

The hallow'd taper *trembling in thy hands.*

Dubious to ſupplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,

Ver. 371. *Dubious — — — if to fly*
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh, &c.]

This altar of Jupiter Hercæus ſtood in the palace-yard; ſo called from ἕρκος, *the out-wall incloſing the court-yard.* It ſtood in the open air, where they ſacrificed to Jupiter the guardian, or protector; and within the palace to Ζεὺς ἑρκεῖος.

Jupiter was worſhipped under the ſame name by the Romans. Thus Ovid,

" Cui nihil Hercæi profuit ara Jovis."

The altar mentioned by Virgil, Æneid ii. was of the ſame nature: to which Priam fled at the taking of Troy.

Uncover'd but by heav'n, there ſtood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age; whoſe boughs encompaſs round
The houſhold Gods, and ſhade the holy ground.

Theſe altars were places of ſanctuary, and by flying to them the perſon was thought to be under the immediate protection of the Deity, and therefore in ſome caſes inviolable. The ſame practice prevailed among the Jews, for we find frequently in the ſcriptures that it was cuſtomary to fly to the altar as to a place of refuge, which is evident from the expreſſion of laying hold on the horns of the altar. This is the reaſon why Phemius entertains an intention to fly to the altar of Jupiter Hercæus. Plutarch, in his treatiſe upon Muſick, informs us, that Demodocus was reported to have wrote a poem, intitled, The Deſtruction of Troy: and Phemius another, called, The Return of the Grecian Captains: but by theſe Poets Homer probably means only himſelf, who was author of two poems, the Iliad, and the Odyſſey. Homer (remarks Euſtathius) plainly ſhews us the notion he had of the great qualifications that were neceſſary to form a good Poet. He muſt ſing of men and Gods; that is, be thoroughly acquainted with all things both human and divine; he muſt be αὐτοδίδακτος, or *ſelf-taught*; that is, as we expreſs it, he muſt be a genius; he muſt have a natural ability, which is indeed to be improved, but not capable of being learned by ſtudy: he adds, that beſides this

Where oft' Laertes holy vows had paid,
And oft' Ulyſſes ſmoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he firſt ſet down,
Between the laver and the ſilver throne;

ſelicity of nature, he muſt have an heavenly inſpiration; this implies that he muſt have a kind of enthuſiaſm, an elevation of ſoul which is not to be obtained by labour and induſtry, and conſequently is the gift of heaven. Thus Pindar,

— — — σοφὰς ὁ φυλλὰ εἰδὼς φυᾷ.
Μαθόντες δὲ, λάβροι
Παγγλωσσίᾳ, κόρακες ὥς,
Ἀκραντα γαρύετον.

The bards, whom true poetick flame inſpires,
Receive from nature more than human fires;
In vain from arts alone they tune the voice,
Like crows they croak, nor is it ſong, but noiſe.

This is the *Mens Divinior* of Horace: by induſtry men may become great ſcholars and philoſophers; but no man was ever a great poet, without being in the ſtricteſt ſenſe a great genius. I will only add, that Ariſtotle in his Rhet. i. 7. quotes this hemiſtich αὐτοδίδακτος, &c. as an inſtance that natural are more excellent than acquired abilities; he gives the reaſon of it; namely, becauſe they are more uncommon, and not to be obtained by human induſtry. Maximus Tyrius has a criticiſm upon it. How (objects that author) can it be ſaid that the Poet is ſelf-taught, if the Gods teach him to ſing? The anſwer is eaſy, Homer means that he has no human inſtructor, and only oppoſes natural to acquired abilities. It is obſervable that Maximus Tyrius erroneouſly quotes the verſe, Diſſert. xxii. for he writes, Θεοὶ δὲ μοὶ ὥπασαν ἀμφὶς, inſtead of

— — — Θεὸς δὲ μοὶ ἐν φρεσὶν οἵμας
Παντοίας ἐνέφυσεν — — —

He likewiſe puts the words in the mouth of Demodocus, which are here ſpoken by Phemius; he undoubtedly quoted by memory.

What Homer adds after all this, to raiſe the character of his Poet, is very remarkably moral. That he never turned his talents to flattery, nor was it voluntarily that he ſerved or entertained unworthy men, but was merely compelled to it by their violence. P.

Then proſtrate ſtretch'd before the dreadful man,
Perſuaſive, thus, with accent ſoft began.
O king! to mercy be thy ſoul inclin'd,
And ſpare the poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to Gods and men is ſacred ſong.
Self-taught I ſing; by heav'n, and heav'n alone,
The genuine ſeeds of poeſy are ſown;
And (what the Gods beſtow) the lofty lay,
To Gods alone, and god-like worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyſelf reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I ſung, was force and not deſire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
And let thy ſon atteſt, nor ſordid pay,
Nor ſervile flatt'ry, ſtain'd the moral lay.
The moving words Telemachus attends,
His fire approaches, and the bard defends,

Ver. 383] So Chapman:

I of my ſelfe am taught: for God *alone*,
All ſorts of ſong hath in my boſome *ſowne*.

There are ſome very delicate touches indeed in our Poet's verſion of this ſpeech, executed, we may be ſure, with peculiar affection.

Ver. 385.] Theſe *two* couplets, of which the latter is faulty in it's rhymes, are expanded from the ſubjoined portion of his author:

—— —— —— to thee, as to a God, my office fits
To ſing: forbear to ſhed thy ſuppliant's blood.

Oh mix not, father, with thoſe impious dead
The man divine; forbear that ſacred head;
Medon the herald too our arms may ſpare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy ſon to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.
Beneath a table, trembling with diſmay,
Couch'd cloſe to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
Wrapt in a new ſlain ox's ample hide:
Swift at the word he caſt his ſkreen aſide,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice addreſs'd his ears:
Oh prince! O friend! lo here thy Medon ſtands;
Ah ſtop the hero's unreſiſted hands,
Incens'd too juſtly by that impious brood,
Whoſe guilty glories now are ſet in blood.

Ver. 397.] Thus Ogilby:

— — — — — — — ah! *ſpare*;
And Medon too, who ſtill of me took *care*.

Ver. 399.] Ogilby gives his author exactly:

If by Philætius, or Eumæus, he
Not yet be ſlain, nor in the charge by thee.

Ver. 407.] Our tranſlator might glance on Hobbes:

— — — — — Oh friend, loe here I *ſtand*;
Forbear I pray, and to your father be
A means that alſo he may hold his *hand*.

Ver. 410.] This fine verſe is added by the tranſlator.

To whom Ulyſſes with a pleaſing eye:
Be bold, on friendſhip and my ſon rely;
Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more ſafe the good than evil deed:
Thou, with the heav'n-taught bard, in peace reſort
From blood and carnage to yon' open court:
Me other work requires—With tim'rous awe
From the dire ſcene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce ſure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of protector Jove.

Ver. 411.] I ſee no objection to a cloſer conformity with his author thus:

— — — — — — with a *ſmiling* eye:

and ſo our poet himſelf in his immortal Eloiſa:

Thoſe *ſmiling eyes*, attemp'ring every ray.

Ver. 413. *Live, an example for the world to read,*
How much more ſafe the good than evil deed.]

The moral intended to be taught by the fable of the Odyſſey is, to ſhew virtue, though long in diſtreſs, at length triumphant; and vice, though long ſucceſsful, unfortunate in the concluſion: it is to this effect that Ulyſſes here ſpeaks; and to give his words more weight, he throws them into a ſentence. It is with excellent judgment that it is here placed by Homer: the puniſhment is no ſooner over but Ulyſſes declares the equity of it; he ſpeaks to all mankind, and lays it down as an univerſal truth, that virtue is to be preferred before vice, and invites us to the practice of the former, by ſhewing the ſucceſs of it in his own victory; and deters us from the latter, by repreſenting the ill conſequences of it in the deſtruction of the Suitors. P.

Ver. 420.] Or rather, with more ſpecification:

To the bright altars of *domeſtic* Jove.

Meanwhile Ulyſſes ſearch'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' offending kind.
Not one! compleat the bloody tale he found,
All ſteep'd in blood, all gaſping on the ground.
So, when by hollow ſhores the fiſher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And ſcarce the meſhy toils the copious draught
contain,

Ogilby, with ſlight alteration, is very correct:

Then by the altar of great Jove they ſat,
And look about, and ſtill *expect* their fate.

Ver. 423.] Here our tranſlator uſes *tale* for *number*, as Milton, I ſuppoſe, in his Allegro:

And every ſhepherd tells his *tale*
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

And hence ariſes, I apprehend, an eaſy explanation of a paſſage in Macbeth, i. 3.

— — — — — — As thick as *tale*
Come poſt with poſt:

i. e. come *numerous:* as cloſe together as a row of numbers, in a continued line. See my Silva Critica, part ii. page 16.

Ver. 425. *So when by hollow ſhores the fiſher train*
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main.]

The antients, remarks Euſtathius, obſerve that this is the only place where Homer manifeſtly ſpeaks of catching fiſh with nets: for thoſe words, lib. v. ver. 595. of the Iliad,

— — — — — — and ſweep away
Sons, ſires, and wives, an undiſtinguiſh'd prey;

which in the Greek is expreſſed by ἀψῖσι λίνα ἁλόντα πανάγρου, may be applied to the taking of beaſts or birds by nets, and conſequently ought not to be appropriated to fiſhing. Thus it is evident that this art was practiſed very antiently amongſt the Greeians; it was likewiſe known early to the Hebrews and Ægyptians. Thus Iſaiah xix. 8. *The fiſhers* (of Ægypt) *ſhall mourn, all they that caſt the angle into the brook ſhall lament, and they that*

All naked of their element, and bare,
The fiſhes pant, and gaſp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the ſands are ſpread the ſtiff'ning prey,
'Till the warm ſun exhales their ſoul away.

And now the king commands his ſon to call
Old Euryclea, to the deathful hall:
The ſon obſervant not a moment ſtays;
The aged governeſs with ſpeed obeys:
The ſounding portals inſtant they diſplay;
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.

ſpread nets upon the waters ſhall languiſh. And that they fiſhed the ſeas with nets is evident from Ezekiel xxvi. 5. *It ſhall be a place for the ſpreading of nets in the midſt of the ſea.* The compariſon is very juſt; and the laſt line of it gives a peculiar honour and diſtinction to Ulyſſes: that hero is the ſun who kills the Suitors, in application of the ſimilitude. P.

Ver. 431.] Thus Chapman:

— — — — — But th' al-ſeeing beam
The ſun *exhales*, hath *ſucks their lives* from them.

Ver. 432.] The original ſtands in the form of ſpeeches, thus:

Then the ſage heroe thus beſpake his ſon:
Go, ſon! and Euryclea hither call,
That ſhe may hear the word my heart ſuggeſts.
He ſpake: his fire belov'd the ſon obeys:
He ſhook the door, and thus the nurſe addreſt:
Haſte hither, ancient dame! whoſe eye inſpects
The female ſervants of our houſe. Come forth:
My father calls you to receive his charge.
Straight, as he ſpake, the word obedience found:

all which, and, perhaps, not injudiciouſly, our poet has compriſed in *three* lines only.

Ver. 435.] This open vowel diſpleaſes. Rather,

Their aged governeſs—.

On heaps of death the ſtern Ulyſſes ſtood,
All black with duſt, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the ſlaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
His breaſt with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed compleat;

Ver. 439.] There was no room for ſuch an exhibition of *duſt* here; but our poet follows Ogilby, and adopts his rhymes below:

Where 'mongſt the dead the king ſhe found, all *ore*
Beſmear'd with blood, ſprinkled *with duſt and gore*.

Chapman is good and faithful:

— — — — But there the king ſhe view'd
Amongſt the ſlaine, with blood and gore embrew'd.

Ver. 440. *So the grim lion*, &c.] Euſtathius agrees with an obſervation which has been made concerning the ſimilitudes of the Odyſſey, lib. xvi. He here remarks that compariſons are as rare in the Odyſſey as they are frequent in the Iliad; and that the difference ariſes from the difference of the ſubjects: the ſubject of the Iliad is great, and therefore properly illuſtrated by noble images, and a variety of ſublime compariſons: the ſubject of the Odyſſey requires to be related in a leſs exalted ſtyle, and with greater ſimplicity. This book is an undeniable teſtimony of the truth of this obſervation: the ſtory of it approaches nearer to the nature of the Iliad than any other book of the Odyſſey, and we find it is more adorned with compariſons than almoſt all the reſt of the poem. P.

Ver. 442.] This novelty of expreſſion might be ſuggeſted by Chapman:

— — — — — all his hands and feete
Freckl'd with purple.

The rhymes of the preceding couplet, and of the following, are not to be approved.

A ſcream of joy her feeble voice eſſay'd:
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly ſaid.
Woman, experienc'd as thou art, controul
Indecent joy, and feaſt thy ſecret ſoul.
T' inſult the dead is cruel and unjuſt;
Fate, and their crime, have ſunk them to the duſt.
Nor heeded theſe the cenſure of mankind,
The good and bad were equal in their mind.

Ver. 447.] So Chapman:

— — — — and thus her plaints *compoſed*.

Ver. 450. *T' inſult the dead is cruel and unjuſt.*] The word in the original is ὀλόλυζα, and here ſignifies a voice of joy. In other places it is uſed to denote a ſorrowful lamentation. See note on ver. 573 of the third Odyſſey. I am wonderfully pleaſed with the noble ſentiment of Ulyſſes contained in theſe lines. It is full of piety and humanity: good nature feels for the ſufferings of any of its fellow-creatures. Even in puniſhment we are to remember, that thoſe we puniſh are men, and inflict it as a neceſſary juſtice, not as a triumph. Such here is the conduct of Ulyſſes; he is ſo far from rejoicing in his ſucceſs, that he reſtrains others from it; and ſeems to be a mourner at the funeral of his enemies. He falls into the ſame thought with Job xxxi. 29. *If I rejoiced at the deſtruction of him that hated me, or lifted up myſelf when evil found him: if I ſuffered my mouth to ſin, by wiſhing a curſe to his ſoul*, &c.

Were a prince, who makes war for glory, to ſtand upon a field of battle immediately after victory, amidſt the horrours of the dead, and the groans of the dying; it would ſurely mortify his ambition to ſee ſuch horrible monuments of his glory. If the death of thouſands of brave men were weighed in a ſcale againſt a name, a popular empty breath of a multitude, and if reaſon held the ballance, how eaſily would the diſproportion be diſcovered? P.

Or thus?

To *ſcoff* the dead—.

Ver. 453. *The good and bad were equal in their mind.*] There

Bring firſt the crew who wrought theſe guilty deeds.
In haſte the matron parts: the king proceeds.
Now to diſpoſe the dead, the care remains
To you, my ſon, and you, my faithful ſwains;
Th' offending females to that taſk we doom,
To waſh, to ſcent, and purify the room.
Theſe (ev'ry table cleans'd, and ev'ry throne,
And all the melancholy labour done)

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fondneſs for her a reaſon why he delays his diſcovery, namely, his care not to grieve her with ſuch a terrible ſcene of ſlaughter: beſides, the death of the female ſervants is to ſucceed, and it would have been indecent to have made her aſſiſting or preſent at their execution. The Poet reaps a further advantage from this conduct; for by it he introduces the diſcovery to Penelope, in a time of leiſure, and finds an opportunity to deſcribe at large that ſurpriſing and tender incident. P.

Ver. 476.] So Chapman:

— — — — Clenſe each boord and *throne*
With wetted ſponges; which, with fitneſſe, *done*,
He bad take all the ſtrumpets, 'twixt the *wall*
Of his firſt court—.

Ver. 477. — — — *the melancholy labour done*)
Drive to yon' court — — —]

It would in theſe ages, obſerves Dacier, be thought barbarous in a king to command his ſon to perform an execution of ſo much horrour: but antiently it was thought no diſhonour: thus in the ſcriptures, Gideon having taken Zeba and Salmana, two Midian kings, commands his ſon to kill them with the ſword in his preſence: but, continues that author, I wiſh Homer had deviated from this cuſtom, that he had given both Ulyſſes and Telemachus ſentiments of more humanity, and ſpared his reader a deſcription of ſuch a terrible execution. I am not delighted with any thing that has a tendency to inhumanity more than that lady; but it may be anſwered, that Homer was obliged to write according to

Drive to yon' court, without the palace-wall,
There the revenging ſword ſhall ſmite them all;
So with the Suitors let them mix in duſt,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their luſt.

He ſaid; the lamentable train appear,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
The porch, depos'd the ghaſtly heaps of death.
The chief ſevere, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire taſk imperious from above.

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the cuſtom of the age. Virgil has aſcribed an act more cruel to the pious Æneas, who ſacrifices ſeveral unfortunate young men who were his captives. Æn. xi. ver. 15.

Then, pinion'd with their hands behind appear
Th' unhappy captives marching in the rear;
Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
To ſprinkle with their blood the funeral flame.

Dryden.

This act is to be aſcribed to the manner of the age, and the cuſtoms of war in the days of Æneas, and not to his inhumanity: but here it may ſeem eſſential to the very nature of epick poetry to relate this act of juſtice: the moral of it is, to ſee the good rewarded and the wicked puniſhed, in the concluſion of the fable. Theſe criminals had been as guilty in their ſeveral capacities as the Suitors themſelves; it was therefore neceſſary that their puniſhment ſhould be ſet before the reader, as well as that of the Suitors. P.

Ver. 482.] Thus Ogilby:

By this the faulty female-troop *appears*,
Aloud complaining, drown'd in trickling *tears*,

Ver. 484.] Nor otherwiſe Chapman:

— — — — — all which, *beneath*
The portico, they ſtow'd, where death on *death*
They heap't together.

With thirſty ſponge they rub the tables o'er,
(The ſwains unite their toil) the walls, the floor
Waſh'd with th' effuſive wave, are purg'd of gore.
Once more the palace ſet in fair array,
To the baſe court the females take their way;
There compaſs'd cloſe between the dome and wall,
(Their life's laſt ſcene) they trembling wait their fall.
Then thus the prince. To theſe ſhall we afford
A fate ſo pure, as by the martial ſword?
To theſe, the nightly proſtitutes to ſhame,
And baſe revilers of our houſe and name?
Thus ſpeaking, on the circling wall he ſtrung
A ſhip's tough cable, from a column hung;
Near the high top he ſtrain'd it ſtrongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.
Their heads above, connected in a row,
They beat the air with quiv'ring feet below:
Thus on ſome tree hung ſtruggling in the ſnare,
The doves or thruſhes flap their wings in air.

Ver. 502.] Much in the ſame manner Ogilby:

High, leſt their dangling feet ſhould touch the ground.

Ver. 505. *Thus on ſome tree hung ſtruggling in the ſnare.*] Nothing can better repreſent to us the image of theſe ſufferers than

Soon fled the ſoul impure, and left behind
The empty corſe to waver with the wind.
Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man,
Morſel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen ſheers
The wretch, and ſhorten'd of his noſe and ears;
His hands and feet laſt felt the cruel ſteel;
He roar'd, and torments gave his ſoul to hell—

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this ſimilitude of a bird taken by the neck in a gin or ſnare. Hobbs, in his verſion, has omitted it; and Dacier has abridged the whole deſcription.

Euſtathius is pleaſant upon the death of theſe wantons. What a certain perſon, ſays he, once ſpoke of a fig-tree, on which his clamorous wife had hanged herſelf, viz. *I wiſh all trees bore ſuch fruit*, may be applied to theſe ropes, *It were to be wiſhed that all nooſes could catch ſuch birds*. This remark has eſcaped the notice of madam Dacier; becauſe the race of clamorous women has been long extinct, and therefore there was no occaſion to preſcribe a remedy for a diſeaſe unknown to theſe happy ages. P.

The proper application of this *ſimile* is more diſtinctly ſeen in Mr. Cowper:

So they, ſuſpended by the neck, expired
All in one line together.

Ver. 508.] This open vowel is occaſioned by an uſeleſs word, Thus?

The corſe to waver with the *ſhifting* wind.

Ver. 510.] Compare book xviii. verſe 99. but who can dwell upon this horrid and abominable paſſage?

Ver. 512.] So Dryden, at Æn. vi. 668.

Diſhoneſt, with *lopp'd* arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his noſe, and *ſhorten'd of his ears*.

Ver. 514.] This illaudable line is added by the tranſlator.

They waſh, and to Ulyſſes take their way,
So ends the bloody buſineſs of the day.
To Euryclea then addreſt the king:
Bring hither fire, and hither ſulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then the queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train deſcend;
The matron-train with all the virgin band
Aſſemble here, to learn their lord's command.
Then Euryclea: Joyful I obey,
But caſt thoſe mean diſhoneſt rags away;
Permit me firſt thy royal robes to bring:
Ill ſuits this garb the ſhoulders of a king.
" Bring ſulphur ſtraight and fire" (the monarch cries)
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.

Ver. 525.] Thus Ogilby:

But I'll a robe firſt, and a mantle *bring*;
Such weeds not fit the perſon of a *king*.

Ver. 527. *Bring ſulphur ſtraight and fire — — —*] The reaſon why Ulyſſes orders ſulphur to be brought, is, becauſe every thing was thought to be polluted by a dead body, and he uſes it by way of purification. The ſame opinion prevailed amongſt the Hebrews as well as Greeks, as the ſcriptures inform us. Thus alſo in Job it is ſaid, *Brimſtone ſhall be ſcattered upon his habitation*, xviii. 15. which is thought to allude to this cuſtom. Livy mentions this practice amongſt the Romans, lib. xxx. c. 15. *Habet & in religionibus locum ad expiandas ſuffitu domus.*

Homer deſcribes the female ſervants deſcending with torches; this is done to ſhew the exact time of the action of this book, which is comprehended in the evening of the fortieth day.

With fire and ſulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purg'd the walls and blood-polluted rooms.
Again the matron ſprings with eager pace,
And ſpreads her lord's return from place to place.
They hear, ruſh forth, and inſtant round him ſtand,
A gazing throng, a torch in ev'ry hand.
They ſaw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiſt his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all; in all ſuch truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the ſweet joy of tears.

Ulyſſes forbids Euryclea to bring a better garment: this little particularity is inſerted with judgment; for the diſguiſe of Ulyſſes in the garb of a beggar contributes to increaſe the incredulity of Penelope, and conſequently to all thoſe doubts and fears, and that ſtruggle between the love of a huſband and the dread of an impoſtor, which are the ſubject of the ſucceeding book. P.

Ver. 537.] More properly, I think,

— — — — in all ſuch *love* appears—.

THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

EURYCLEA awakens Penelope with the news of Ulyſſes's return, and the death of the Suitors. Penelope ſcarcely credits her, but ſuppoſes ſome God has puniſhed them, and deſcends from her apartment in doubt. At the firſt interview of Ulyſſes and Penelope, ſhe is quite unſatisfied. Minerva reſtores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by ſome circumſtances ſhe is convinced, and falls into all the tranſports of paſſion and tenderneſs. They recount to each other all that has paſt during their long ſeparation. The next morning Ulyſſes, arming himſelf and friends, goes from the city to viſit his father. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS book contains the diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Penelope. Monſieur Rapin is very ſevere upon ſome parts of it; whoſe objections I ſhall here recite.

The diſcovery of Ulyſſes to his queen was the moſt favourable occaſion imaginable for the Poet to give us ſome of the niceſt touches of his art; but as he has managed it, it has nothing but faint and weak ſurpriſes, cold and languiſhing aſtoniſhments, and very little of that delicacy and exquiſiteneſs which ought to expreſs a conjugal tenderneſs: he leaves his wife too long in doubt and diſtruſt, and ſhe is too cautious and circumſpect; the formalities ſhe obſerves in being fully aſſured, and her care to act with ſecurity, are ſet down in number and meaſure, leſt ſhe ſhould fall into any miſtake; and this particularity makes the ſtory dull, in a place that ſo much requires briſkneſs and liveline ſs. Ought not the ſecret inſtinct of her love to have inſpired her with other ſentiments? and ſhould not her heart have told her, what her eyes could not? Love is penetrating, and whiſpers more to us than the ſenſes can convey; but Homer underſtood not this philoſophy: Virgil, who makes Dido foreſee that Æneas deſigns to leave her, would have made better advantage of this favourable opportunity.

The ſtrength of this objection conſiſts chiefly in the long incredulity of Penelope, and the ſlowneſs ſhe uſes to make an undeniable diſcovery: this Rapin judges to be contrary to the paſſion of love, and conſequently that the Poet writes unnaturally.

There is ſomewhat of the Frenchman in this criticiſm. Homer, in his opinion, wants vivacity; and if Rapin had been to have drawn Ulyſſes, we had ſeen him all tranſport and ecſtaſy. But where there is moſt fancy, there is often the leaſt judgment. Penelope thought Ulyſſes to be dead; he had been abſent twenty years; and through abſence and his preſent diſguiſe, he was another perſon from that Ulyſſes whom ſhe knew, when he ſailed to Troy; ſo that he was become an abſolute ſtranger. From this obſervation we may appeal to the reader's judgment, if Penelope, without full conviction, ought to be perſuaded that this perſon was the real Ulyſſes? And how could ſhe be convinced, but by aſking many queſtions, and deſcending to particularities, which muſt neceſſarily occaſion delay in the diſcovery? If indeed Ulyſſes and Penelope had met after a ſhorter abſence, when one view would have aſſured her that he was her real huſband, then too much tranſport could not have been expreſſed by the Poet: but

this is not the caſe, ſhe is firſt to know her huſband, before ſhe could or ought to expreſs her fondneſs for his return, otherwiſe ſhe might be in danger of miſplacing it upon an impoſtor: but ſhe is no ſooner convinced that Ulyſſes is actually returned, but ſhe receives him with as much fondneſs as can be expreſſed, or as Rapin could require.

> While yet he ſpeaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
> She ſickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
> At length recov'ring, to his arms ſhe flew,
> And ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt ſhe grew.

Till this moment the diſcovery was not evidently made, and her paſſion would have been unſeaſonable; but this is no ſooner done, but ſhe falls into an agony of affection. If ſhe had here appeared cool and indifferent, there had been weight in Rapin's objections. Beſides, Ariſtotle informs us, there was a play, called, The Falſe Ulyſſes: it was formed upon a ſtory of a perſon who deſigned to ſurpriſe Penelope, and told her, that he was her huſband; and to confirm it, pretended to remember a bow, which he uſed before he went to the ſiege of Troy. This ſhews that Penelope had been in danger from impoſtors, and it is therefore very prudent in her to be upon the guard, and not to yield without full conviction.

But there is a diſpute of a different nature mentioned by Monſieur Bayle; namely, whether if Penelope had yielded to an impoſtor, believing him to be really Ulyſſes, ſhe had been guilty of adultery? Monſieur Baſnage thus argues: "Let us ſuppoſe a wife "tranſported with love for an huſband, running eagerly to the "perſon ſhe miſtakes for him: this woman has no deſign to be "deceived, one cannot blame her ardour; it is lawful, if he "proves her real huſband: in ſhort, her ignorance is involuntary, "and occaſioned ſolely by a laudable paſſion for her huſband: "yet if this perſon prove an adulterer, is the wife entirely in-"excuſable? ought her eagerneſs and precipitation to give her "no uneaſineſs? Undoubtedly it ought, becauſe ſhe is ſuppoſed "to act precipitately, without a full examination: her paſſion is "ſtronger than her reaſon, and therefore ſhe is blameable." The author of the General Critique on Maimbourg is more indulgent: he judges that if a woman does not refuſe a ſtrict examination out of a blameable motive, ſhe is excuſable, though ſhe happens to oblige an impoſtor. "If a wife, deceived by the reſemblance "between her huſband and an impoſtor, ſhall allow the latter all

" the privileges of the marriage-bed, this action is no ſtain to her " chaſtity; and the huſband would be the moſt unreaſonable " creature breathing, ſhould he blame it as a breach of conjugal " fidelity, provided ſhe is no way acceſſary to the impoſition." So that according to this author, though the wife is betrayed by her precipitation, yet ſhe is to be accounted innocent; becauſe the precipitation is occaſioned by a vehemence of love for her huſband. But I fear few huſbands who ſhould take their wives in ſuch circumſtances would excuſe them, or believe that they had uſed due circumſpection. In ſhort, Monſieur Bayle rightly decides the queſtion, by ſaying, that every perſon who acts precipitately is culpable; and that no perſon can act rationally, without a full and ſatisfactory examination. And indeed if this rule were obſerved, there would ſcarce be any room for the aforeſaid ſuppoſition. The reſemblance between man and man is never ſo perfect, but the difference, upon a ſtrict obſervation, is diſcernible; we may therefore conclude, that a wife who ſhould ſuffer ſuch a deceit, was not very unwilling to be deceived; eſpecially when there muſt be between a man and a wife a thouſand particularities, which could only be known to the wife and huſband, which upon a due ſcrutiny would diſcover the impoſture.

I fear I ſhall be tedious to the reader, by mentioning another difficulty of a ſimilar nature ſtarted by Seneca. " If any perſon " ſhould make an aſſignation with his own wife in diſguiſe, ſup- " poſing her to be the wife of another perſon, would he be guilty " of adultery?" he anſwers in the affirmative; though the wife herſelf would be innocent; for he is guilty intentionally. This may be illuſtrated by the example of Jacob, who was blameleſs when he was deceived by Leah, who perſonated his wife Rachel; but Leah was culpable, though Jacob was innocent, for ſhe very well knew that ſhe was not wife to Jacob. But this is the province of a caſuiſt, not of a commentator. P.

THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THEN to the queen, as in repoſe ſhe lay,
The nurſe with eager rapture ſpeeds her way;
The tranſports of her faithful heart ſupply
A ſudden youth, and give her wings to fly.
And ſleeps my child? the rev'rend matron cries:
Ulyſſes lives! ariſe, my child, ariſe! 6

NOTES.

Ver. 6. *Ulyſſes lives! — — Ulyſſes comes!*] In the Greek it is literally, Ulyſſes is come, he is at length come to his palace. This laſt circumſtance is not a tautology; for, obſerves Euſtathius, a perſon may be returned to his country, and yet never arrive at his family: thus Agamemnon reached his dominions in ſafety, but was aſſaſſinated before he came to his palace. We may obſerve in general, that Eurycleæ and Penelope, through their whole conference, ſpeak with brevity; Homer was too good a judge of

At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulyſſes comes! the Suitors are no more!
No more they view the golden light of day;
Ariſe, and bleſs thee with the glad ſurvey!
Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen rejoin'd,
Ah! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?
The righteous pow'rs who tread the ſtarry ſkies,
The weak enlighten, and confound the wiſe,
And human thought, with unreſiſted ſway,
Depreſs or raiſe, enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forſakes,
And Folly, with the tongue of Wiſdom ſpeaks.

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human nature, to repreſent them ſpeaking with prolixity. Paſſion is always in haſte, and delivers itſelf with precipitation; and this is very well painted in this interview: Eurycleа is in a tranſport of joy for the return of Ulyſſes, and Penelope has all her affections awakened at the news of it. P.

Ver. 7.] The rhymes are bad. I would thus adjuſt the paſſage:

See with thine eyes, thy dear Ulyſſes *come,*
So long expected, *to his native home.*
No more the Suitors view the light of day —.

Ver. 13. *The righteous pow'rs who tread the ſtarry ſkies,*
The weak enlighten, and confound the wiſe.]

This is an admirable ſentiment: it is conſonant to many expreſſions in the holy ſcriptures. God is the Lord of ſpirits, and gives and takes away as ſeems beſt to his infinite wiſdom. The thoughts of man, as well as his life, are equally in the power of the Almighty. P.

Ver. 17.] The rhymes are bad, and the ſentiment much dilated and diſguiſed. Ogilby is full and faithful:

They thus diſtract thee, who wast once diſcreet.

Unkind, the fond illuſion to impoſe!
Was it to flatter, or deride my woes?
Never did I a ſleep ſo ſweet enjoy,
Since my dear Lord left Ithaca for Troy.
Why muſt I wake to grieve; and curſe thy ſhore,
O Troy?—may never tongue pronounce thee more!
Be gone: another might have felt our rage,
But age is ſacred, and we ſpare thy age.
To whom with warmth: My ſoul a lie diſdains;
Ulyſſes lives, thy own Ulyſſes reigns:
That ſtranger, patient of the Suitors wrongs,
And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,

Ver. 21. *Never did I a ſleep ſo ſweet enjoy*, &c.] Homer, obſerves Euſtathius, very judiciouſly mentions this profound ſleep of Penelope; for it might have been thought improbable, that ſhe ſhould not wake at the noiſe and confuſion of the battle. It was ſolely to reconcile it to credibility, that in a preceding book Pallas was introduced to throw her into it: beſides, the womens apartment was always in the upper part of the houſe, and was from thence called ὑπερῷον: and conſequently Penelope was at a ſufficient diſtance from the place of the combat, and may be eaſily ſuppoſed not to be waked by it.

The circumſtance of Penelope's not being awaked by the cries of the Suitors, furniſhes us with a reaſon why they are not heard by the Ithacans that lived near the palace: for if ſhe who is within the palace is not diſturbed by the noiſe, it is credible enough, that the Greeks who lived at ſome diſtance from the palace ſhould not hear it. P.

Ver. 28.] Pope, at the concluſion of his Meſſiah:

Thy realm for ever laſts, *thy own Meſſiah reigns.*

He, he is thine! thy ſon, his latent gueſt
Long knew, but lock'd the ſecret in his breaſt;
With well-concerted art to end his woes,
And burſt at once in vengeance on the foes.
While yet ſhe ſpoke, the queen in tranſport ſprung
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;

Ver. 35. — — *The queen in tranſport ſprung*
Swift from the couch — —]

We are not to gather from this tranſport of Penelope, that ſhe is fully convinced of the return of Ulyſſes: ſhe is yet incredulous; but ſhe muſt have been inſenſible if ſhe had continued unmoved at the mention of the arrival of an huſband, whoſe return has been deſcribed through the whole Odyſſey as the chief object of all her deſires. Beſides, ſhe receives the death of the Suitors with joy; ſhe cannot diſbelieve the teſtimony of Euryclea concerning their deaths; but thinking it impoſſible that they ſhould be ſlain by any one perſon, ſhe aſcribes their deſtruction not to Ulyſſes, but a Deity. But then is not ſuch a ſuppoſition extravagant? and can it be reconciled to probability, that a God ſhould really be ſuppoſed to deſcend to work their deſtruction? It may be anſwered, that the exceſs of the aſſertion ought to be aſcribed to the exceſs of joy in the ſpeaker: Penelope is in a tranſport, and no wonder if ſhe ſpeaks with amplification: ſhe judges it impoſſible that ſuch a great event ſhould be wrought by a mortal hand; and it is therefore very natural, while ſhe is under a ſurpriſe, and her thoughts raiſed above the bounds of calm reaſon, to aſcribe it to a Deity.

It has been believed that all the notions of good and bad dæmons that prevailed among the antients were borrowed from truth, and that they received them by tradition from the offices of good and bad angels: if I might be allowed to make this ſuppoſition, then what Penelope here ſpeaks may be reconciled to ſtrict verity; then we may find a reaſon why ſhe may without extravagance aſcribe the Suitors deaths to a Dæmon, or Deity. Thus,

Faſt from her eye deſcends the rolling tear,
Say, once more ſay, is my Ulyſſes here?
How could that num'rous and outrageous band
By one be ſlain, tho' by an hero's hand?
I ſaw it not, ſhe cries, but heard alone,
When Death was buſy, a loud dying groan.
The damſel-train turn'd pale at ev'ry wound,
Immur'd we ſat, and catch'd each paſſing ſound;
When Death had ſeiz'd her prey, thy ſon attends,
And at his nod the damſel-train deſcends;
There terrible in arms Ulyſſes ſtood,
And the dead Suitors almoſt ſwam in blood;
Thy heart had leap'd the hero to ſurvey,
Stern as the ſurly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore!—now with ſulphureous fires
The dome he purges, now the flame aſpires;

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2 Kings xix. 35. *That night the angel of the Lord went out and ſmote in the camp of the Aſſyrians an hundred fourſcore and five thouſand.* If this ſuppoſition be thought diſallowable, the former will be a ſufficient vindication. I will only add, that the Poet artfully turns the incredulity of Penelope to the praiſe of Ulyſſes; the exploit was ſo great, that no mortal was brave enough to perform it; it muſt therefore be wrought by a God; but this God is at length diſcovered to be Ulyſſes. P.

Ver. 47.] Our tranſlator ſeems to have conſulted Ogilby, who is ſomewhat cloſer to his author, and not to be deſpiſed:

— — — — — — where the king I found
Hem'd in with heaps of ſlaughter'd bodies round.
You had admir'd to ſee, how there he *ſtood*,
Like a ſtern lyon ſmear'd all ore with *blood*.

Heap'd lie the dead without the palace-walls,—
Haſte, daughter haſte, thy own Ulyſſes calls!
Thy ev'ry wiſh the bounteous Gods beſtow,
Enjoy the preſent good, and former woe;
Ulyſſes lives his vanquiſh'd foes to ſee;
He lives to thy Telemachus and thee!
  Ah no! with ſighs Penelope rejoin'd,
Exceſs of joy diſturbs thy wand'ring mind;
How bleſt this happy hour, ſhould he appear,
Dear to us all, to me ſupremely dear!
Ah no! ſome God the Suitors deaths decreed,
Some God deſcends, and by his hand they bleed;
Blind! to contemn the ſtranger's righteous cauſe,
And violate all hoſpitable laws!
The good they hated, and the Pow'rs defy'd;
But heav'n is juſt, and by a God they dy'd.
For never muſt Ulyſſes view this ſhore;
Never! the lov'd Ulyſſes is no more!
  What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his preſence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day
That forc'd Ulyſſes o'er the wat'ry way,
A boar fierce-ruſhing in the ſilvan war
Plough'd half his thigh; I ſaw, I ſaw the ſcar,

Ver. 55.] Theſe *two* couplets concentrate the ſenſe of his author, without diminution, in a manner uncommonly dextrous.

And wild with tranſport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I ſpoke, he roſe, and check'd the ſound.
Then, daughter, haſte away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy ſervant die!

To whom with dubious joy the queen replies,
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but errours ſeize the wiſe;
The works of Gods what mortal can ſurvey?
Who knows their motives, who ſhall trace their way!

Ver. 79.] Ogilby has theſe rhymes, but Broome was much leſs attentive to his predeceſſors than Pope:

Come, follow me, and if I tell a *lie*,
Let me with new-invented tortures *die*.

Ver. 83. *The works of Gods what mortal can ſurvey?*] This aſſertion is made with great judgment. Euryclea had given almoſt a demonſtrative proof that ſhe was not miſtaken in the perſon of Ulyſſes: ſhe had inſtanced in the ſcar which he received by a boar on mount Parnaſſus; and this ſeemed to be an undeniable evidence of her veracity: what method then could the Poet take to carry on Penelope's incredulity, and give her room to reſiſt ſuch evidence with any appearance of reaſon? This is very well explained by Euſtathius. Penelope (obſerves that author) anſwers with profound wiſdom; her words are ſhort, but contain excellent truth and morality: this is her meaning: "Euryclea, you appeal to "your ſenſes for the truth of your affirmation; you ſaw the "wound, and touched it as you bathed him; and he forbade you "to make a diſcovery of his perſon: from hence you conclude, "that it is Ulyſſes who has ſlain the Suitors; not remembering "that the Gods are able thus to ſhew themſelves to man, and "aſſume at their pleaſure ſuch diſguiſes: how then do you know "but this is a God? Are you able to know the ways of a Deity?" To this Euryclea makes no reply; from whence we may gather, that it was believed to be an undeniable truth, that the divine beings ſometimes aſſumed the ſhape of man, and appeared viſibly

But learn we inſtant how the Suitors trod
The paths of death, by man or by a God.
Thus ſpeaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear deſcends;
At ev'ry ſtep debates, her lord to prove?
Or ruſhing to his arms, confeſs her love?

upon earth. Such expreſſions as theſe might almoſt perſuade us of the reality of a former conjecture, that theſe notions were borrowed from a tradition of the appearances of angels; they being ſo conſonant to the teſtimony of the holy ſcriptures, and ſo agreeable to the manifeſtations of thoſe celeſtial beings. P.

Ver. 89. *At ev'ry ſtep debates, her Lord to prove?*
Or ruſhing to his arms, confeſs her love?]

Penelope apprehends that the perſon mentioned by Euryclea is not Ulyſſes; yet her apprehenſions are not ſo ſtrong as to exclude all hopes that he is her huſband; in this ſtate of uncertainty ſhe deſcends, doubtful whether to meet him as ſuch, or firſt to prove him whether he be the real Ulyſſes; and this explains her conduct in this place: if he evidently were Ulyſſes, ſhe ought to receive him with tranſport; but if he be not Ulyſſes, then all ſuch advances would be acts of immodeſty, and a reproach to her prudence. Ladies are beſt judges of what is decent amongſt ladies, and Madam Dacier affirms, that the point of decency is well maintained by Homer through this whole interview; and that antiquity can ſhew nothing wherein a ſeverity of manners is better obſerved. And indeed it muſt be allowed, that in this reſpect Penelope proceeds with no more than a neceſſary caution; it would have been very abſurd to have deſcribed her flying to the embraces of a ſtranger, merely upon the teſtimony of Euryclea, without waiting for a perſonal and ocular demonſtration. P.

Ver. 90.] His author ſays,

Or go and kiſs his head, and ſeize his hand:

ſo that our Poet probably caſt an eye on Ogilby:

Or *leap into her* deareſt *lord's embrace.*

This part is not executed in ſo maſterly a manner, as the preceding; but is defective both in ſpirit and correctneſs.

Then gliding thro' the marble valves in ſtate,
Oppos'd, before the ſhining fire ſhe ſat.
The monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;

Ver. 93. *The monarch, by a column high enthron'd.*] The circumſtance of perſons of figure being placed by a column occurs frequently in the Odyſſey; it may therefore be neceſſary to explain it: it is mentioned twice in the eighth book, πρὸς κίονα μακρὸν ἷζόσας, but being there applied to Demodocus who was blind, it may be thought to mean only that he leaned againſt the pillar by reaſon of his blindneſs; but this is not the full import of the words, they denote dignity; and a ſeat erected near the column was a ſeat of diſtinction. Thus 2 Kings xi. 14. *Behold the king ſtood by a pillar,* ἐπὶ τῷ ϛύλῳ, *as the manner was, and the princes,* &c. *by the king.* Thus we ſee the royal ſtation was by ſome remarkable pillar; Joſephus expreſſes it by ἐπὶ τῆς σκηνῆς, which probably is a *corruption*; it ought to be ἐπὶ τῆς ϛήλης, *juxta columnam:* thus again, 2 Kings xxiii. 3. *And the king ſtood by a pillar, and made a covenant,* &c. So that by this expreſſion of Ulyſſes being ſeated by a column, we are to underſtand that he received Penelope as a king; he took the royal ſeat, to convince her that he was the real Ulyſſes. P.

Ver. 94. — — *withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;*
Curious to hear his queen the ſilence break.]

We have all along been vindicating the conduct of Penelope, for not immediately acknowledging Ulyſſes. Her ignorance of his perſon is her vindication; but how then is Ulyſſes to be juſtified, who is in no doubt about Penelope? Why does he not fly with tranſport to the wife of his affection? The reaſon is very evident: he very well knows that Penelope is uncertain about his perſon; he therefore forbears to offer violence to her modeſty by any careſſes, while ſhe is in this ſtate of uncertainty, and which decency requires her to refuſe, till ſhe is aſſured that the perſon who offers them is Ulyſſes.

Homer tells us, that Ulyſſes turned his eyes towards the ground. Euſtathius imagines, that he does it that Penelope may not imme-

Curious to hear his queen the ſilence break:
Amaz'd ſhe ſat, and impotent to ſpeak;
O'er all the man her eyes ſhe rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
At length Telemachus—Oh who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?
Why thus in ſilence? why with winning charms
Thus ſlow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breaſt that with no tranſport glows,
When twice ten years are paſt of mighty woes:

diately diſcover him; but perhaps the Poet intended no more than to draw Ulyſſes here, as he drew him in the Iliad, lib. iii. and deſcribe him according to his uſual behaviour.

— — — — — In thought profound,
His moſt modeſt eyes he fix'd upon the ground.

Thus alſo he is repreſented by Ovid. Metam. lib. xiii.

"Aſtitit atque oculos paulum tellure moratos
"Suſtulit." — —
Then from his ſeat aroſe Laertes' ſon,
Look'd down awhile, and paus'd ere he begun.

Dryden.

Ver. 95.] Thus Ogilby:

The king, expecting when the queen would *ſpeak*:
But long ſhe ſat, nor once would *ſilence break*.

Ver. 96. *Amaz'd ſhe ſat, and impotent to ſpeak.*] The reader will certainly be curious to know how Penelope accoſts Ulyſſes in this firſt interview, and the Poet manages it with excellent judgment: ſhe muſt be ſuppoſed to be under a great ſurpriſe and confuſion of thought; this ſurpriſe takes away her ſpeech; ſhe is toſt between hopes and fears, and conſequently it is very natural, before ſhe ſpeaks, to examine him with her eyes. P.

To ſoftneſs loſt, to ſpouſal love unknown,
The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of ſtone!
O my Telemachus! the queen rejoin'd,
Diſtracting fears confound my lab'ring mind;
Pow'rleſs to ſpeak, I ſcarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to queſtion: doubts on doubts ariſe.
Oh deign he, if Ulyſſes, to remove
Theſe boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!
Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies,
Indulge, my ſon, the cautions of the wiſe;
Time ſhall the truth to ſure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the king;

Ver. 106. *The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of ſtone.*] It has been objected that Telemachus here makes too free a remonſtrance to Penelope; and that he is wanting in reverence towards his mother. Euſtathius anſwers, that he ſpeaks no more than Ulyſſes ſays himſelf, in the proceſs of the ſtory, and conſequently he is no more blameable. But the caſe is not the ſame, there is a difference between a ſon and a huſband, and what is decent in the mouth of the latter would be irreverent in the former. Spondanus is of opinion, that he offends againſt decency, *juveniliter nimis inſultavit*; and Ulyſſes ſeems to repreſs his ardour.

Indulge, my ſon, the cautions of the wiſe — —
No more — —

Dacier anſwers, that Telemachus being fully aſſured that it is the real Ulyſſes, ſeems ſhocked at the indifference of Penelope. And indeed the warmth of the expreſſion is to be imputed to the emotion of the ſpeaker; ſo that we are not to look upon it as an outrage of decency towards Penelope, but a warm expoſtulation occaſioned by his zeal for Ulyſſes. P.

Ver. 116. *This garb of poverty belies the king.*] This expreſſion furniſhes another cauſe for the incredulity of Penelope; Ulyſſes imputes it to his diſguiſe, and is far from reſenting it as a want

No more.—This day our deepeſt care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inſpires.
If one man's blood, tho' mean, diſtain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands;

of conjugal affection. I muſt confeſs, that here may ſeem to be an unſeaſonable tranſition: Homer brings Ulyſſes and Penelope together, raiſes our expectations to ſee a warm and tender deſcription at the diſcovery of the huſband to the wife, and all of a ſudden he ſtarts from the ſubject, and leaves us under an uncertainty equal to that of Penelope. The ſcene cloſes too abruptly, and Homer acts like one who invites his gueſts to an entertainment, and when they were ſat down with an eager appetite, takes away their dinner. But then it may be anſwered, that the occaſion preſſes: Ulyſſes finds it neceſſary to provide for his own ſafety, before the people of Ithaca are informed of the ſlaughter of the Suitors; this is the dictate of good ſenſe; he firſt acts the wiſe man, by guarding againſt an imminent danger; and then ſhews the tender huſband, by his affection to Penelope: and this is the reaſon why he adjourns the diſcovery. Beſides, this interval, which is very ſhort, gives time to Penelope to recollect her ſpirits from ſurprize, and makes her miſtreſs of her own thoughts. In that view the reader is to look upon this break, like a pauſe between the acts in a tragedy, and as an artful interruption to introduce the unravelling more naturally, and with greater probability. P.

Ver. 119. *If one man's blood* — —] Ulyſſes here argues very concluſively: if the perſon who has ſhed one man's blood only, and that man of inferiour ſtation; if he is yet obliged to fly into baniſhment, leſt he ſhould be ſlain by any of the dead perſons relations or friends; what have they to fear, who have not only ſlain one man, but above an hundred, and theſe not plebeians, but princes? They muſt neceſſarily have many avengers, who will be ready to purſue our lives.

But it may be objected, that Ulyſſes is a king, and therefore above apprehenſions of puniſhment. It is true Ulyſſes is a king, yet ſubject to the laws: his government was not ſo deſpotick, as to have no reaſon to fear the reſentments of the chief families of

By us, in heaps th' illuſtrious peerage falls,
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.
Be that thy care, Telemachus replies,
The world conſpires to ſpeak Ulyſſes wiſe;
For wiſdom all is thine! lo I obey,
And dauntleſs follow where you lead the way;
Nor ſhalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward ſon degen'rate lag behind.
Then inſtant to the bath, (the monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and ſprightly virgins riſe,
Thence all deſcend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome reſound the mirthful lay;

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his ſubjects, whoſe heirs were ſlain by his hand. I cannot entirely agree with Dacier in this laſt ſentiment: Ulyſſes had only done an act of juſtice upon theſe offenders, and had tranſgreſſed no law by it, and ought therefore to apprehend no vengeance from the law. I ſhould rather aſcribe the apprehenſions of Ulyſſes, to a fear of a ſudden aſſault from the friends of the Suitors, before he could diſcover himſelf to be the real Ulyſſes. He is afraid of an aſſaſſination, not a legal puniſhment; the rage of the people, not the juſtice of the law. P.

Ver. 120.] Or thus, more nearly to his author:
The *friendleſs murd'rer flies* to foreign lands.

Ver. 122. *Th' important deed our whole attention calls.*] Ulyſſes, to prove Telemachus, and to form a judgment of his wiſdom, aſks his advice upon the preſent emergence; but the Poet, in his anſwer, obſerves a due decency: Telemachus pays a laudable deference to the ſuperiour wiſdom of Ulyſſes, and modeſtly ſubmits to his judgment. What we are to gather from this conduct is, that no perſon ſhould be ſo ſelf-confiding in his own judgment, as to deſpiſe that of other men, though thoſe men are inferiour in wiſdom. P.

Ver. 126.] Pope, at the end of his Temple of Fame:
And follow ſtill where Fortune leads the way.

While the ſweet lyriſt airs of rapture ſings,
And forms the dance reſponſive to the ſtrings.
That hence th' eluded paſſengers may ſay,
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay!
The Suitors death unknown, 'till we remove
Far from the court, and act inſpir'd by Jove.

Ver. 135. *That hence th' eluded paſſengers may ſay,*
Lo! the queen weds — —]

This is an inſtance of the art of Ulyſſes, eſſential to his character, and maintained through the whole Odyſſey. Euſtathius excellently explains the reaſon of this conduct: the Suitors had been accuſtomed to retire from the palace, and ſleep in other places by night: it would therefore have alarmed the whole city, and made them apprehenſive that ſome calamity had befallen them, if there had not appeared a ſeeming reaſon why they returned not to their ſeveral houſes as uſual; Ulyſſes therefore invents this ſtratagem to deceive them into an opinion that they ſtayed to celebrate the queen's nuptials. But there appears to be a ſtrong objection againſt this part of the relation: we have already ſeen the Suitors ſlain, without being heard by the Ithacans of the city; is it then probable that the ſound of the muſick ſhould be heard abroad, when the cries, ſhouts, and groans, during the fight, were not heard out of the palace? Was the muſick louder than theſe united noiſes? It is not eaſy to ſolve this difficulty, unleſs we are allowed to imagine that the more than uſual ſtay of the Suitors in the palace had raiſed the curioſity of ſome of the Ithacans to inquire the reaſon of it; who conſequently approaching the palace might hear the muſick and dancing, and conclude that it was occaſioned by the queen's marriage. Beſides, in the ſtillneſs of the night, a lower ſound may be further heard, than one more loud, during the noiſe and hurry of the day: it being evident from the preceding book, that the fight was by day. P.

Ver. 137. — — *'Till we remove*
Far from the court — —]

It may be aſked what occaſions this receſs of Ulyſſes? Will he be better able to reſiſt his enemies in the country than in the city?

Thus ſpoke the king: th' obſervant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dreſs in proud array:
The lyriſt ſtrikes the ſtring; gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damſels form the ſprightly dance.
The voice, attun'd to inſtrumental ſounds,
Aſcends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobſerv'd: the Greeks eluded ſay,
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay!
Inconſtant! to admit the bridal hour.
Thus they—but nobly chaſte ſhe weds no more.
Meanwhile the weary'd king the bath aſcends;
With faithful cares Eurynomè attends,
O'er ev'ry limb a ſhow'r of fragrance ſheds:
Then dreſt in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The warriour-goddeſs gives his frame to ſhine
With majeſty enlarg'd, and grace divine.

The anſwer is, he withdraws that he may avoid the firſt reſentments of the Ithacans, upon the diſcovery of the death of the Suitors: beſides, it is by this method in his power to conceal his perſon, till the violence of the people is ſettled; or raiſe a party to reſiſt their efforts; at the worſt, he is certain to ſecure his flight, if his affairs ſhould be reduced to extremities. P.

Ver. 142.] Chapman has alſo preſerved cloſely this *epithet* of his author:

— — — — — and *faire-girdl'd* dames.

Ver. 143.] Ogilby is not much amiſs, and might be made preferable to the paſſage before us:

Sweetly he ſung; their light feet beat the ground,
And dancing, make the arched hall reſound.

Ver. 147.] This couplet is far below mediocrity.

Ver. 151.] The reader may compare this paſſage in nearly the ſame words of the original and verſion in book vi. ver. 269.

Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks, of hyacinthine dye.
As by ſome artiſt to whom Vulcan gives
His heav'nly ſkill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wond'rous mould,
And the pale ſilver glows with fuſile gold:
So Pallas his heroick form improves
With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;
More high he treads, and iſſuing forth in ſtate,
Radiant before his gazing conſort ſat.
And oh my queen! he cries; what pow'r above
Has ſteel'd that heart, averſe to ſpouſal love!
Canſt thou, Penelope, when heav'n reſtores
Thy loſt Ulyſſes to his native ſhores,
Canſt thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd ſurvey
Thy loſt Ulyſſes, on this ſignal day?
Haſte, Euryclea, and diſpatchful ſpread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:

Ver. 155.] Chapman is pleaſing:

— — — — — curles, ſoft and bright,
Adorn'd his head withall, and made it ſhow
As if the flowry hyacinth did grow
In all his pride there.

Milton's word ſhould have ſuperſeded *thick large*, Par. Loſt, iv. 303.

— — — — and *hyacinthin locks*
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſtring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad.

Ver. 171. — — — *Diſpatchful ſpread*
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed.]

Theſe words have given occaſion of cenſure from Monſieur de la

My weary nature craves the balm of reſt:
But heav'n with adamant has arm'd her breaſt.
Ah no! ſhe cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;

Mothe de Vayer: according to whom the precaution of Penelope is not much to be admired; "Ulyſſes made himſelf ſuſpicious "by expreſſing ſo much eagerneſs to go to bed with Penelope; "ſhe was ſo far from having time enough to know him, that "ſhe had ſcarce ſpoke three words to him, but he bluntly com- "mands Euryclea to get the bed ready for them." So that, according to this author, Penelope miſtruſts his impatience; ſhe imagines the reaſon why he is ſo haſty, is becauſe he fears that a longer time would diſcover his impoſture, and fruſtrate his deſires. And indeed if Ulyſſes had given ſuch a command, the objection had not been without a foundation. But La Mothe is deceived: Ulyſſes does not aſk a bed for himſelf and Penelope, but for himſelf alone, becauſe his wife vouchſafed not to come near him, and uſed him with a ſeeming cruelty.

Ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι, μαῖα, στόρεσον λέχος· ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
Λέξομαι — — —

which is literally enough rendered in the tranſlation,

Haſte Euryclea, and diſpatchful ſpread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed. P.

Ver. 175. *Ah no! ſhe cries, a tender heart I bear,*
A foe to pride; no adamant is there.]

It is not eaſy to tranſlate this paſſage literally.

— — — ὅτ' ἄρτι μεγαλίζομαι, ἠδ' ἀθερίζω,
Οὐδὲ λίην ἄγαμαι.

Euſtathius, explains μεγαλίζομαι to ſignify, *I am not of a proud heart*; ἀθερίζω, *I deſpiſe not your poverty*; ἄγαμαι, *I am no longer under an aſtoniſhment*; or ἐδὲ λίην ἐκπλήττομαι, *I ceaſe to be ſurpriſed at what I ſee and hear*. Thus Penelope ſpeaks negatively, and the meaning of her words are, that ſhe is not influenced by pride and cruelty, to perſiſt in her incredulity, but by a laudable care and caution. Euſtathius propoſes Penelope as a pattern to all women upon the like occaſion; her own eyes perſuade her that

And now, ev'n now it melts! for ſure I ſee
Once more Ulyſſes my belov'd in thee!
Fix'd in my ſoul as when he ſail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haſte the bed of joy!
Haſte, from the bridal bow'r the bed tranſlate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dreſt in ſtate!
Thus ſpeaks the queen, ſtill dubious, with diſguiſe;
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies,

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the perſon with whom ſhe confers is Ulyſſes; Euryclea acknowledges her maſter; Telemachus his father; yet ſhe dares not immediately credit her own eyes, Euryclea, or Telemachus: and the ſame author concludes with a pretty obſervation, that Ulyſſes found it eaſier to ſubdue above an hundred enemies, than the diffidence and incredulity of Penelope. P.

The reader would conclude from the tranſlation before us, that Penelope was already perfectly ſatisfied with reſpect to Ulyſſes; which is contradictory to the ſequel. The beginning of this ſpeech is very ill ſeen in the verſions: Mr. Cowper is beyond meaſure before all in accuracy; but not ſufficiently general. I ſhall give an attempt of my own, merely verbal, to convey a juſt conception of the author:

Good man! 'tis not my practice to extol,
Diſparage, or admire, in great exceſs:
Well know I what you were, when home you left:

and this partial acknowledgment of him in the laſt line, is more courteſy, in conformity to his declarations, which ſhe would not affront by the rudeneſs of oppoſition, than the reſult of ſatisfactory conviction in her own mind.

The learned reader will be reminded of *two* well known lines in Horace:

Nil admirari propè res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque, quæ poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.

Ver. 183. *Thus ſpeaks the queen, ſtill dubious — —]* It muſt

Alas for this! what mortal ſtrength can move
Th' enormous burthen, who but heav'n above?

be allowed that this is a very artful turn of thought in Penelope. Ulyſſes commands a bed to be prepared, Penelope catches the word, and ſeeming to conſent, orders Euryclea to carry the bed out of the bridal apartment, and prepare it. Now this bed was of ſuch a nature as to be inwrought into the ſubſtance of the apartment itſelf, and could not be removed: if therefore Ulyſſes had acquieſced in the injunction given by Penelope, and not diſcovered the impoſſibility of it, ſhe might very juſtly have concluded him an impoſtor, being manifeſtly ignorant of the ſecret of his own marriage bed.

But Euſtathius ſtarts an objection againſt this whole proceſs of the diſcovery, which he calls inſolvable; and indeed if Homer fails in the unravelling of his poem, he is to be ſeverely blamed: Tully is of this opinion, *Illic enim debet toto animo a poetâ in diſſolutionem nodi agi; eaque præcipua fabulæ pars eſt, quæ requirit diligentiam.* The difficulty raiſed by Euſtathius is as follows: Penelope imagines that the perſon who pretends to be her huſband, is not really Ulyſſes, but a God, who not only aſſumes his form, but, to favour the impoſture, the reſemblance of the wound received from the boar: now if he be a God, how is it poſſible ſhe ſhould conceive him to be ignorant of the ſecret of the marriage bed, and conſequently how can ſhe be convinced of the reality of Ulyſſes from his knowledge of it, when it muſt neceſſarily be known to a God, as well as to the real Ulyſſes? All that ſhe ought to gather from it is, that the perſon with whom ſhe ſpeaks is Ulyſſes, or a God. Euſtathius replies, that Penelope, upon the diſcovery of the ſecret makes no ſcruple to yield; becauſe whether it be Ulyſſes, or a God, her caſe is happy; if he prove to be Ulyſſes, ſhe has her wiſhes; if a God, it is no ſmall piece of good fortune. Dacier condemns this ſolution, and tells us, that Penelope was ſo faithful to her huſband, that ſhe would not have received even a God in the place of Ulyſſes: the true anſwer (continues that author) is to be drawn from the Pagan Theology, according to which the inferiour deities were ſuppoſed to have a finite knowledge, and conſequently Penelope might think the diſcovery of the nuptial bed a full conviction of the reality of Ulyſſes, it being ſo great a ſecret that even a God might be ignorant of it.

It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth muſt move, if heav'n commands.

But this is all fancy; for allowing this perſon to be a God, why might not Penelope imagine him to be a deity of the ſuperiour order, and for that reaſon well acquainted with the ſecrets of this nuptial bower? eſpecially becauſe Jupiter himſelf was notorious for ſuch amorous illuſions. Dacier herſelf confeſſes this to be no juſt ſolution, but gives a very different reaſon: how is it poſſible (ſays ſhe) that this bed and whole apartment ſhould be built by the ſingle hand of Ulyſſes, without being ſeen by any perſon while he builds it? or how can any one be aſſured that a ſecret that is known to a third perſon (Actoris) is not through weakneſs or intereſt diſcovered to others? It is true, the manner of the diſcovery entirely depends upon the choice of the Poet; but I could wiſh that he had choſen a method more probable than this of the nuptial bed, which in my judgment (continues the ſame author) is unworthy of the Odyſſey. I am perſuaded that this is one of the places where (as Horace writes) Homer nods.

I will lay together what occurs to me by way of reply. The firſt objection is, that Penelope imagines Ulyſſes to be a God, and conſequently his knowledge of the nuptial bed ought not to have induced her to believe him to be the real Ulyſſes. The anſwer is, Penelope thought him a God only during her firſt tranſport; it is to be imputed to her ſurpriſe, that ſhe at all thinks him a deity. This is very evident, for from the moment ſhe ſaw him, the thought of his divinity vaniſhes, and ſhe never mentions one word concerning ſuch a ſuppoſition, nay from the firſt glance ſhe almoſt believes him to be the real Ulyſſes.

O'er all the man her eyes ſhe rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.

She is ſo far from thinking him a deity, that ſhe is almoſt perſuaded that he is her huſband. If this be allowed, the firſt difficulty ceaſes: for granting her belief that the perſon before her is a real man, and no man but Ulyſſes was acquainted with the nuptial bed; it follows, that this man is the real Ulyſſes, and that this incident is not ill choſen by the Poet, in the diſcovery of Ulyſſes.

Then hear ſure evidence, while we diſplay
Words ſeal'd with ſacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder fram'd; an olive ſpread
Full in the court its ever verdant head,

Dacier objects, that this apartment could not poſſibly be erected without being known to other perſons; but we have ſeen Ulyſſes build a ſhip in a ſolitary iſland, without the aſſiſtance of any man, in the fifth Odyſſey; and why may he not then be allowed to do the ſame, with reſpect to this nuptial bower? All kinds of arts in mechanicks were antiently practiſed by the greateſt perſonages, and their knowledge and dexterity in them was eſteemed a glory. This conſideration may perhaps reconcile the reader to this part of the diſcovery.

The only difficulty that now remains is this: Actoris, a female ſervant, is allowed to be in the ſecret; how then can Penelope be aſſured that ſhe has not betrayed it? Homer himſelf obviates this objection; he has in a very ſolemn manner told us, that only twelve of all the female train were guilty of a breach of truſt, and therefore Penelope may ſafely rely upon the fidelity of Actoris. Beſides, it adds no ſmall weight to this vindication of Homer, to obſerve, that the whole procedure of the diſcovery is accidental; how could Ulyſſes foreknow that the proof of his veracity would depend upon his knowledge of the bridal bower; and conſequently it is not to be imagined that he ſhould have made any clandeſtine enquiries about it: it may be added, that Ulyſſes has been no more than five days upon the Ithacan ſhores, and probably had never ſeen Actoris, who alone was acquainted with the nature of this bed: no perſon was antiently permitted to enter the women's apartment, but fathers, huſbands, or brothers; this therefore was the greateſt ſecret in all families; this ſecret Penelope propoſes in the trial of Ulyſſes, and upon his knowledge of it receives him as her huſband. To inſtance almoſt in a parallel caſe; Oreſtes in Euripides tells Iphigenia, that the lance which Pelops uſed in the combat againſt Ænomaus was lodged in her apartment; this circumſtance convinces her that the perſon who knew this ſecret muſt be her brother Oreſtes, no perſons of a more diſtant relation being admitted into ſuch privacies. P.

Vaſt as ſome mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk roſe, and heav'd into the ſky;

Ver. 193. *Vaſt as ſome mighty column's bulk, on high*
The huge trunk roſe — —]

I will not promiſe that the reader will be pleaſed with this deſcription of the nuptial bower: the Greek is noble, and the words ſounding and harmonious; an happineſs that is wanting in our language. In this and the like caſes the tranſlator muſt ſay with Lucretius upon a like occaſion,

" — — Graiorum obſcura reperta
" Difficile illuſtrare Latinis verſibus eſſe,
" Propter Egeſtatem linguæ, & rerum novitatem."

Beſides, it muſt be allowed that the relation itſelf is very wonderful; for it is not eaſy to conceive that the bole of an olive tree ſhould be ſo large as to contain upon the dimenſions of it a whole bedſtead. I would willingly imagine that it is only a ſupporter of it. It is likewiſe ſomewhat extraordinary that this olive tree is not felled, or cut up from the roots; for Euſtathius informs us, that προλάμων, ſignifies *to cut aſunder at ſome diſtance from the earth*; ſo that a great part of the trunk is left ſtanding, upon which Ulyſſes builds his bridal bed. What occurs to me upon this incident is, that Homer muſt be imagined to write according to the cuſtoms of the age in which he lived, unleſs we can ſuppoſe he unneceſſarily invented an abſurdity: I therefore doubt not but there were antiently ſuch beds as this of Ulyſſes. Beſides, the more wonderful this bed is, the better it ſerves for the purpoſe of Homer, in convincing us that the perſon, who was acquainted with a matter ſo uncommon, muſt be the real Ulyſſes, and not an impoſtor: it is for this purpoſe that the Poet deſcribes the bower built round the olive tree, before the framing of the bed is at all mentioned.

Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r,
And roof'd defenſive of the ſtorm and ſhow'r;
Then lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and ſmooth'd the ſhining grain.

This, I ſay, is particularly deſcribed by Homer, to convince us that the place where the bed ſtood was entirely ſecret; it being cloſed up from obſervation before this particular apartment was

Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r,
And roof'd defenſive of the ſtorm and ſhow'r;
The ſpacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with poliſh'd marble ſhines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and ſmooth'd the ſhining grain;
Then poſts, capacious of the frame, I raiſe,
And bore it, regular, from ſpace to ſpace:
Athwart the frame, at equal diſtance lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boaſt a purple dye;
Then poliſhing the whole, the finiſh'd mould
With ſilver ſhone, with elephant, and gold.
But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
Or ſtill inviolate the olive ſtands,
'Tis thine, oh queen, to ſay: and now impart,
If fears remain, or doubts diſtract thy heart?

While yet he ſpeaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
She ſickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recov'ring, to his arms ſhe flew,
And ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt ſhe grew:

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undertaken, and therefore the knowledge of it was a ſtrong argument that the perſon who was acquainted with it muſt be the real Ulyſſes. P.

Ver. 201.] The rhymes of this couplet are very vicious: but ſome allowance muſt be made in the tranſlation of paſſages of ſo difficult management as that before us.

Ver. 213.] A good couplet ariſes from a correction of Ogilby:

Theſe proofs her doubts remov'd; ſhe quits her place;
And, *weeping, ruſhes* to her lord's embrace.

The tears pour'd down amain: and oh, ſhe cries,
Let not againſt thy ſpouſe thine anger riſe!
O vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a woman's heart!
The righteous pow'rs that mortal lots diſpoſe,
Decree us to ſuſtain a length of woes,
And from the flow'r of life, the bliſs deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus, to ſpeak my love;
Thus in fond kiſſes, while the tranſport warms,
Pour out my ſoul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithleſs men, betray
Our eaſy faith, and make the ſex their prey:
Againſt the fondneſs of my heart I ſtrove,
'Twas caution, oh my Lord! not want of love:
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair miſchief ſet two worlds in arms;

Ver. 227.] Mrs. Behn, in her tranſlation of Oenone to Paris:

Say, lovely youth! why wouldſt thou thus *betray*
My eaſy faith, and lead my heart away.

Ver. 229.] This couplet is altogether ſuperfluous; and, in general, the paſſage has ſuffered, from immoderate expanſion, by our tranſlator.

Ver. 231. *Like me had Helen fear'd — —*] This paſſage occaſioned great diſputes amongſt the antient Criticks; ſome contended for the common punctuation; others thus read it,

Εἰ γὰρ, — — —

Then the meaning of the paſſage is thus to be underſtood. Helen would not have yielded to a ſtranger, if ſhe had known that

Ere Greece roſe dreadful in th' avenging day;
Thus had ſhe fear'd, ſhe had not gone aſtray.
But heav'n, averſe to Greece, in wrath decreed
That ſhe ſhould wander, and that Greece ſhould bleed: 236

ſtranger, εἰ ἤδη: ἀνδρὰ is to be underſtood according to this interpretation. The ſame Criticks thus conſtrue the following words,

Ὅ μιν αὖτις ἀρήϊοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,

Ὅ is the ſame with διὰ ὅ, *propter hanc cauſam*, and the whole paſſage is thus to be tranſlated, *If Helen had known the ſtranger, ſhe would not have yielded to him; therefore the Greeks roſe in arms to free her from the impoſtor.* They defend this application by having recourſe to a tradition, that Paris could never have obtained the conſent of Helen if Venus had not given him the reſemblace of Menelaus, in whoſe form he prevailed upon that fatal beauty: otherwiſe the inſtance is no way parallel; for if Helen was not deceived, how can her example be brought to induce Penelope to act with caution, leſt ſhe take an impoſtor to her bed inſtead of an huſband? I confeſs this conſtruction of the Greek appears to me very obſcure; contrary to the ſtyle of Homer, which is always clear and natural. Beſides, it contradicts the whole ſtory of Helen through the Iliad and Odyſſey, and ſhe herſelf no where alledges this deceit as her excuſe, but frequently condemns her own conduct in forſaking the bed of Menelaus. But granting that ſhe was thus deceived originally, the deceit muſt neceſſarily ſoon appear, and yet ſhe voluntarily cohabits many years with Paris. The other interpretation may therefore perhaps be preferable; namely, if Helen had conſidered what evils might enſue from her injury to Menelaus, ſhe would have acted more wiſely: this Penelope introduces to vindicate her conduct in acting with ſo much caution; ſhe oppoſes her warineſs to the inconſiderateneſs of Helen, and aſcribes all the calamities of Greece to it. P.

The latter interpretation is true. Nor can any thing be more ſimple and perſpicuous, than the paſſage in the original.

Blind to the ills that from injuſtice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why theſe ſorrows when my Lord arrives?
I yield, I yield! my own Ulyſſes lives!
The ſecrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,
(My father's preſent in the ſpouſal hour,
The ſole attendant on our genial bow'r.)
Since what no eye has ſeen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and diſtruſtful as I am, I yield.
Touch'd to the ſoul the king with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and ſpeaks his joy in tears.
As to the ſhipwreck'd mariner, the ſhores
Delightful riſe, when angry Neptune roars;
Then, when the ſurge in thunder mounts the ſky,
And gulf'd in crouds at once the ſailors die;
If one more happy, while the tempeſt raves,
Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the ſtrand,
And plunging forth with tranſport graſps the land;

Ver. 237.] This is a good couplet; but I ſhould get rid of an open vowel, thus:

Blind to *thoſe* ills —.

Ver. 246.] The force of Homer's meaning would better appear, I think, by the alteration of a ſingle word;

Hard and diſtruſtful as I *ſeem*, I yield.

The raviſh'd queen with equal rapture glows,
Claſps her lov'd lord, and to his boſom grows.
Nor had they ended 'till the morning ray:
But Pallas backward held the riſing day,
The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gay Aurora in the wavy main:
Whoſe flaming ſteeds, emerging thro' the night,
Beam o'er the eaſtern hills with ſtreaming light.

Ver. 258.] We had this illaudable common-place, of *growing to the boſom*, at verſe 214 above.

Ver. 260. *But Pallas backward held the riſing day.*] We are not to look upon this merely as a poetical ornament, there is no neceſſity for it. The battle between the Suitors and Ulyſſes happened in the evening; ſince then we have ſeen the palace purified, the dead Suitors carried away, and the female ſervants puniſhed; Euryclea has held a long conference with Penelope, there has been ſinging and dancing in the palace, and an interview at large deſcribed between Ulyſſes and Penelope; then the Poet proceeds to recapitulate the ſtory of the whole Odyſſey: now all theſe incidents could not be comprehended in the compaſs of one night: Homer therefore, to reconcile it to probability, introduces Minerva to protract it, and make the time proportionable to the incidents. But perhaps it may be thought a violent machine, and contrary to the eſtabliſhed laws of nature, to ſuppoſe the courſe of the night alterable: the anſwer is, Poets are allowed to write according to common fame, and what Homer here relates could not ſhock the ears of the antients, who had before heard of the like ſtory at the conception of Hercules. I will only obſerve, that Homer gives no more than two horſes to Aurora's chariot, Lampus and Phaeton; whereas the chariot of the ſun is deſcribed with four: thus Ovid,

"Interea volucres Pyroeis, Eous, & Æthon,
"Solis equi, quartuſque Phlegon."

Ver. 264.] Or thus, with much more fidelity:

Diſpenſe to men the bleſſing of the light.

At length Ulyſſes with a ſigh replies;
Yet Fate, yet cruel Fate repoſe denies;
A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
By heav'n above, by hell beneath enjoin'd:
For, to Tireſias thro' th' eternal gates
Of hell I trod, to learn my future fates.
But end we here—the night demands repoſe,
Be deck'd the couch! and peace awhile, my woes!
To whom the queen. Thy word we ſhall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away!
Since the juſt Gods, who tread the ſtarry plains
Reſtore thee ſafe, ſince my Ulyſſes reigns.
But what thoſe perils heav'n decrees, impart;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear diſtracts the heart.

Ver. 267.] This paſſage is poorly executed, when it admitted elegance with eaſe to one not drowſy with his work.

Ver. 278. *Knowledge may grieve, but fear diſtracts the heart.*] Ulyſſes had ſaid in the ſentence immediately preceding,

A labour long, and hard, remains.

This could not fail of alarming Penelope, and raiſing all her curioſity to know it. Homer would greatly have offended againſt nature, if he had not deſcribed her under an impatience upon the mention of it; her fondneſs is too ſincere to be indifferent upon ſuch a ſuggeſtion, but her anſwer to Ulyſſes chiefly demands obſervation.

If heav'n a kind releaſe from ills foreſhows;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!

This diſcovers a greatneſs of ſpirit worthy of a queen and heroine: ſhe is threatened to loſe Ulyſſes by a ſecond abſence, ſhe is alarmed with a new train of his ſufferings; but being informed that all theſe calamities will end in a proſperous iſſue, that long life and happineſs attend him, ſhe not only takes courage perſonally, but

To this the king. Ah why muſt I diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory of approaching woes?
Why in this hour of tranſport wound thy ears,
When thou muſt learn what I muſt ſpeak with tears?
Heav'n, by the Theban ghoſt, thy ſpouſe decrees
Torn from thy arms, to ſail a length of ſeas;
From realm to realm a nation to explore
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor ſaw gay veſſel ſtem the ſurgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main;
An oar my hand muſt bear; a ſhepherd eyes
The unknown inſtrument with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the Monarch of the main;

---

comforts her huſband. Homer was too good a judge of decency to aſcribe the weakneſs that attends the generality of that ſex to Penelope; ſhe has a bravery of ſoul worthy of a heroine in epic poetry. Beſides, this is a further inſtance of Homer's judgment; the event of the Odyſſey is to ſhew Ulyſſes happy; now if the Poet had not fully ſatisfied the reader in this reſpect, he had not reinſtated his hero in proſperity, and conſequently had defeated the moral of the Odyſſey, which is to ſhew wiſdom and virtue triumphant, by repreſenting his hero after all difficulties ſettled in full tranquillity. P.

This couplet is excellent; and Ogilby is not amiſs:

Now tell me what I muſt hereafter hear:
Better to know, than not know what to fear.

Ver. 279.] This introduction to the ſpeech is prettily tranſlated. The remainder occurs, with no important variations, in book xi. ver. 152.

Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
Thence ſwift re-ſailing to my native ſhores,
Due victims ſlay to all th' ætherial pow'rs.
Then heav'n decrees in peace to end my days,
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;
Unknown to pain in age reſign my breath,
When late ſtern Neptune points the ſhaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt;
My people bleſſing, by my people bleſt.
Such future ſcenes th' all-righteous pow'rs diſplay,
By their dread * Seer, and ſuch my future day.
To whom thus firm of ſoul: If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath;

Ver. 294.] Chapman endeavours to rival, and with ſome ſucceſs, the characteriſtic ſignificance and unſuſpecting ſimplicity of Homer's epithets, in a pleaſant line, not void of dignity, conſidering the ſubject:

A lambe, a bull, and *ſow-aſcending* bore.

The rhymes of the following couplet are bad, and of too near reſemblance to their predeceſſors.

Ver. 301.] So Chapman:

— — — — — And then, at home
A gentle death ſhould ſeize me, that would come
From out the ſea, and take me to his *reſt*
In full ripe age; about me, living *bleſt*,
My loving people.

* Tireſias.

While heav'n a kind releaſe from ills foreſhows;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!
But Euryclea with diſpatchful care,
And ſage Eurynomè, the couch prepare:
Inſtant they bid the blazing torch diſplay
Around the dome an artificial day;
Then to repoſe her ſteps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynomè deſcends;
A torch ſhe bears to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; ſhe guides them, and retires.
Then inſtant his fair ſpouſe Ulyſſes led
To the chaſte love-rites of the nuptial bed.

Ver. 317. — — — *His fair ſpouſe Ulyſſes led*
To the chaſte love-rites of the nuptial bed.]

The reader may be pleaſed to conſult the annotations on book xi. ver. 152, *&c.* concerning the anſwer of Ulyſſes to Penelope: it being a repetition from that part of the Odyſſey.

Euſtathius informs us, that Ariſtarchus, and Ariſtophanes the grammarian, thought the verſe quoted at the head of this remark, to be the concluſion of the Odyſſey, and conſequently they judged the remaining part of this book, and the whole xxivth, ſuppoſititious: thoſe who were of a contrary opinion replied, that by ending the poem with that verſe, many incidents of great importance would be rejected: for inſtance, the recapitulation of the whole Odyſſey, and eſpecially the diſcovery of Ulyſſes to his father Laertes, with all the beautiful fictions contained in it. They add, that if the little relation that the beginning of that book bears to the ſubject of the poem, be a reaſon for the rejection of it, we muſt for the ſame reaſon abridge the poem, and reject a multitude of the fables which are ſcattered through the whole courſe of it. It may therefore be conjectured that Ariſtarchus and Ariſtophanes were not of opinion that the poem ended with this verſe, but only the moſt neceſſary and important incidents. Caſaubon, in a remark upon a paſſage of Strabo, favours the

And now the blooming youths and ſprightly fair
Ceaſe the gay dance, and to their reſt repair; 320

opinion of Ariſtarchus, for he there ſpeaks of the laſt book as if he ſuſpected it to be ſpurious; and Rapin joins in the ſame judgment. Homer is to be defended in another manner, than by ſuch arguments as are brought in anſwer to Ariſtarchus. The ſame objection has been made againſt the two laſt books of the Iliad, as againſt theſe of the Odyſſey; the former ought to have ended with the deciſive action in the death of Hector, and the latter with the diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Penelope, when his happineſs ſeems to be eſtabliſhed. But there is no weight in theſe objections. There is a difference between the *unravelling* of the action, and the full *accompliſhment* of it; the action is unravelled by the death of the Suitors; but there are conſequences ariſing from their deaths that hinder the accompliſhment of the action, namely, the danger of the reſentment of their friends, who riſe in arms to revenge their ſlaughter; and till their inſurrection is pacified, Ulyſſes cannot be ſaid to be in a ſtate of ſecurity. The ſubject of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles: that of the Odyſſey, the re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes in his dominions: now the anger of Achilles ends not with the death of Hector, nor is Ulyſſes fully re-eſtabliſhed by the death of the Suitors; he has another obſtacle to overcome, and till the commotions of the Ithacans are appeaſed, the deſign of the poem is not executed, which is to ſhew Ulyſſes in peaceful poſſeſſion of his palace and authority. We ſee in this very book, that Ulyſſes is forced to fly from his own palace; can he then be ſaid to be re-eſtabliſhed in tranquillity? This very action demonſtrates, that what follows is part of the ſubject of the poem, and ſuch a part, as, if it had not been related, would have given us room to have imagined that Homer had never finiſhed it, or that the concluſion of it had been loſt. The beginning of the action is his ſailing from Troy toward his country; the middle contains all the calamities he ſuſtains in his return, the diſorders of his family before and after it; and the end of the action is his re-eſtabliſhment in the peaceful poſſeſſion of his kingdoms, when he is acknowledged by his wife, father, family, and ſubjects: now this is not compleated till the very end of the laſt book, and conſequently that book is not ſpurious, but eſſential. The Poet had ended very injudiciouſly, if he had ſtopped before;

But in diſcourſe the king and conſort lay,
While the ſoft hours ſtole unperceiv'd away;
Intent he hears Penelope diſcloſe
A mournful ſtory of domeſtick woes,

for the reader would have remained unſatisfied in two neceſſary points, *viz.* how he was made known to Laertes, and what vengeance the chief families of the nation endeavoured to take againſt the deſtroyer of their ſons; but this ſtorm being once blown over, and all his ſubjects who had taken arms being either vanquiſhed or appeaſed, the action is compleated in all its parts, and conſummates the Odyſſey. P.

Thus Ogilby:

Eurynome, bearing a taper, *led*
Them to their chamber, and their marriage-*bed.*

Ver. 319.] Chapman is exact:

Telemachus, and both his herds men then
Diſſolv'd the dances, both to maids and men.

Ver. 322.] Pope, in his epiſtle to Mr. Jervas:

While ſummer-ſuns roll *unperceiv'd away.*

Ver. 324. *A mournful ſtory of domeſtick woes.*] It is with great judgment that the Poet paſſes thus briefly over the ſtory of Penelope; he makes her impatience to hear the hiſtory of Ulyſſes the pretended occaſion of her conciſeneſs; the true reaſon is, he is unwilling to tire his reader by repeating what he already knows: it is likewiſe remarkable, that Ulyſſes does not begin his own adventures by a detail of his ſufferings during the war of Troy; for this would have been foreign to the deſign of the Odyſſey; but with his ſailing from Troy to the Cicons, and enters directly into the ſubject of it. He likewiſe concludes an epitome of the whole Odyſſey in the compaſs of one and thirty lines: and purpoſely contracts it, becauſe we are already acquainted with the whole relation.

Lycophron has given us a ſummary of the wanderings of Ulyſſes; which if any one is deſirous to compare with this of Homer, he

His ſervants inſults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds exhauſted bled,
His generous wines diſhonour'd ſhed in vain,
And the wild riots of the ſuitor-train.

will ſee the difference between a clear and an obſcure writer. Tibullus, in his Panegyrick on Meſſala, has been more ſucceſsful than Lycophron, he follows the order of Homer, and treads directly in his footſteps.

" Nam Ciconumque manus adverſis repulit armis,
" Non valuit Lotos captos avertere curſus;
" Ceſſit & Etnææ Neptunius incola rupis,
" Victa Maronæo fœdatus lumina Baccho.
" Vexit & Æolios placidum per Nerea ventos;
" Incultos adiit Læſtrygonas," &c.

Dacier is of opinion, that this recapitulation in Homer has a very good effect. I will tranſlate her obſervation. We learn from it, that the ſubject of the Odyſſey is not alone the return of Ulyſſes to his country, and his re-eſtabliſhment in it; but that it comprehends all his wanderings and all his voyages; all that he ſaw, or ſuffered in his return to it; in a word, all that he underwent after he ſet ſail from the ſhores of Troy: another advantage we reap from it is, that we ſee the order and train of the adventures of his hero, as they really happened, naturally and hiſtorically: for in his relation of them in his poem, he uſes an artificial order; that is, he begins at the latter end, and finds an opportunity to inſert all that precedes the opening of his poem by way of narration to the Phæacians: here he ſets every event in its natural order, ſo that with a glance of the eye we may diſtinguiſh what gives continuity to the action, and what is comprehended in it. By this method we are able to ſeparate the time of the duration of the poem, from the time of the duration of the action; for in reality the poem begins many years before the return of Ulyſſes; but Homer begins his action but thirty-five days before he lands in his own country. In the courſe therefore of the Odyſſey, Homer gave us the artificial, here the natural order; which is an eaſe and aſſiſtance to the memory of the reader. P.

The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and diſaſtrous fates;
All he unfolds: his liſt'ning ſpouſe turns pale
With pleaſing horrour at the dreadful tale;
Sleepleſs devours each word; and hears, how ſlain
Cicons on Cicons ſwell th' enſanguin'd plain;
How to the land of Lote unbleſt he ſails;
And images the rills, and flow'ry vales:
How daſh'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
(Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the ſpouting gore;
How, the loud ſtorms in priſon bound, he ſails
From friendly Æolus with proſp'rous gales;
Yet Fate withſtands! a ſudden tempeſt roars
And whirls him groaning from his native ſhores:
How on the barb'rous Læſtrigonian coaſt,
By ſavage hands his fleet and friends he loſt;
How ſcarce himſelf ſurviv'd: he paints the bow'r,
The ſpells of Circe, and her magick pow'r;

Ver. 331.] This line terminates diſmally indeed, for the purpoſe of a rhyme. Ogilby gives his author with fidelity:

Pleas'd with his tale, in ſleep ſhe could not fall,
Nor cloſe her eyes, till he had told her all.

Dr. Johnſon has made a ſimilar verſe for it's aſſociate, in his Vanity of human Wiſhes:

He left that name, *at which the world grew pale*,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

Ver. 336.] This line is an elegant addition from the tranſlator; who has borrowed, through the verſion of this ſummary, from the various paſſages, in which theſe adventures are retailed at large, in the former parts of the poem.

Ver. 337.] Thus, more faithfully:

How the *fell* Cyclop his *brave comrades* tore.

His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To ſeek Tireſias in the vales of death;
How in the doleful manſions he ſurvey'd
His royal mother, pale Anticlea's ſhade;
And friends in battle ſlain, heroick ghoſts!
Then how unharm'd he paſt the Siren-coaſts,
The juſtling rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
And howling Scylla whirls her thund'rous waves,
The cave of death! How his companions ſlay
The oxen ſacred to the God of day,

Ver. 355. — — *How his companions ſlay*
The oxen ſacred to the God of day.]

The ſtory of theſe oxen is fully related, lib. xii. I refer to the annotations. The crime of the companions of Ulyſſes was ſacrilege, they having deſtroyed the herds ſacred to a God. Theſe herds were ſaid to be immortal: I have there given the reaſon of it, but too conciſely, and will therefore add a ſupplement from the Polyhymnia of Herodotus; I ought to have mentioned, that the body of ſoldiers called immortal, was a ſelect number of men in the army of Xerxes: ſo named, becauſe upon the death of any one of their number, whether by war or ſickneſs, another was immediately ſubſtituted into his room, ſo that they never amounted to more or leſs than ten thouſand. If we apply this piece of hiſtory to the herds of Apollo, it excellently explains Homer's poetry: they are called immortal, becauſe upon the death of any one of the whole herd, another was brought into its place; they are ſaid neither to increaſe nor decay, becauſe they were always of a fixed number, and continually ſupplied upon any vacancy.

The reader will be apprized of the heinouſneſs of the crime in killing theſe oxen, from an obſervation of Bochart, p. 314. The Phœnicians and Ægyptians ſo ſuperſtitiouſly abſtained from the fleſh of the ox, that as Porphyry affirms, they would ſooner feed upon human fleſh than that of ſuch beaſts. Ælian tells us, that it was death amongſt the Phrygians to kill a labouring ox; and Varro, Ruſt. lib. ii. c. 5. thus writes; *ab hoc antiqui manus ita*

'Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempeſt guides,
And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tides:
How ſtruggling thro' the ſurge, he reach'd the ſhores
Of fair Ogygia, and Calypſo's bow'rs;
Where the gay blooming nymph conſtrain'd his ſtay,
With ſweet reluctant amorous delay;

abſtineri voluerunt, ut capite ſanxerint, ſi quis occidiſſet. Thus alſo Columella, in Præfat. lib. vii. *Cujus tanta fuit apud antiquos veneratio, ut tam Capitale eſſet bovem necâſſe, quam civem.*

I have been the more full upon this head, to ſhew that Homer's fiction is built upon a foundation of truth, and that he writes according to the religion of the antients: Rapin is very ſevere upon him for aſcribing the death of the companions of Ulyſſes, to the violation of theſe herds of Apollo. "The reaſon (ſays he) why "they are deſtroyed is very ridiculous, becauſe, lib. i.

— — — they dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day.

"This is certainly a far-fetch'd deſtruction: the hero or the "Poet was willing to be freed from them." But from this obſervation, they will be found to be guilty of ſacrilege, and a violation of what was regarded by the world with the utmoſt veneration; and conſequently the crime is adequate to the puniſhment. Beſides, Horace, Epiſt. lib. i. gives ſentence againſt theſe companions of Ulyſſes.

— — — — — — "Cærite cerâ
"Digni, remigium vitioſum Ithacenſis Ulyſſei;
"Cui potior patriâ fuit interdicta voluptas."

Ver. 359.] The rhymes might be mended thus:

How, *ſcap'd from ruthful Ocean's boiſterous pow'r*,
He reacht Ogygia, and Calypſo's bow'r.

Ver. 361. *Where the gay blooming nymph conſtrain'd his ſtay.*] This is a circumſtance (obſerves Madam Dacier) that Ulyſſes ought

And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow,
Immortal life exempt from age and woe:
How ſav'd from ſtorms Phæacia's coaſt he trod,
By great Alcinous honour'd as a God,
Who gave him laſt his country to behold,
With change of raiment, braſs, and heaps of gold.
He ended, ſinking into ſleep, and ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of all his cares.
Soon as ſoft ſlumber eas'd the toils of day,
Minerva ruſhes thro' th' aerial way,
And bids Aurora with her golden wheels
Flame from the ocean o'er the eaſtern hills:

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by no means to forget; for it gives him an opportunity to pay an high compliment to his wife, by letting her know he preferred her perſon to that of Calypſo a Goddeſs: this is the reaſon why he enlarges upon it in five verſes; whereas he concludes moſt of the other adventures in little more than one. But (adds that lady) we may eaſily believe that he was ſilent about the nature of his converſation with that nymph; and indeed it would have leſſened the compliment, and perhaps his welcome home, if he had not been able to keep a ſecret; he is very cautious in this reſpect; he enlarges upon the fondneſs of Calypſo for his perſon, but ſuppreſſes, for a very obvious reaſon, the kind returns he made for her civilities. P.

Ver. 363.] I ſhould like better,
And promis'd, *fondly* promis'd —.

Ver. 369.] Or thus:
With this, he *ſinks to* ſleep; and *ſweetly* ſhares
A *calm* forgetfulneſs of all his cares.

Ver. 373.] We may thus diſcard theſe miſerable rhymes, with more fidelity to the original:
And bids Aurora, golden-thron'd, ariſe
With genial beams to gladden mortal eyes.

Uproſe Ulyſſes from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the monarch ſaid.
My queen, my conſort! thro' a length of years,
We drank the cup of ſorrow mix'd with tears,
Thou, for thy lord; while me th' immortal pow'rs
Detain'd reluctant from my native ſhores.
Now, bleſt again by heav'n, the queen diſplay,
And rule our palace with an equal ſway:
Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty folds, with gifts or ſpoils.
But now I haſte to bleſs Laertes' eyes
With ſight of his Ulyſſes ere he dies;
The good old man to waſting woes a prey,
Weeps a ſad life in ſolitude away.
But hear, tho' wiſe! This morning ſhall unfold
The deathful ſcene, on heroes, heroes roll'd;
Thou with thy maids within the palace ſtay,
From all the ſcene of tumult far away!

Ver. 375.] I cannot approve theſe rhymes: which might be gained from Ogilby:

— — — — — — from his *bed*
Ulyſſes riſing to his queen thus *ſed*.

Ver. 379.] I ſhould prefer a couplet with Chapman's rhymes to ſuch inadmiſſible licence as this:

— — — — whom long th' immortals toſt
From ſhore to ſhore, all hope of ſafety loſt.

Ver. 390.] Why not literally?

— — — — — on *ſuitors ſuitors* roll'd.

He ſpoke, and ſheath'd in arms, inceſſant flies
To wake his ſon; and bid his friends ariſe.
To arms! aloud he cries: his friends obey,
With glitt'ring arms their manly limbs array,
And paſs the city-gate; Ulyſſes leads the way.
Now flames the roſy dawn, but Pallas ſhrouds
The latent warriours in a veil of clouds.

Ver. 393.] Better, I think, and with more fidelity, thus:
He *ſpake*; and, ſheath'd in *glittering armour*, flies
To wake his ſon, and bid *the herdſmen riſe*.

Ver. 396.] Or, with the variety of his original,
With arms *of braſs* their manly limbs array.

Ver. 398.] — — *Pallas ſhrouds*
The latent warriours in a veil of clouds.]

Ulyſſes, to avoid obſervation, leaves the city at the point of day, before the darkneſs was quite diſpelled; this is the ſuggeſtion of his own wiſdom, which is figured by Minerva. P.

Ver. 399.] Expunge an idle word, and conform to the model:
The *haſt'ning* warriours ——. EDITOR.

This book ends in the morning of the forty-firſt day. There are but few verſes in the tranſlation, more than in Homer: I ſpeak it not as if this were a beauty, it may as well be a fault; our heroic verſe conſiſts but of ten ſyllables, the Greek oftentimes of ſeventeen, as in this verſe,

Αὖτις ἔπειτα πόδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδὴς.

We therefore write with the diſadvantage of ſeven ſyllables, which makes it generally impoſſible to comprehend the ſenſe of one line in Homer within the compaſs of one line in a tranſlation, with any tolerable beauty; but in ſome parts, where the ſubject ſeemed to hang heavy, this has been attempted; with what ſucceſs, muſt be left to the reader. P.

THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE ſouls of the Suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal ſhades. Ulyſſes in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laertes; he finds him buſied in his garden all alone: the manner of his diſcovery to him is beautifully deſcribed. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the ſervants. The Ithacenſians, led by Eupithes the father of Antinous, riſe againſt Ulyſſes, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the Goddeſs Pallas makes a laſting peace between Ulyſſes and his ſubjects, which concludes the Odyſſey. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

IT has been already proved, that this book is the genuine work of Homer; but perhaps the reader may not be diſpleaſed to ſee the reaſons why it was rejected by ſo great a critick as Ariſtarchus: I ſhall therefore lay them before him from Didymus and Spondanus.

Ariſtarchus affirms, that this is the only place in Homer where Mercury performs the office of conducting the ſouls of the dead; and that there is no proof he was known ſo early by the title of ψυχοπομπὸς; that this is the only paſſage where he is called Cyllenius; that the ceremony of his guiding the ſouls is contrary to other deſcriptions of Homer, where they all deſcend without a guide into the manſions of the dead, even before the funeral rites. That it is abſurd to imagine a *white rock* in theſe kingdoms of darkneſs, &c. To theſe Didymus thus replies. If a ſingle mention of any incident in Homer were a reaſon for its rejection, abundance of paſſages muſt be rejected. He thinks it a ſufficient argument, that Mercury was called ψυχοπομπὸς, and Cyllenius, in the days of Homer, that he is here mentioned under theſe titles; but this is begging the queſtion. He adds, that although the ſouls of the dead deſcend without a guide in other places, this hinders not but they may deſcend with one; for they are in other places only ſaid in general to deſcend, whereas here the manner of their deſcent is particularized. Neither is it any objection againſt this book, to ſay that it is contrary to the manner of Homer to deſcribe the ſhades of the dead received immediately into the ſtate of Achilles, Agamemnon, &c. before the performance of their funeral ceremonies; this (ſays he) is a favour granted by Mercury to Ulyſſes, who was deſcended from that deity, he being the father of Acriſius, and conſequently great grandfather to Ulyſſes. It was the opinion of the antients, that the ſhades of the deceaſed could viſit the earth before the obſequies were finiſhed, but not afterwards; this is evident from the words of Patroclus, Iliad xxiii.

— — — — — To the further ſhore,
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more.

It is therefore out of favour to Ulyſſes, that Mercury introduces

theſe ſhades into the region where Agamemnon reſided, before the funeral ceremonies, that they might not return to earth and diſquiet Ulyſſes. But there may be a ſtronger objection made againſt the former part of this book; namely, that this is an epiſode which has no relation to the principal ſubject, and that we may retrench it without deſtroying any part of the action eſſential to the Odyſſey: but it may be anſwered, that though it makes no part of the principal action, yet it has a ſufficient connection with it: it is the ſequel of the death of the Suitors, and conſequently the principal action is the cauſe of it; it is drawn and deduced from it, and Homer makes a very happy uſe of it to adorn and diverſify his poem, with the hiſtory of what happened before Troy, after the concluſion of the Iliad: and in particular, with the death of Achilles, and a deſcription of his funeral ceremonies. *Didymus, Dacier.*

Plato in the beginning of his third dialogue, de Repub. brings an heavy charge againſt Homer, for the diſadvantageous character he gives of a future ſtate. He quotes the ſimilitude of the Bats, and affirms that the dreadful deſcription of the condition of the dead, muſt deter mankind from hazarding their lives, even in the cauſe of their country. "Let us then (ſays that author) with "the permiſſion of Homer and other poets, reject ſuch relations, "not becauſe they are unpoetical, not becauſe they are unpleaſant to read, but becauſe by how much they are more pleaſant "and poetical, by ſo much they are more dangerous, and to be "kept from our youth, and men, who are born to aſſert their "liberty with the hazard of their lives, and prefer death to "ſlavery." It muſt be allowed that this is ſtrong reaſoning, and it is not eaſy to guard the doctrine of Homer from ſuch unhappy conſequences; for why ſhould men chuſe to die, rather than be ſlaves, when by death they fall into a worſe condition? It will not be an anſwer to ſay that Homer aſſerts a threefold ſtate in futurity, viz. of the ſoul, the εἴδωλον, or *vehicle*, and the body: and that while the *vehicle* is in this condition of horrours, the ſoul may be happy; for ſtill the ſtate of the dead is repreſented as a ſtate of horrour, and man is in part (namely, in his εἴδωλον) miſerable after death: nay, ſo miſerable that even Hercules, who was a God, and received amongſt the deities, is yet tormented in hell; lib. xi.

Here hov'ring ghoſts, like fowl, his ſhade ſurround,
And clang their pinions with terrifick ſound,

Gloomy as night he ſtands, in act to throw
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.

It will indeed be a vindication of Homer as a Poet, to ſay that he wrote according to the opinion of his age; and that ſuch as was the notion of the antients of a future ſtate, ſuch is his deſcription of it. I will only add, that we may collect from Plato, that he judged this book genuine, for he quotes this paſſage as Homer's. P.

THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghoſts to realms of night or day,
Points out the long, uncomfortable way.
Trembling the ſpectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow ſcreams, along the deep deſcent.

NOTES.

Ver. 5.] An abſurd interpolation by the tranſlator, againſt the truth of claſſical mythology, on ſole purpoſe for the rhyming word.

Ver. 6.] In his Iliad, concerning Bellerophon, he has almoſt the ſame verſe:

A *long*, forlorn, *uncomfortable way*.

As in the cavern of ſome rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obſcene;
Cluſter'd they hang, 'till at ſome ſudden ſhock,
They move, and murmurs run thro' all the rock:
So cow'ring fled the ſable heaps of ghoſts,
And ſuch a ſcream fill'd all the diſmal coaſts.
And now they reach'd the Earth's remoteſt ends,
And now the gates where ev'ning Sol deſcends,
And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmoſt ſtreams,
And now pervade the duſky land of Dreams,

Ver. 9.] Theſe rhymes are not worthy of the name.

Ver. 17. *And Leucas' rock* — —] This deſcription of the deſcent into hell is more particular than that in the xith Odyſſey; and each particular is well ſuited to the ſubject; the deſcent is fabled to be by the Ocean, becauſe the ſun ſeems to deſcend through it into Night or the region of darkneſs, in the weſtern parts of Heaven. Milton fables the ſun to riſe through the gates of light, after the manner of the antients.

— — — — — — 'Till morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with roſy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light — — —

The circumſtance likewiſe of going through the region of *dreams* is well choſen; Dreams are the attendants of ſleep, the brother of Death; they come by night, and are therefore well imagined to have relation to the kingdom of death, and to be introductory to it; Virgil, in the deſcent of Æneas into hell, has borrowed this image,

— — — "Quam ſedem ſomnia vulgo
"Vana tenere ferunt" — — —
The God of ſleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on every leaf are ſpread.

And reſt at laſt, where ſouls unbodied dwell
In ever-flow'ring meads of Aſphodel.
The empty Forms of men inhabit there,
Impaſſive ſemblance, images of air!
Nought elſe are all that ſhin'd on earth before;
Ajax, and great Achilles, are no more!

The only circumſtance liable to objection is, the Leucadian, or *white* rock, which Ariſtarchus thought improperly placed in the road to the realms of darkneſs; but (replies Euſtathius) this is only meant of a rock ſtanding on the extremities of the earth, or a rock on which the laſt rays of the ſun fall. Dacier imagines, that there is a further meaning in the expreſſion: "There is an "iſland over-againſt Acarnania, on the weſt of Ithaca, called "Leucas, from a white rock ſtanding in it; this rock was famous "in antiquity, becauſe lovers in deſpair threw themſelves from "the top of it into the ocean; it was called *the Lover's leap*, and "being thus remarkable for the deaths of numbers of people, "Homer places it here." This is no ill explication: for a rock may well be feigned to ſtand at the entrance of the region of death, by which ſo many perſons had entered into it.

Ovid, in his Epiſtles, mentions this Leucadian rock.

— — — — O you that love in vain,
Fly hence, and ſeek the fair Leucadian main:
There ſtands a rock from whoſe impending ſteep,
Apollo's fane ſurveys the rolling deep;
There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguiſh, and forget to love. P.

Ver. 24.] His author may be thus exhibited without mutilation:

E'en Ajax, mighty warriour, is no more;
Ajax, of all the Greeks the nobleſt name:
Achilles only matcht the hero's fame.
Him their ſuperiour ſtill the dead confeſt;
A maſter-ghoſt, high towering o'er the reſt:

for who can endure the rhymes of the laſt couplet of our Poet's tranſlation?

Yet ſtill a maſter-ghoſt, the reſt he aw'd,
The reſt ador'd him, tow'ring as he trod;
Still at his ſide is Neſtor's ſon ſurvey'd,
And lov'd Patroclus ſtill attends his ſhade.
New as they were to that infernal ſhore,
The Suitors ſtopp'd, and gaz'd the hero o'er.
When, moving ſlow, the regal form they view'd
Of great Atrides: him in pomp purſu'd
And ſolemn ſadneſs thro' the gloom of hell,
The train of thoſe who by Ægyſthus fell.
O mighty chief! (Pelides thus began)
Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!

Ver. 35. *O mighty chief!* (*Pelides thus began*) &c.] This appears to be introduced ſomewhat unnaturally: Achilles had now been dead about ten years, and Agamemnon almoſt as long; it can therefore ſcarce be reconciled to probability, to imagine that they ſhould not have met before this time, and mutually have ſatisfied their curioſities, by relating their ſeveral ſtories at ſome former interview: Dacier indeed remarks, that we are not to imagine this conference was held at the time when the Suitors deſcended, but upon ſome preceding occaſion, immediately after the death of Agamemnon. If this be allowed, yet the objection remains, that the introduction is forced and unnatural, for then the deſcent of Mercury and the ſhades of the Suitors will be no reaſon why this conference ſhould be here repeated: for ſo, neither Mercury nor the Suitors hear it. But Dacier is undoubtedly in an errour; for ἴσαν in the original is the third perſon plural, and abſolutely refers to Mercury and the ſhades of the Suitors; and therefore it follows that this conference happened at the time of their enterance.

The ſhades of the Suitors (obſerves Dacier) when they are ſummoned by Mercury out of the palace of Ulyſſes, emit a feeble plaintive, inarticulate ſound, τρίζουσι, *ſtrident:* whereas Agamemnon, and the ſhades that have long been in the ſtate of the dead,

King of a hundred kings! to whom reſign'd
The ſtrongeſt, braveſt, greateſt of mankind.
Com'ſt thou the firſt, to view this dreary ſtate?
And was the nobleſt the firſt mark of fate? 40

ſpeak articulately. I doubt not but Homer intended to ſhew by the former deſcription, that when the ſoul is ſeparated from the organs of the body, it ceaſes to act after the ſame manner, as while it was joined to it; but how the dead recover their voices afterwards it is not eaſy to underſtand. In other reſpects Virgil paints after Homer.

— — — — — "pars tollere vocem
"Exiguam: inceptus clamor fruſtratur hiantes."
They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes,
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gaſping throats.
Dryden.

But why ſhould we ſuppoſe with Dacier, that theſe ſhades of the Suitors have loſt the faculty of ſpeaking; I rather imagine, that the ſounds they uttered were ſigns of complaint and diſcontent, and proceeded not from an inability to ſpeak: after Patroclus was ſlain, he appears to Achilles, and ſpeaks very articulately to him; yet to expreſs his ſorrow at his departure he acts like theſe ſuitors: for Achilles

Like a thin ſmoke beholds the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

Dacier conjectures, that the power of ſpeech ceaſes in the dead, till they are admitted into a ſtate of reſt; but Patroclus is an inſtance to the contrary in the Iliad, and Elpenor in the Odyſſey, for they both ſpeak before their funeral rites are performed, and conſequently before they enter into a ſtate of repoſe amongſt the ſhades of the happy. P.

Ver. 38.] Much in the ſame language is his Eſſay on Man:
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd:
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:

a deciſion, in my opinion, beyond meaſure too harſh, and never repeated by me but with ſorrow on that account.

Condemn'd to pay the great arrear ſo ſoon,
The lot, which all lament, and none can ſhun!
Oh! better hadſt thou ſunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes might raiſe
Hiſtorick marbles to record thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe eternal on the faithful ſtone
Had with tranſmiſſive glories grac'd thy ſon.
But heavier fates were deſtin'd to attend:
What man is happy, 'till he knows his end?
O ſon of Peleus! greater than mankind!
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly ſhade rejoin'd)
Thrice happy thou! to preſs the martial plain
Midſt heaps of heroes in the quarrel ſlain:
In clouds of ſmoke, rais'd by the noble fray,
Great and terrifick ev'n in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you ev'ry way.

Ver. 41.] The rhymes might become faultleſs thus:

Condemn'd to pay ſo ſoon the great arrear;
The lot, which none can ſhun, and all *muſt fear:*

but with leſs vigour of ſentiment and expreſſion.

Ver. 44.] Shakſpere, Henry viii. iii. 2.

And bears his *bluſhing honours* thick upon him.

Ver. 45.] Compare book i. verſe 305.

Ver. 53.] Thus Ogilby, whom our poet evidently gives with improvement:

Thou far from Greece fell'ſt on the Trojan *plain,*
Many on both ſides in thy reſcue *ſlain.*

Ver. 55.] He ſhould have ſaid, without a *figure*, which is likely to miſlead,

Nor ceas'd the ſtrife, 'till Jove himſelf oppos'd,
And all in tempeſts the dire ev'ning clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the funeral bed beſtow'd.
Then unguents ſweet and tepid ſtreams we ſhed;
Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipt the curling honours of his head.
Struck at the news, thy azure mother came;
The ſea-green ſiſters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament thro' all the main
Was heard, and terrour ſeiz'd the Grecian train:

In clouds of duſt:

as Chapman very well renders:

— — — — thy brave perſon lay
Hid in a duſty whirlewinde.

Ogilby has a couplet of great merit; and faithful as it is elegant:

Whil'ſt in a duſtie whirl-wind thou did'ſt lie;
Thy valour loſt, forgot thy chivalrie.

Ver. 56. *Great and terrifick ev'n in death.*] There is a very peculiar beauty in the verſification of Homer in this place:

— — — σὺ δὲ γροφάλιγι κονίης
Κεῖσο μέγας μεγαλωστὶ.

The words μέγας μεγαλωστὶ ſet the largeneſs of the body of Achilles ſtretched out upon the ground full before our eyes; we ſee him in the deſcription; the repetition forces it upon our obſervation, ſo that the mind has time to dwell upon it, and admire the extent of the limbs of that hero. P.

So Ovid, very finely, of his ghoſt, met. xiii. 442.

Exit humo *latè ruptâ.*

Ver. 68. — — — *Terrour ſeiz'd the Grecian train.*] This deſcription furniſhed Ariſtarchus with another objection to this book: he thought it improbable that the appearance of Thetis

Back to their ſhips the frighted hoſt had fled;
But Neſtor ſpoke, they liſten'd, and obey'd.

and her ſea-nymphs ſhould terrify the whole Grecian army; they ſay in anſwer, that all the ocean was in a great commotion as Thetis aſcended, or as Homer expreſſes it,

— — — βοὴ δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ὄρωρε
Θεσπεσίη. — — —

This uproar occaſioned their fear; the Greeks were ignorant of the cauſe of it, and conſequently apprehended ſome dreadful event; this is evident, for Neſtor appeaſes their conſternation by unfolding the reaſon of the tumult, and ſhewing them that it was occaſioned by the aſcent of Thetis.

The reader has undoubtedly obſerved how excellently Homer ſuſtains his characters; Neſtor is the wiſeſt man, both in the Iliad and Odyſſey: he has the experience of a very great age, and may therefore be ſuppoſed to be acquainted with all the moſt uncommon appearances in nature: the poet accordingly deſcribes him as the only perſon not afraid in the Grecian army; there were others undoubtedly as brave as Neſtor, but not one ſo wiſe; his intrepidity is therefore to be imputed to his wiſdom, not bravery; and this furniſhes us with an excellent moral; That ignorance is uſually the ſource of fear.

The character of Achilles is no leſs happily ſupported; the ſame love of glory is viſible in all he ſpeaks, that diſtinguiſhed his character through the Iliad: he ſtill prefers a ſhort life with fame, before old age without it.

Ὡς ὄφελες τιμῆς ἀπονήμενος· ἧς περ ἄνασσες,
Δήμῳ ἐνὶ Τρώων θάνατον καὶ κότμον ἐπισπών.

The ſentiment is truly heroick; diſhonour is worſe than death, the happineſs or miſery of which is not to be meaſured by time, but glory; long life is but lengthened mortality, and they who live the longeſt have but the ſmall privilege of creeping more leiſurely than others to their graves. P.

Ver. 69.] Theſe villainous rhymes may be ſuperſeded thus:

Back to their ſhips *our* hoſt *in wild diſmay*
Had fled; but Neſtor *ſpeaks*, and *all obey*.

(From old experience Neſtor's counſel ſprings,
And long viciſſitudes of human things.)
"Forbear your flight: fair Thetis from the main
"To mourn Achilles leads her azure train."
Around thee ſtand the daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heav'nly veſts, and round thee weep,
Round thee, the Muſes, with alternate ſtrain,
In ever conſecrating verſe, complain.

Ver. 73.] Thus Ogilby:

His mother, with her ſea-nymphs in a *train*,
Comes to lament her offspring from the *main*.

Ver. 77. *Round thee, the Muſes — —*] It is impoſſible (obſerves Dacier) not to be ſtruck with the noble fictions of Homer in honour of Achilles; every circumſtance is great. A whole army is in tears; the Muſes celebrate his glory; a goddeſs and her nymphs ennoble it with their preſence and lamentations. At the funerals of other heroes, women and captives are the mourners; here the Muſes perſonally appear. Heaven and Earth, Men and Gods intereſt themſelves in the obſequies of ſo great an Hero! Yet from this place Ariſtarchus draws an argument for rejecting this book: Homer (ſays he) no where elſe gives the number of the nine Muſes, inſinuating that their number was not fixed in his age; but Homer frequently invokes the Muſes, why then ſhould he be ignorant of the number: and if not ignorant of it, why might he not mention it? Ariſtarchus further adds, that it is abſurd to imagine the body of Achilles could be preſerved ſeventeen days without burial; but this may be aſcribed to the power of Thetis, who may eaſily be ſuppoſed to preſerve it. Beſides, why may not the body be embalmed? and then there will be no occaſion for a miracle, and the interpoſition of a Goddeſs: we muſt remember what ſhe did to the body of Patroclus in the Iliad. P.

Each warlike Greek the moving muſick hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.
'Till ſev'nteen nights and ſev'nteen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee, the ſucceeding day,
And fatted ſheep and ſable oxen ſlay;
With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires,
And like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriours round the burning pile
Urge the fleet courſer's or the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of duſt o'er all the circle riſe,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the ſkies.
Soon as abſorpt in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,

Ver. 79.] Chapman is more faithful and pathetic:

And then, of all our army, not an eye
You could have ſeene, undrown'd in miſery.

Nor leſs Ogilby:

Thou could'ſt not ſee an ey of all were there,
So ſweet, ſo ſad their notes, without a tear.

Ver. 86.] Or, more perſpicuouſly,

In *god-like robes* adorn'd—.

Ver. 88.] The tranſlator totally miſconceives his author, (not to cenſure the *rhymes*) who was only ſpeaking of the funeral proceſſion of the *war-dance* round the pile: compare Æneid xi. 188. Ogilby is not amiſs:

Both horſe and foot, compleatly arm'd, ſurround
The crackling flames, whil'ſt doleful cries reſound.

Ver. 89.] Thus? with more fidelity:

Thick clouds of *circling* duſt *involve* the ſkies,
And *mingled clamours, loud and long, ariſe.*

We then collect thy ſnowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vaſe,
(The vaſe to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the ſculptur'd gold)
There we thy relicks, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, the departed friend:

Ver. 97. *There we thy relicks, great Achilles! blend*
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend.]

This is agreeable to the requeſt made to Achilles by the ghoſt of Patroclus, in the Iliad.

Hear then! and as in fate and love we join,
Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine!
That golden urn thy Goddeſs mother gave,
May mix our aſhes in one common grave!

It is likewiſe aſſerted by Homer, that the bones of Antilochus were repoſited in the ſame urn with thoſe of Patroclus and Achilles; where then is the peculiar honour paid to Patroclus, if Antilochus was partaker of it? The difference is, the bones of Achilles and Patroclus were mixed in the urn, thoſe of Antilochus lay ſeparately.

Homer adds, that the whole army raiſed a monument to Achilles; this is done according to his own injunctions in the Iliad, for ſpeaking of the tomb of Patroclus, he thus proceeds;

Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common ſtructure on the humble ſands;
Hereafter Greece, ſome nobler work may raiſe,
And late poſterity record our praiſe.

Achilles means, that when he is dead the Greeks ſhould raiſe one common monument to himſelf and Patroclus, which we ſee here effected. P.

Ver. 98.] I have reſtored the emphatical reading of the *firſt* edition: the later give,

— — — — — *thy* departed friend:

which aroſe from an inelegant corrector.

In the ſame urn a ſep'rate ſpace contains
Thy next belov'd, Antilochus' remains.
Now all the ſons of warlike Greece ſurround
Thy deſtin'd tomb, and caſt a mighty mound:
High on the ſhore the growing hill we raiſe,
That wide th' extended Helleſpont ſurveys;
Where all, from age to age who paſs the coaſt,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghoſt.
Thetis herſelf to all our peers proclaims
Heroick prizes and exequial games;
The Gods aſſented; and around thee lay
Rich ſpoils and gifts that blaz'd againſt the day.
Oft' have I ſeen with ſolemn funeral games
Heroes and kings committed to the flames;
But ſtrength of youth, or valour of the brave
With nobler conteſt ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis giv'n,
And ſuch thy honours, oh belov'd of heav'n!
Dear to mankind thy fame ſurvives, nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian ſhades.

Ver. 107.] Dryden, at Æn. v. 149.

The trumpet's clangor then the feaſt *proclaims*,
And all prepare for their appointed *games*.

Our poet, in Dunciad, ii. 17.

And now the queen, to glad her ſons, *proclaims*
By herald hawkers high heroic *games*.

Ver. 111.] Theſe rhymes have too recently occurred.

But what to me avail my honours gone,
Succeſsful toils, and battles bravely won?
Doom'd by ſtern Jove, at home to end my life,
By curſt Ægyſthus, and a faithleſs wife!
Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the ſad numbers by Ulyſſes ſlain.
On each majeſtick form they caſt a view,
And tim'rous paſs'd, and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, thro' the gloomy ſhade,
His antient hoſt Amphimedon ſurvey'd;
Son of Melanthius! (he began) O ſay!
What cauſe compell'd ſo many, and ſo gay,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?

Ver. 119.] We may thus mend the rhymes:

But what avails my race with honour run?

Ver. 125.] His original here is groſsly miſrepreſented by our tranſlator. Homer ſays, that "as ſoon as the two chiefs, Achilles "and Agamemnon, ſaw the ſuitors, they were amazed, and went "up to them." But Chapman was our poet's blind guide on this occaſion:

Whom now amaze invaded with the view,
And made give backe.

Ver. 127. *But Agamemnon, thro' the gloomy ſhade,*
His antient hoſt Amphimedon ſurvey'd.]

An objection has been raiſed againſt this paſſage, and it has been thought an abſurdity that Agamemnon ſhould be the gueſt of Amphimedon, and not of Ulyſſes, when he came to make an addreſs to him, and was within his territories. Didymus anſwers, that this conduct in Agamemnon was occaſioned by the refuſal of Ulyſſes to aſſiſt in the war of Troy: Agamemnon reſented his denial, and went to the houſe of Amphimedon. P.

Say, could one city yield a troop ſo fair?
Were all theſe partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of ſtormy Neptune ſweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pirates cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's ſands?
Or well-defending ſome beleaguer'd wall,
Say, for the publick did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy gueſt; for ſuch I was of yore
When our triumphant navies touch'd your ſhore;
Forc'd a long month the wintry ſeas to bear,
To move the great Ulyſſes to the war.

Ver. 138.] Thus his author dictates:

Or ſay, defending ſome beleaguer'd wall,
For *wives and country* did ye greatly fall?

Ver. 142. *Forc'd a long month — —*
To move the great Ulyſſes to the war.]

It is not obvious why Ulyſſes, who was a perſon of the greateſt bravery, ſhould be unwilling to engage in ſuch an action of glory, as the war of Troy: was it becauſe he foreſaw that it would be a work of danger, (as Euſtathius imagines) or was he diſſatisfied in the ground of it, which was only to revenge the rape of Helen, and nothing but a private injury? The former is a reaſon unworthy of his heroick character, the latter is no more than a conjecture. It may poſſibly be a truer reaſon that he was unwilling to forſake his wife, of whom he was very fond, and whom he newly had married; but then it muſt be allowed, that he prefers his love to his glory. Euſtathius recites the manner how he was drawn to engage in the war of Troy: Ulyſſes, to deliver himſelf from the importunities of his friends to aſſiſt Agamemnon, pretended madneſs, and yoked two animals of a different kind to a plough, and began to work with them; Palamedes, who ſuſpected

O king of men! I faithful ſhall relate
(Reply'd Amphimedon) our hapleſs fate.
Ulyſſes abſent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves purſu'd his royal dame:
Her coy reſerve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common ſuit nor granted, nor deny'd;

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the impoſture, took his ſon Telemachus, an infant, and laid him in the furrow before the plough; Ulyſſes turned aſide not to hurt his child, and this diſcovered the impoſition. Ariſtotle takes notice of the great judgment of Homer in ſuppreſſing this incident concerning Ulyſſes, it being unworthy of the bravery of an hero: he is proving, chap. viii. of his Poeticks, that all the actions of an hero's life are not to be inſerted in an epick poem, for the actions of the ſame man are ſo many and different, that we can never reduce them to unity: for this reaſon Homer mentions not all the adventures of Ulyſſes, but only ſuch as have relation to the ſubject of the Odyſſey; he knew that this counterfeit madneſs had no connexion either in truth or probability with the ſubject of his poem, and therefore he forbears the mention of it. The reader will underſtand the meaning of Ariſtotle, if he conſiders that the ſubject of the Odyſſey is the ſtory of a perſon who ſuffers great calamities in the return to his country, before he eſtabliſhes himſelf in his dominions: now the counterfeited madneſs of Ulyſſes has no connexion with theſe ſufferings, and conſequently is judiciouſly omitted by Homer as foreign to the deſign of the poem, and contrary to the unity of the action. A detail of all the adventures of an hero's life is the province of hiſtory; the relation of one ſingle, great, and ſurpriſing action, is the ſubject of epick poetry. P.

Bad rhymes! A correction of Ogilby is neater and more accurate:

A month *entire* at ſea we, lingering, ſtaid,
E'er *anxious pray'rs Ulyſſes* could perſuade.

Ver. 144.] Chapman has theſe rhymes:

— — — — — — and will *relate*
The truth, in whole forme, of our timeleſſe *fate*:

and Ogilby after him, whom I ſhall not quote.

But cloſe with inward hate our deaths deſign'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious, in deluſion, ſpread
A ſpacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
Ye peers (ſhe cry'd) who preſs to gain my heart
Where dead Ulyſſes claims no more a part,
Yet a ſhort ſpace, your rival-ſuit ſuſpend,
'Till this funereal web my labours end:
Ceaſe, 'till to good Laertes I bequeath
A taſk of grief, his ornaments of death:
Leſt, when the Fates his royal aſhes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my ſpotleſs fame;
Should he, long honour'd with ſupreme command,
Want the laſt duties of a daughter's hand.
The fiction pleas'd: our gen'rous train complies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in virtue's fair diſguiſe.
The work ſhe ply'd; but ſtudious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unſeen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And ſhow'd, as unperceiv'd we took our ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand.

Ver. 152.] The reader may compare the ſame paſſage in book ii. verſe 103. and book xix. verſe 160.

Forc'd, ſhe compleats it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whoſe gold and ſilver ray
Diſplay'd the radiance of the night and day.
Juſt as ſhe finiſh'd her illuſtrious toil,
Ill fortune led Ulyſſes to our iſle.
Far in a lonely nook, beſide the ſea,
At an old ſwineherd's rural lodge he lay.
Thither his ſon from ſandy Pyle repairs,
And ſpeedy lands, and ſecretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and reſort
Confed'rate, to the city and the court.
Firſt came the ſon; the father next ſucceeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;

Ver. 174.] Perhaps this verſe would be improved by more perſpicuity, thus:

— — — — — — whoſe gold and ſilver ray
Beam'd like the *lamp* of night, and *orb of* day:

or,

Shone like the *queen* of night, and *lord of* day.

Ver. 175.] Or thus, for unexceptionable rhymes:

Soon as the veſt receiv'd her final hand,
Fate brought Ulyſſes to his native land.

And yet, I ſee, theſe rhymes have too recently occurred.

Ver. 177.] Or as follows, for the ſame reaſon:

Far at a lonely *corner of the field,*
A ſwineherd's rural lodge *the king conceal'd.*
From *Pylos ſoon he ſaw* his ſon *repair*;
Who ſpeedy lands, and *plots our ruin there.*
They *from the ſecret conference* reſort —:

but even the concluding rhymes are vicious; and almoſt perpetual ſubſtitution were neceſſary upon this ground of objection.

Propt on a ſtaff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags, that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulyſſes in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill us'd by all! to ev'ry wrong reſign'd,
Patient he ſuffer'd with a conſtant mind.
But when, ariſing in his wrath t'obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way;
The ſcatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treaſur'd in a private room:
Then, to her ſuitors bade his queen propoſe
The archer's ſtrife; the ſource of future woes,

Ver. 195. *Then, to her Suitors bade his queen propoſe*, &c.] We have already ſeen, that it was the contrivance of Penelope to propoſe the bow, to gain time to defer the marriage hour; how then comes Amphimedon to aſcribe it to the art of Ulyſſes? Euſtathius anſwers that Amphimedon is in an errour, and that though the contrivance was from Penelope, yet Amphimedon could not come to the knowledge of it; and ſuch ſtratagems being agreeable to the character of Ulyſſes, he imputes this action to him rather than Penelope.

It is impoſſible not to take notice that Homer makes repetition after repetition: Agamemnon ſpeaks the ſame words as in the eleventh Odyſſey: Amphimedon the ſame as in the ſecond; and the whole account of the Suitors deſtruction is no more than a recital of what the reader already knows. Was Homer tired at the end of his work, and would not give himſelf the labour of invention? I confeſs we may loſe our appetite to ſee the ſame entertainment thus continually ſerved up in the very ſame manner, without ſo much as a new garniſhment. I fear the words of Ulyſſes may ſometimes be applicable to Homer.

And what ſo tedious as a twice-told tale?

Beſides, this whole infernal interview is merely ornamental, which the Poet was at liberty to inſert or omit according to his judgment.

And omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging ſtring, and try'd the ſtubborn yew:
To none it yields but great Ulyſſes' hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands:
The bow he ſnatch'd, and in an inſtant bent;
Thro' ev'ry ring the victor arrow went.

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without breaking the thread of the principal action; it might therefore be wiſhed that he had ſubſtituted ſome other incident in the room of it, and given a greater diverſity to the ſtory. If by laying the ſcene in hell, he deſigned to raiſe the wonder and curioſity of the reader (who cannot fail of having his attention awakened to ſee a proſpect opened beyond the bounds of nature, and to look into the ſtate of departed heroes) yet it muſt be confeſſed that this deſign has already been fully executed in the eleventh of the Odyſſey. But the Poet ſeems to introduce the deſcent for the information of the dead rather than the living; Agamemnon is told how the Suitors were deſtroyed by Ulyſſes; and Achilles how nobly the Greeks performed his funeral obſequies; incidents that very little contribute to the ſtory of the Odyſſey. In ſhort, the main action ſtands ſtill during this whole epiſode, which takes up almoſt half the book, and the latter part of the epiſode preſents no new object to amuſe and entertain us. But,

——————— "Cynthius aurem
"Vellit" ———

I betray my own want of judgment, rather than diſcover Homer's errours. I will only add, that the reader will be fully convinced that this whole epiſode may be omitted, by obſerving how well the ſtory will be carried on with a regular connection by beginning the book with theſe words,

Οἱ δ' ἴσαν ἐκ πόλιος καλέσαν, τάχα δ' ἀγρὸν ἵκοντο, &c.

So that if I could in any part ſubſcribe to the opinion of Ariſtarchus for the rejection of this book, it ſhould be only for the former part of it, but I am perſuaded from the nobleneſs of the verſes, that the whole is genuine. P.

Fierce on the threſhold then in arms he ſtood;
Pour'd forth the darts, that thirſted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God!
Firſt bleeds Antinous: thick the ſhafts reſound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches ſtrow the ground;
This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some God aſſiſted, and unmann'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood beſmear the ſtones.
Thus, great Atrides! thus Ulyſſes drove
The ſhades thou ſeeſt, from yon' fair realms above.
Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, ſpread the marble floor.
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to ſhed
Oe'r the pale corſe! the honours of the dead.

Ver. 205.] The latter clauſe is mere interpolation, for the ſake of a rhyme; which yet is vicious. Thus?

And, *frowning* dreadful, *draws the fatal wood.*

Ver. 214.] Ogilby, juſt above:

Aloud they groan, and falling *ſmear* all ore
With reeking blood, and brains, *the marble floor.*

Chapman, ſaving his conceits, is very good:

— — — — — — but all in flood
The pavement ſtraight bluſht with our vital blood:
And thus our ſoules came here; our bodies laid
Neglected in his roofes: no word convaid
To any friend, to take us home and give
Our wounds fit balming; nor let ſuch as live,
Entombe our deaths; and for our fortunes, ſhed
Thoſe teares, and dead rites, that renowne the dead.

Oh bleſt Ulyſſes (thus the king expreſt
His ſudden rapture) in thy conſort bleſt!
Not more thy wiſdom, than her virtue ſhin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her conſtant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the paſt,
And model to the future age, ſhall laſt:
The Gods, to honour her fair fame, ſhall raiſe
(Their great reward) a Poet in her praiſe.
Not ſuch, oh Tyndarus! thy daughter's deed,
By whoſe dire hand her king and huſband bled:
Her ſhall the Muſe to infamy prolong,
Example dread! and theme of tragick ſong!
The gen'ral ſex ſhall ſuffer in her ſhame,
And ev'n the beſt that bears a woman's name.
Thus in the regions of eternal ſhade
Conferr'd the mournful phantoms of the dead.

Ver. 230.] Compare another exhibition of this ſentiment in book xi. verſe 539. The original is alike in both places.

Ver. 232. *Thus in the regions of eternal ſhade.*] I think it will not be improper here to particularize from whence antiquity raiſed the fictions concerning hell, and the nature of it, as we have it in Diodorus Siculus.

Pluto (obſerves that author) was the firſt that introduced the rites of ſepulture, and other ceremonies beſtowed on the dead: this is the reaſon why the antients imagined him to be the king of the dead.

Rhadamanthus is ſaid to have been the moſt juſt man in the world, he ſeverely puniſhed robbers and other notorious offenders, and from his ſingular reputation for integrity was feigned to be the judge of the good and bad after death; and for the ſame reaſon Minos was joined with him in the ſame dignity.

While from the town, Ulyſſes, and his band,
Paſt to Laertes' cultivated land. 235

Homer borrowed his fictions from Orpheus, Orpheus from the Ægyptians: it was Orpheus who introduced the opinion of the pains of the damned, and of the Elyſian fields, and taught that the ſouls of the dead were conducted by Mercury into the infernal manſions: (a proof that he was called ψυχοπομπὸς before the days of Homer.) Diodorus proceeds, and mentions the beginning of this book, how Homer feigns that Mercury leads the ſhades of the dead by the ocean, the Leucadian rock, and the gates of the ſun: a plain inſtance that he looked upon this book as the genuine work of Homer. All theſe fables (continues Diodorus) are of Ægyptian extract; by the ocean, Homer means Nilus; by the gates of the ſun, he means Heliopolis, a city ſacred to the ſun; the meadow into which the ſhades are conducted, denotes the pleaſant meadows full of canes, adjoining to Memphis; and the dead are feigned to reſide there, becauſe it was the general burial-place amongſt the Ægyptians. Concerning Cocytus, Acheron, &c. the reader may conſult the firſt note upon the eleventh Odyſſey.

Plutarch, in his treatiſe of Iſis and Oſyris, agrees with Diodorus concerning the extraction of theſe fables from Ægypt, and mentions at Memphis the gates of lamentation and oblivion; that is, of Lethe, and Cocytus; which being opened at the burial of the dead, give a doleful and groaning ſound. From hence they are thus deſcribed by Homer in the tenth Odyſſey.

And where flow rolling from the Stygian bed
Cocytus' lamentable waters ſpread.
Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,
And mingling ſtreams eternal murmurs make.

Theſe obſervations give light to moſt of Homer's fictions concerning hell, and ſhew that his poetry is built upon the cuſtoms of antiquity.

Macrobius explains all theſe particulars after a different manner: this ſolution ſuppoſes a ſtate of pre-exiſtence of the ſoul: "If "(ſays that author) to die, be the ſame as to go to the infernal re- "gions; to enjoy the ſupernal, is then to live; and therefore "before philoſophy prevailed, the body itſelf was ſuppoſed to be "the infernal receptacle of the ſoul, into which ſhe deſcended as

The ground himſelf had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged ſoil a plain.

" into a priſon, from above; this was thought the ſepulchre of " the ſoul, and the cave of Pluto. The river of oblivion denotes " the errour of the ſoul, which forgets the majeſty of the former " ſtate ſhe enjoyed before ſhe entered the body: Phlegethon, the " ardour of our deſires, and flames of anger; Acheron, all our " words and actions that bring us into ſorrows; ſo likewiſe, Styx " implies our hatred, Cocytus our grief and lamentation. Thus " alſo the puniſhments in hell are verified upon earth: the vulture " which preys upon the liver of Tityus, is the ſting of a guilty " conſcience; the ambitious man is the Siſyphus, who is eternally " aſpiring, and yet always diſappointed; the avaritious man is " the Tantalus, who ſtarves amidſt his plenty, &c."

By joining theſe two interpretations together, we have at once the double pleaſure of a beautiful fable and inſtructive moral; from the whole we may collect, that although the antients were ignorant of the true nature of a future ſtate, yet that they believed it, and expected there would be puniſhments and rewards in it. This note is of uſe to explain ſeveral paſſages in the eleventh Odyſſey. P.

Ogilby is very faithful:

Amongſt themſelves ſuch ſad diſcourſe they found
In Pluto's diſmal kingdoms under ground.

But our Poet, whoſe rhymes, by the by, are intolerable, had his eyes on Chapman:

— — — earth's dark and *ever-hiding ſhade.*

Ver. 236. *The ground himſelf had purchas'd with his pain.*] Euſtathius very well explains theſe words, in which the Greek may be conſtrued to ſignify that Laertes had purchaſed this place of retirement by his labour and induſtry: but probably Homer intends to expreſs an allotment or portion of ground which was aſſigned Laertes by the publick, as a reward for his heroick labours in war, and bravery in conquering his enemies, like that mentioned in the Iliad.

The Lycians grant a choſen ſpace of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harveſts crown'd.

There ſtood his manſion of the rural ſort,
With uſeful buildings round the lowly court;
Where the few ſervants that divide his care,
Took their laborious reſt, and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and ſage,
With conſtant duty tends his drooping age.
Here now arriving, to his ruſtick band
And martial ſon, Ulyſſes gave command.
Enter the houſe, and of the briſtly ſwine
Select the largeſt to the pow'rs divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I ſhare the old man's memory:
If thoſe dim eyes can yet Ulyſſes know,
(Their light and deareſt object long ago)
Now chang'd with time, with abſence, and with woe?
Then to his train he gives his ſpear and ſhield;
The houſe they enter; and he ſeeks the field,

It may either be ſo, or Homer intending ſolely to paint the laborious life of Laertes, added this circumſtance of his encreaſing his rural cell by his induſtry, as an inſtance of it; though the latter is more ſuitable to the character of a king. P.

Here again our tranſlator, I apprehend, profits by Chapman:

— — — — — — which with toile
He made a ſweet and habitable ſoile.

Ver. 238.] May the rhymes be redreſſed thus?

The *ſenior's* rural manſion there *they found*,
A lowly court, with uſeful buildings round.

Ver. 251.] I cannot admire this verſe, and it is without authority from his original.

Thro' rows of ſhade with various fruitage crown'd,
And labour'd ſcenes of richeſt verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius, nor his ſons were there,
Nor ſervants, abſent on another care;
To ſearch the woods for ſets of flow'ry thorn,
Their orchard-bounds to ſtrengthen and adorn.
But all alone the hoary king he found;
His habit coarſe, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a penſive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatſkin hair:
His buſkins old, in former ſervice torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves againſt the thorn.

Ver. 266. ——— *Gloves againſt the thorn.*] Caſaubon in his Remarks upon Athenæus, lib. xii. cap. 2. affirms, that antiently neither the Greeks nor the Romans ever wore any covering on their hands, which are now uſed ſo univerſally, that they are worn by the meaneſt people; but this place is an inſtance of Caſaubon's miſtake: it is true, Xenophon gives this practice as an argument of the luxury and delicacy of the Perſians, who ſuffered no part of the body to be expoſed to the air, but wore καὶ περὶ ἄκραις ταῖς χερσὶ χειρίδας, καὶ δακτυλήθρας ἔχουσι, "gloves upon their hands, and coverings on their very fingers." Pliny the Younger mentions the ſame cuſtom amongſt the Romans, *Manus Iliēme manicis muniebantur! ut ne cæli quidem aſperitas ullum ſtudiis tempus eriperet.* This then is the difference; the Perſians wore theſe hand-coverings out of effeminacy and delicacy; whereas in Greece they were uſed only out of neceſſity, as a defence in rural labour, as appears from Laertes, they being never mentioned upon any other occaſion, either in the Iliad or Odyſſey. *Dacier.* P.

In this array the kingly gard'ner ſtood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.

Ver. 267. *In this array the kingly gard'ner ſtood,*
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.]

This is the firſt appearance of Laertes, he is the very picture of melancholy; his dreſs, his employ, and ſolitary life, all diſcover a fixed ſorrow and contempt of the world. It has been a diſpute whether we are to aſcribe this retreat of Laertes to a meanneſs of ſpirit, who forſakes his ſtation, and is unequal to adverſity; or to wiſdom, and a noble neglect of the pomp and ſplendour of the world, by which he prefers a little rural retreat to all the magnificence of a palace, and a ſmall garden to all the dominions of a king. Plutarch ſeverely cenſures his conduct: "A perſon (obſerves that writer) who waſtes his age in his bed, or in trivial affairs, makes himſelf an object of contempt, as Homer teaches by the examples of Neſtor and Laertes: Neſtor, by engaging in the war of Troy, obtained the utmoſt veneration; while Laertes, who abandoned himſelf to ſolitude, was deſpiſed univerſally." I am unwilling to ſubſcribe to this obſervation, being of opinion that the ſilent virtues of a good man in ſolitude are more amiable than all the noiſy honours of active life. The picture of Laertes is undoubtedly drawn very naturally; a tender father is afflicted for the loſs of a brave and beloved ſon; this bitter ingredient gives a diſreliſh to all the vanities of life; he is deprived of an object that he valued above the world, he therefore neglects it as having nothing worthy of his cares, and abandons it for privacy and tranquillity. Menedemus in Terence is the very copy of Laertes in Homer; an inſtance that he thought Homer's an exact repreſentation of human nature; and the applauſe with which that Comedy was received, ſhews that all Rome was of the ſame judgment. Sorrow loves to be alone, rather ſeeks for amuſements than buſineſs and glory; and it may perhaps be true, that it ſhews more greatneſs of ſoul to reſign a kingdom than to conquer it. Pride, ambition, and guilty paſſions have raiſed many to the top of human glory; but it evidences that a perſon is not influenced by vicious ſentiments, who knows how to moderate his deſires, and is able to retire from the ſplendour of a crown into obſcurity. Tully mentions the manner of life in Laertes, without condemnation; the place is to be found in his

Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his fire, retracing ev'ry line,
The ruins of himſelf! now worn away
With age, yet ſtill majeſtick in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry ſtore;
The much enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he ſtood, if inſtant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiſs his rev'rend face,
With eager tranſport to diſcloſe the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his ſoul.—
Not ſo: his judgment takes the winding way
Of queſtion diſtant, and of ſoft eſſay;

Cato Major, where he ſpeaks of the innocent amuſements of old age, and illuſtrates his aſſertions by the example of Laertes. *Homerus Laertem lenientem deſiderium, quod capiebat e filio, colentem agrum & ſtercorantem facit.* But Tully miſtakes Homer, for Laertes is not found dunging his ground..

Perhaps inſtead of λιγραίνοντα, he read κοπρήσοντα, as it is uſed in the ſeventeenth Odyſſey.

— — — Ὀδυσσῆϊ τίμιον μέγα κοπρήσοντες.

Or perhaps he quoted by memory. I will only add, that Tully in his retirement at Tuſculum, uſed to write to his friends, that he there led the life of Laertes: and Tully was too ſenſible of his own worth, to ſpeak any thing to the diſparagement of it. P.

Ver. 271.] This elegant couplet is the repreſentative of the following verſe in his original:

Worn down with age; deep ſorrows in his ſoul!

Ver. 275.] Theſe rhymes are in Chapman; by whoſe verſion at this paſſage the reader would not be gratified.

Ver. 279. *Not ſo: his judgment takes the winding way.*] It has been objected, that Ulyſſes here acts contrary to filial piety, and permits a tender father to continue in his ſorrows, when it was

More gentle methods on weak age employs;
And moves the ſorrows, to enhance the joys.
Then, to his ſire with beating heart he moves,
And with a tender pleaſantry reproves:
Who digging round the plant ſtill hangs his head,
Nor aught remits the work, while thus he ſaid.

in his power immediately to make him happy, by a diſcovery of his perſon; they likewiſe condemn the *κερτόμια ἔπεα*, which Homer puts into the mouth of Ulyſſes. It muſt be allowed, that thoſe words are frequently uſed by the Poet in a bad ſenſe, and ſignify *heart-wounding*, or *reproachful words*; but here they are not ſo to be underſtood; they only imply, *that Ulyſſes blamed Laertes out of tenderneſs for taking no more care of his perſon:* this is not a reproach, but the language of fondneſs and affection: or perhaps the Poet meant to expreſs that this enquiry raiſed images of ſorrow in the ſoul of Laertes, and *wounded his heart* by naming the loſt Ulyſſes. Euſtathius ſolves the former objection by ſaying that Ulyſſes delayed the diſcovery, leſt the ſuddenneſs of joy ſhould prove fatal to Laertes. But Homer undoubtedly paints according to nature; Ulyſſes burſts into tears at the ſight of his father, yet reſtrains them, and tries if after twenty years abſence he was known by him; this delay raiſes the reader's curioſity, makes him, as it were, preſent at the interview, and impatient to hear the manner of the diſcovery: beſides, this procedure excellently agrees with the general character of Ulyſſes, who is upon all emergencies maſter of his paſſions, and remarkable for diſguiſe and an artful diſſimulation; this diſguiſe has a very happy effect in this place, it holds us in a pleaſing ſuſpence, and makes us wait with attention to ſee the iſſue of the interview. P.

There is great elegance in this couplet: but for the following there is no authority in Homer; and our tranſlator ſeems to have conſtructed it from Dacier: "Il voulut avoir pour un moment le "plaiſir *de réveiller un peu ſa douleur, afin de lui rendre enſuite ſa* "*joie plus ſenſible.*"

Ver. 285.] Thus Ogilby, with the ſame queſtionable rhymes:

Who digging round a plant, hung down his *head*;
When to his father thus Ulyſſes *ſaid*.

Great is thy ſkill, oh father! great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is ſtamp'd on all the ſoil,
Thy ſquadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
And not one empty ſpot eſcapes thy care.
On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are ſhown,
Nothing neglected, but thyſelf alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age ſo advanc'd may ſome indulgence claim.
Not for thy ſloth, I deem thy lord unkind;
Nor ſpeaks thy form a mean or ſervile mind:
I read a monarch in that princely air,
The ſame thy aſpect, if the ſame thy care;

Ver. 290.] Ogilby renders, not ill for his age:

No plant, no fig-tree, olive, vine, nor pear,
But both in rank and file well-order'd are.

Ver. 292.] This part of the ſpeech is executed in the beſt manner of our great tranſlator, with a ſimplicity and grace, that cannot be exceeded.

Ver. 298. *I read a monarch in that princely air.*] The words in the Greek are not without obſcurity, and Euſtathius explains them two ways; they may either ſignify, that Laertes appears to be a perſon of ſuch diſtinction that he ought to live with more delicacy and dignity, viz. *to bathe, and after a due repaſt to ſleep in ſtate*; or they imply, that Laertes ſhews the dignity of a king in his perſon, who comes from the bath, and dines in ſtate. Ulyſſes cannot compare Laertes to a king, who is freſh from the bath and dreſt royally, for he tells us, he is covered with ſweat and duſt; he therefore means that his perſonage is noble, and like a king, that therefore he ought to live like a king, with reſpect to his food and his bath, and to indulge his age by allowing it eaſe and refreſhment. P.

Soft ſleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
Theſe are the rights of age, and ſhould be thine.
Who then thy maſter, ſay? and whoſe the land
So dreſs'd and manag'd by thy ſkilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me! (what I queſtion moſt)
Is this the far-fam'd Ithacenſian coaſt?
For ſo reported the firſt man I view'd,
(Some ſurly iſlander, of manners rude)
Nor farther conference vouchſaf'd to ſtay;
Heedleſs he whiſtl'd, and purſu'd his way.
But thou! whom years have taught to underſtand,
Humanely hear, and anſwer my demand:
A friend I ſeek, a wiſe one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the beſt)
When at my houſe I lodg'd this foreign gueſt;
He ſaid, from Ithaca's fair iſle he came,
And old Laertes was his father's name.

Ver. 307.] There is want of accuracy and of arrangement in the *ſeven* verſes following, of which I ſhall ſubjoin a literal tranſlation:

Scarce found in mind; who ventur'd not to tell
The things I aſkt, nor my enquiries hear
About my friend, if yet he live and breathe,
Or now lie dead in manſions of the grave.
Hear then attentive what I ſay to thee.

Ver. 309.] Our tranſlator was mindful of the following line, which, I think, is Dryden's:

And *whiſtled*, as he went, *for want of thought*.

To him, whatever to a gueſt is ow'd
I paid, and hoſpitable gifts beſtow'd;
To him ſev'n talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve veſts, twelve tunicks ſtiff with gold,
A bowl, that rich with poliſh'd ſilver flames,
And, ſkill'd in female works, four lovely dames.
At this the father, with a father's fears:
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears.)
This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are loſt,
For godleſs men, and rude, poſſeſs the coaſt:
Sunk is the glory of this once fam'd ſhore!
Thy antient friend, oh ſtranger, is no more!
Full recompence thy bounty elſe had borne;
For ev'ry good man yields a juſt return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendſhip, not purſuing, ſins.

Ver. 322.] Thus his original:

A bowl, that rich with *flowers of* ſilver flames.

Ver. 326.] Theſe inaccurate rhymes are in Ogilby:

Thou art a ſtranger ſure to this our *coaſt*,
Thou aſk'ſt ſuch queſtions: all *thy gifts are loſt*.

Ver. 328.] Theſe *three* couplets give a very incorrect reſemblance of his author: and the laſt, if intelligible, and taken according to it's grammatical conſtruction, contradicts the ſentiment of Homer. The ſubjoined attempt is literal:

Thee, hadſt thou found him ſtill in Ithaca,
With grateful gifts and hoſpitable love
He had diſmiſs'd, as prior favours claim'd.

But tell me, ſtranger, be the truth confeſs'd,
What years have circled ſince thou ſaw'ſt that
gueſt?
That hapleſs gueſt, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my ſon!
If ever man to miſery was born,
'Twas his to ſuffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native
reign,
He lies a prey to monſters of the main,
Or ſavage beaſts his mangled reliques tear,
Or ſcreaming vultures ſcatter thro' the air:
Nor could his mother fun'ral unguents ſhed;
Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead;
Nor his ſad conſort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes, or drop'd a tender tear!
But tell me, who thou art? and what thy
race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or if a merchant in purſuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy veſſel from the main?
Or com'ſt thou ſingle, or attend thy train?

Ver. 344.] Hobbes is faithful, and will ſerve to point out the deviations of our poet:

Neither his father nor his mother by,
To wind him, and to ſhed tears o'er his bed,
Nor yet his wife weeping to cloſe his eye;
Which are the honours due unto the dead.

Then thus the ſon. From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas the king,
Of Polypemon's royal line, I ſpring.
Some adverſe Dæmon from Sicania bore
Our wand'ring courſe, and drove us on your ſhore:
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
Reliev'd our weary'd veſſel from the ſea.
Five years have circled ſince theſe eyes purſu'd
Ulyſſes parting thro' the ſable flood;

Ver. 353. — — — *From Alybas I came.*] Ulyſſes is inexhauſtible in his fictions; he here accommodates the names of perſons and places to his fortunes: Alybas is ſuppoſed to be a city of Italy, afterwards called Metapontium. It is placed by others in Thrace. It is here introduced to denote the wanderings of Ulyſſes by the ſea, or ἅλη: the word Aphidas denotes his generoſity, which *ſpares nothing* towards his friends. He feigns himſelf to be the grandſon of Πολυπήμων, to repreſent the multitude of his ſufferings; his name is Eperitus, from ἐπιρίζω, the ſame with ἐριμάχης, from ἐρίζω, to ſhew the ſtruggle that he has met with in all his adventures, as well as the toils in the war of Troy, and againſt other enemies. *Euſtathius.* P.

Thus Ogilby:

— — — — — *from Alybas I came,*
As Sicily I paſt; *Eperitus my name.*

Ver. 355.] So Chapman:

— — — — — fam'd to *ſpring*
From Polypemon, the Moloſſian *king.*

Ver. 360.] Or thus, for the rhyme:

Receiv'd our veſſel from the *watery way.*

Ver. 361.] Or thus, from the ſame objection:

Five circling years, ſince your ill-fated ſon
My country left, their annual courſe have run.

Proſp'rous he ſail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the ſkies.
Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair ſhore,
Whom heav'n, alas! decreed to meet no more.
Quick thro' the father's heart theſe accents ran;
Grief ſeiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
Deep from his ſoul he ſigh'd, and ſorrowing ſpread
A cloud of aſhes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of ſtrong delight
Stood the great ſon, heart-wounded with the ſight:

Ver. 368.] Better, perhaps, more cloſely to his author's language:

Grief *clouds* at once and *wraps* up all the man.

Ver. 369. — — — *and ſorrowing ſpread*
A cloud of aſhes on his hoary head.]

This was a common practice among the antient orientals, in token of the extremity of ſorrow; it was uſed among the Hebrews as well as Greeks; thus Ezek. xxvii. 30. *They ſhall caſt duſt upon their heads.* Job ii. 12. *They rent every one his mantle, and ſprinkled duſt upon their heads.* Thus alſo Achilles, in the eighteenth of the Iliad;

His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Thoſe he deforms in duſt, and theſe he tears.

Homer calls it κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν, which does not mean that Laertes threw glowing embers on his head, for he was in his garden, where ſuch aſhes were not to be found, but he means ξήραν, or *dry duſt*, ſuch as ariſes from ſubſtances conſumed by fire, or reſembling aſhes. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 371. *Trembling with agonies*, &c.] The Greek expreſſion is remarkable,

He ran, he ſeiz'd him with a ſtrict embrace,
With thouſand kiſſes wander'd o'er his face,
I, I am he; oh father riſe! behold.
Thy ſon, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy ſon, ſo long deſir'd, ſo long detain'd,
Reſtor'd, and breathing in his native land:

— — — ἀνὰ ῥῖνας δὲ οἱ ἤλθε
Δριμὺ μένος· πρήτυψε — — —

A ſharp ſenſation ſtruck his noſtrils. Euſtathius judges, that the meaning is, that Ulyſſes perceived himſelf ready to burſt into tears; a kind of a pricking ſharp ſenſation being felt in the noſtrils before the eruption of tears. Caſaubon more fully explains it; he obſerves that all violent paſſions cauſe a ſenſation in the noſtrils, ariſing from the ebullition of the ſpirits, which mount toward the brain; and endeavouring to free themſelves from reſtraint, find a vent by the noſtril, and crouding through it, dilate it in their paſſage; this is evident from animals, and the nobler kinds of them, as the bull, the horſe, the lion, whoſe noſtrils always dilate when moved to anger. A ſimilar expreſſion is found in the firſt Idyllium of Theocritus.

Καί οἱ ἀεὶ δριμεῖα χολὰ πρὸς ῥινὶ καθῆλαι.

He ſpeaks of the anger of the God Pan, but it is applicable to all violence of paſſion. Ariſtotle (obſerves Dacier) quotes this verſe as applied by Homer to expreſs anger, cap. 8. of his morals to Nicomachus, but he is evidently in an errour; for there is here no mention of anger: he undoubtedly truſted to his memory, it being ſorrow ariſing from filial tenderneſs which moves Ulyſſes. *Dacier.* P.

This couplet ſtands thus in his original:

His ſoul was rous'd; and through his noſtrils now
Ran ſharp ſenſation, as he view'd his ſire.

And this, I ſince ſee, is the very expreſſion employed by our annotator.

Ver. 377.] The following verſe will ſuit the rhyme:
See thy dear ſon, long-wiſh'd, before thee ſtand.

These floods of sorrow, oh my sire, restrain!
Tho vengeance is compleat; the suitor train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain.
Amaz'd, Laertes. "Give some certain sign,
"(If such thou art) to manifest thee mine."
Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
The scar indented by the tusky boar,
When by thyself and by Anticlea sent,
To old Autolycus's realms I went.
Yet by another sign thy offspring know;
The several trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace;

Ver. 389. *The several trees you gave me long ago,*
While yet a child — —]

The word in the original is παιδὸς, which signifies *a very young boy*: Homer uses it to express the age, when out of a childish simplicity Ulysses asked his father to grant him such trees. Such requests are very natural in children, and we see (says Dacier) the same practised every day; Parents out of fondness indulge the requests of their children in such little particularities, and a bird, an horse, &c, continues the child's favourite for many years. It must be allowed, that no Poet ever followed nature so faithfully as Homer. Virgil perhaps has reached his noblest elevations and sublimities, but there is a greater variety of natural incidents, more exact pictures of human life in Homer than in all other Poets. Some painters excel in the boldness of their figures, and know how to draw a Hero or a God, but are less happy in lower subjects; but Homer draws universally, and is excellent upon all occasions; he paints the largest figures, of the least sketches, equally natural, and with equal beauty. P.

Ver. 391.] This beautiful line is not from Homer, but from Virgil;

To ev'ry plant in order as we came,
Well pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load,
And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.
Swift with the signs which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown;
He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress:
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.
Soon as returning life regains its seat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;

—— sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis:
While, on my better hand, Ascanius hung,
And, with unequal paces, tript along. DRYDEN.

Ver. 392.] Ogilby's version of this passage is full:
When I a boy, with thee went up and down,
Their several names thou told'st me one by one:
but our poet was thinking on Milton, Par. Lost, vii. 493.
—— —— —— —— —— the rest are numberless;
And thou their *natures* know'st, and gav'st them *names*.

Ver. 394.] Thus Ogilby:
Of every sort you some on me *bestow'd*,
Which seasonable showers with fruit did *load*.

Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!
Heav'n rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
'Tis ſo—the Suitors for their wrongs have paid—
But what ſhall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news thro' ev'ry city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia riſe?
To this Ulyſſes. As the Gods ſhall pleaſe
Be all the reſt; and ſet thy ſoul at eaſe.
Haſte to the cottage by this orchard ſide,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends.
Thus having ſaid, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And ſtooping enter'd at the lowly door.
The ſwains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid
Perfum'd and waſh'd, and gorgeouſly array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to ſhine
With awful port, and majeſty divine;
His gazing ſon admires the god-like grace,
And air celeſtial dawning o'er his face.

Ver. 425.] So Chapman, whom our poet had in view:

— — — — — — and *royally arraid*
The old king was, by *his Sicilian maid:*

for thus their original:

Meanwhile, great-ſoul'd Laertes in his houſe
Waſht and anointed his Sicilian maid,
And a fair cloak threw round.

What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves?
Oh! would to all the deathleſs pow'rs on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the ſky!
(Reply'd the king elated with his praiſe)
My ſtrength were ſtill, as once in better days:
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I ſtorm'd.
Such were I now, not abſent from your deed
When the laſt ſun beheld the Suitors bleed,

Ver. 438. *And proud Nericus trembled as I ſtorm'd.*] I doubt not but the reader has obſerved, that Laertes uſes the very turn of language and manner of ſelf-commendation ſo remarkable in almoſt all the ſpeeches of Neſtor: this is to be aſcribed to the nature of old age in general, which loves a little to boaſt, and relates the exploits of youth with the utmoſt ſatisfaction; or as Horace deſcribes it,

— — — "Laudator temporis acti
"Se puero" — — —

I will only add, that the reaſon why Homer deſcribes Laertes enlarged with ſtrength and majeſty by Minerva, is to reconcile the future ſtory to probability; Laertes acts the hero, engages at the head of his friends, and kills the leader of his enemies; this might appear to be an exploit too great for a weak old man waſted away with ſorrows: the Poet therefore knowing that he had loſt his natural vigour through age, ſupplies the defect with preternatural ſtrength, and by this method renders him equal to his future action. P.

He found this ignorant mode of pronunciation in Chapman:

Of ſtrong *Nericus*—.

Ogilby is blameleſs in this reſpect:

— — — Would Jove, Phœbus, and Pallas make
Me ſuch as when I *Nericus* did take.

This arm had aided yours; this hand beſtrown
Our floors with death, and puſh'd the ſlaughter on;
Nor had the ſire been ſep'rate from the ſon.
They commun'd thus; while homeward bent their way
The ſwains, fatigu'd with labours of the day;
Dolius the firſt, the venerable man,
And next his ſons, a long ſucceeding train,
For due refection to the bow'r they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire;
They ſee their Lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order ſeated round,
They ſhare the gladſome board; the roofs reſound.
While thus Ulyſſes to his antient friend:
"Forbear your wonder, and the feaſt attend;

Ver. 443.] Thus his author dictates:

The ſire's exploits had joy'd his conſcious ſon.

Ver. 450. *Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire.*] We are not to imagine that this Sicilian was the wife of Dolius; Homer gives her the title of mother to his children, becauſe ſhe had the care of their education; for he adds, ἡ αφίας τρέφε, ſhe was their nurſe, not their mother. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 454.] This unauthoriſed interpolation of *the roofs rebound* ſticks to the laſt ſand of our tranſlator. I ſhould ſuppoſe this not to be leſs than the *twentieth* time of it's conſtraint into his ſervice to accommodate the rhyme.

"The rites have waited long." The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old Dolius ſpreads his hands,
Springs to his maſter with a warm embrace,
And faſtens kiſſes on his hands and face;
Then thus broke out. Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wiſh, return'd!
Conducted ſure by heav'n! for heav'n alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happineſs attend thy throne!
Who knows thy bleſt, thy wiſh'd return? oh ſay,
To the chaſte queen ſhall we the news convey?
Or hears ſhe, and with bleſſings loads the day?
Diſmiſs that care, for to the royal bride
Already is it known; the king reply'd,
And ſtraight reſum'd his ſeat: while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.
Now flying Fame the ſwift report had ſpread
Thro' all the city, of the Suitors dead.

Ver. 472.] Chapman is faithful:

Then came the ſonnes of Dolius; and againe
Went over with their fathers entertaine;
Welcom'd, ſhooke hands.

In throngs they riſe, and to the palace crowd;
Their ſighs were many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of ſlain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The reſt in ſhips are wafted o'er the main.
Then ſad in council all the ſeniors ſate,
Frequent and full, aſſembled to debate.
Amid the circle firſt Eupithes roſe,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold Antinous was his age's pride,
The firſt who by Ulyſſes' arrow dy'd.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As mixing words with ſighs, he thus began.
Great deeds, oh friends! this wond'rous man has wrought,
And mighty bleſſings to his country brought.
With ſhips he parted and a num'rous train,
Thoſe, and their ſhips he bury'd in the main.
Now he returns, and firſt eſſays his hand
In the beſt blood of all his native land.

Ver. 480. *The reſt in ſhips are wafted o'er the main.*] To underſtand this, we muſt remember that many of the Suitors came from the neighbouring iſlands, Samos, Zacynthus, &c. and therefore they are ſaid to be tranſported by ſea, to be buried in their native countries: this cuſtom prevailed over all the oriental world: but there may be a particular reaſon why this is done by the Ithacans; they might intend to raiſe thoſe ſeveral iſlands to engage againſt Ulyſſes, and draw them to arms by ſuch moving ſpectacles. *Dacier.* P.

Haſte then, and ere to neighb'ring Pyle he flies,
Or ſacred Elis, to procure ſupplies;
Ariſe (or ye for ever fall) ariſe!
Shame to this age, and all that ſhall ſucceed!
If unreveng'd your ſons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or ſink at once forgotten with the dead.
Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb ſorrow touch'd them all.
When from the palace to the wond'ring throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along;
(Reſtleſs and early ſleep's ſoft bands they broke)
And Medon firſt th' aſſembled chiefs beſpoke.
Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand:

Ver. 497.] Our tranſlator had probably in his memory on this occaſion a line of Paradiſe Loſt, i. 330.

Awake, *ariſe*; *or be for ever fall'n.*

Ver. 501.] Thus Ogilby:

But with grief loaden *ſink* into my grave.

Ver. 502.] This couplet is an elegant amplification on the following verſe of his author:

He, weeping, ſpake, and pity ſeiz'd the Greeks.

The reader will recollect a line of Cowley's:

Words that weep, and *tears that ſpeak.*

Ver. 508. *Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land.*] There is great art in the ſpeeches of Medon and Euphites: Euphites ſaid that Ulyſſes had ſlain the braveſt of the Greeks; Medon allows it, but adds, that it was done by the will of the Gods: the con-

As o'er the heaps of death Ulyſſes ſtrode,
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes beheld a preſent God,
Who now before him, now beſide him ſtood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood:
In vain old Mentor's form the God bely'd;
'Twas heav'n that ſtruck, and heav'n was on his ſide.
A ſudden horrour all th' aſſembly ſhook,
When ſlowly riſing, Halitherſes ſpoke:

ſequence therefore is, that to fight againſt Ulyſſes upon this account, is to fight againſt the Gods. Eupithes applies to their revenge, Medon to their fears; Eupides ſheds tears to move their compaſſion, Medon intimidates them by averring that the aſſiſtance of the Gods was viſible on the ſide of Ulyſſes. The perſons likewiſe whom Homer employs to plead againſt Eupithes are well choſen; Halitherſes is a prophet, Medon an herald, and both perſons eſteemed ſacred by their offices; this is the reaſon why the Greeks are ſaid to be ſtruck with awe at their appearance. *Dacier*, &c. P.

Ver. 514.] Dryden, in his *Alexander's feaſt*:

A dragon's fiery *form bely'd the god.*

Ver. 517. ——— *Halitherſes ſpoke.*] The ſpeech of Medon had a good effect upon the audience; for Homer adds, that the whole aſſembly grew afraid; Halitherſes perceived it, and ſeconds it. He inſiſts upon a new head of perſuaſion, and ſets forth the juſtice of the late action of Ulyſſes: the Suitors were ſlain (ſays he) for their crimes, and you are guilty for not reſtraining their outrages; and then to deter them from their preſent deſigns, he repreſents their danger in engaging againſt their king. From theſe ſpeeches (obſerves Euſtathius) Homer draws the probability of the future part of the ſtory; he divides the enemy, and wins over almoſt half of their numbers; whereas, had they proceeded unanimouſly, Ulyſſes muſt neceſſarily have periſhed by their power.

(Rev'rend and wiſe, whoſe comprehenſive view
At once the preſent and the future knew)
Me too ye fathers hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.
Ye gave your ſons, your lawleſs ſons the rein,
(Oft warn'd by Mentor and myſelf in vain)
An abſent hero's bed they ſought to ſoil,
An abſent hero's wealth they made their ſpoil:
Immod'rate riot, and intemp'rate luſt!
Th' offence was great, the puniſhment was juſt.
Weigh then my counſels in an equal ſcale,
Nor ruſh to ruin. Juſtice will prevail.
His mod'rate words ſome better minds perſuade:
They part, and join him; but the number ſtay'd.

It is obſervable, that though Phemius accompanies Medon, yet he is ſilent; the reaſon is, he as it were ſpeaks by the mouth of Medon, he was witneſs to the aſſiſtance of heaven on the part of Ulyſſes, and approves and confirms by his preſence the truth of his teſtimony. It is thus on the ſtage, where the whole Chorus was antiently ſuppoſed to ſpeak by the mouth of their Prolocutor. *Dacier*, &c. P.

Ver. 518.] Ogilby is not amiſs:

For only he fore-ſaw this riſing ſtorm,
And gravely thus their judgments did inform.

Ver. 530.] This diſagrees with the repreſentation of his author, as will appear from a literal verſion:

He ſpake; and more than half, loud ſhouting, roſe;
Though numbers ſtaid unmov'd, nor heard well-pleas'd
His counſels, but Eupithes' words approv'd;
And ſoon ruſht out to gird their armour on.

They ſtorm, they ſhout, with haſty frenzy fir'd,
And ſecond all Eupithes' rage inſpir'd.
They caſe their limbs in braſs; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the ſun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantick train.
Fierce for his ſon, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and Death attends him there.

This paſt on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove.
May I preſume to ſearch thy ſecret ſoul?
Oh pow'r ſupreme, oh ruler of the whole!
Say, haſt thou doom'd to this divided ſtate
Or peaceful amity, or ſtern debate?
Declare thy purpoſe; for thy will is fate.

Ver. 541. *Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove.*] Homer, to give importance to the concluſive action of his poem, introduces Jupiter and Minerva in debate about the event of it. At the beginning of the Odyſſey he deſcribes the Gods in conſultation for the re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes: in the concluſion of it, we ſee Jupiter himſelf rewarding the virtue and bravery of Ulyſſes, and decreeing him to reign in peace and tranquillity. This is carried on with great judgment: we are fully ſatisfied that the action of the Odyſſey is compleated in the happineſs of the hero, when we hear Jupiter giving his ſanction to it. Beſides, it leaves a noble image of the greatneſs of Ulyſſes, and of the whole ſtory of the Odyſſey, upon the reader's mind, when we ſee it is of ſuch weight as to engage Jupiter in its favour. Thus in imitation of Homer, toward the concluſion of the Æneid, Virgil deſcribes Jupiter and Juno in debate concerning the deciſive action between Turnus and Æneas. P.

Ver. 545.] Our author does but change Chapman's expreſſion;

Is not thy thought my own? (the God replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted ſkies)
Hath not long ſince thy knowing ſoul decreed,
The chief's return ſhould make the guilty bleed?
'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates ſucceed.
Yet hear the iſſue: ſince Ulyſſes' hand
Has ſlain the Suitors, heav'n ſhall bleſs the land.
None now the kindred of th' unjuſt ſhall own;
Forgot the ſlaughter'd brother, and the ſon:
Each future day increaſe of wealth ſhall bring,
And o'er the paſt, Oblivion ſtretch her wing.

— — — — — or both parts combine
In *peaceful friendſhip?*

Ver. 552.] — — — *Since Ulyſſes' hand*
Has ſlain the Suitors, heav'n ſhall bleſs the land.]

The deſign of the Odyſſey is to ſhew virtue rewarded, and vice puniſhed; here to introduce this act of juſtice with the greater ſolemnity, Jupiter is repreſented giving his aſſent to it: "Let "there be peace (ſays that Deity) but let juſtice be done, and "the guilty puniſhed;" the reader muſt neceſſarily be ſatisfied with the equity of the cauſe of Ulyſſes, when he hears Jupiter himſelf directing in it. Beſides, this conduct of Homer preſents us with an excellent moral; it ſhews us that the Deity is the governour of human affairs, and arbiter of peace and war; as he directs, the ſcenes of blood are opened or cloſed, and the words of Homer, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή, may be applied to the Odyſſey as well as the Iliad. P.

Ver. 557.] It is not improbable, that this ſublime imagery might receive it's origin from the phraſeology of Hobbes:

Which to confirm, *Oblivion* I'll ſend
Of former acts the image to deface.

Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest,
His people blessing, by his people blest.
Let all be peace.—He said, and gave the nod
That binds the Fates; the sanction of the God:
And prompt to execute th' eternal will,
Descended Pallas from th' Olympian hill.

Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst repress't:
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent:
A son of Dolius on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embatt'l'd on the field.
With backward step he hastens to the bow'r,
And tells the news. They arm with all their pow'r.
Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace,
And six were all the sons of Dolius' race:

Ver. 559.] These *three* verses are due to the translator only.

Ver. 565.] Thus? for a better rhyme:

The *fierce desire* of thirst and hunger *ceas't*.

And the Poet consolidates in narrative the short command of Ulysses and the reply of the son of Dolius.

Ver. 568.] Or thus?

— — — — — — and at a glance *descries*
Th' *approaching* foe *in martial order rise*.

Ogilby has the same vicious rhymes below:

When all in complete steel the king *beheld*,
Through open gates he draws into the *field*.

Ver. 572. *Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace.*] The Poet tells us the exact number of the party of Ulysses, which consisted of ten persons under the direction of Dolius, Laertes, and Ulysses: how many were under Eupithes is uncertain, we therefore are at liberty to suppose them more or less superiour in number; Medon

Old Dolius too his ruſted arms put on;
And, ſtill more old, in arms, Laertes ſhone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes ſtand,
And brazen panoply inveſts the band.
The opening gates at once their war diſplay:
Fierce they ruſh forth: Ulyſſes leads the way.
That moment joins them with celeſtial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-deſcended maid:
The ſuff'ring hero felt his patient breaſt
Swell with new joy, and thus his ſon addreſt.
Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the fight)
The brave embattl'd; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant muſt contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you deſcend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was ſpread;
Regard thyſelf, the living and the dead,

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and Halitherſes had withdrawn almoſt half of his aſſiſtants, and by that method reduced the enemy to a greater equality: it is probable that they had no very extraordinary inequality, for the onſet is ſo ſudden, that the friends of the dead Suitors could not have time to embody; beſides, it appears from the ſixteenth Odyſſey, that of the whole band of Suitors, twelve only were Ithacans, the reſt came from the adjacent iſlands, and therefore none of their friends could as yet be arrived to aſſiſt Eupithes, and conſequently this party conſiſted ſolely of Ithacans, and were not perhaps greatly ſuperiour to Ulyſſes. This obſervation likewiſe furniſhes us with a reaſon why the enemy was ſo eaſily defeated, by ſo ſmall a body of men as engaged for Ulyſſes. P.

Ver. 585.] Paradiſe Loſt, vi. 236.

— — — — open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of *grim war*.

Thy eyes, great father! on this battle caſt,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaſte.
So ſpoke Telemachus: the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy;
And, Bleſt! thrice bleſt this happy day! he cries,
The day that ſhows me, ere I cloſe my eyes,
A ſon and grandſon of th' Arceſian name
Strive for fair Virtue, and conteſt for Fame!
Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear:
Son of Arceſius, rev'rend warriour, hear!
Jove and Jove's daughter firſt implore in pray'r,
Then whirling high, diſcharge thy lance in air.
She ſaid, infuſing courage with the word.
Jove and Jove's daughter then the chief implor'd,
And whirling high, diſmiſt the lance in air,
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful ſpear:

Ver. 590.] This is very ill done in every reſpect. Ogilby is good and faithful:

— — — — — Dear father, you ſhall ſee,
I neither ſhall diſhonour them, nor thee.

Chapman too and Hobbes are preferable to the couplet before us.

Ver. 605. *Full at Eupithes drove the deathful ſpear.*] Euſtathius calls this an admirable incident, or change of fortune in favour of Ulyſſes. The ſon of Antinous is ſlain by the ſon of Laertes, and the father of Antinous by the father of Ulyſſes. We now ſee Ulyſſes happy in his wife, his ſon, and his father; victorious over his enemies, and his ſubjects ſubmitting to his authority; and therefore the action is now compleat, and terminates with the Odyſſey. P.

Ogilby has rhymes here ſimilarly inaccurate.

The braſs-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
Before the father and the conqu'ring ſon
Heaps ruſh on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the ſword and now the jav'lin fall
The rebel race, and death had ſwallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-ey'd virgin cry'd;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide.
"Forbear ye nations! your mad hands forbear
"From mutual ſlaughter: Peace deſcends to "ſpare."
Fear ſhook the nations: at the voice divine
They drop their jav'lins, and their rage reſign.
All ſcatter'd round their glitt'ring weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and ſome confus'dly fly.
With dreadful ſhouts Ulyſſes pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle ſtrong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva ſhot the livid flames;
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then ſtopt the Goddeſs, trembled, and retir'd.

Ver. 608.] Ogilby, on whom our Poet caſt an eye, is more exact:

In ruſht Ulyſſes and his valiant *ſon*,
And at them with their ſwords, and javelins *run*.

Ver. 619.] What is the purport of this line? If intended of the *weapons*, it is ſuperfluous; if of the *men*, the former clauſe is deſtitute of authority.

I muſt not conclude without declaring our mutual ſatisfaction in Mr. Pope's acceptance of our beſt endeavours, which have contributed at leaſt to his more ſpeedy execution of this great undertaking. If ever my name be numbered with the learned, I muſt aſcribe it to his friendſhip, in tranſmitting it to poſterity by a participation in his labours. May the ſenſe I have of this, and other inſtances of that friendſhip, be known as long as his name will cauſe mine to laſt: and may I to this end be permitted, at the concluſion of a work which is a kind of monument of his partiality to me, to place the following lines, as an inſcription memorial of it.

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
Or ſpeaking marbles to record their praiſe;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown) [A]
The mimick feature on the breathing ſtone:
Mere mortals! ſubject to Death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day! [B]
'Tis thine, on ev'ry *heart* to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which Worth alone can raiſe:
Sure to ſurvive, when Time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimick buſt:
Nor 'till the volumes of th' expanded ſky [C]
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and Homer die:
Then ſink together, in the world's laſt fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inſpires.
If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead:
Shakeſpear, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote;

[A] In the ſame ſtrain Virgil, Geo. iii. 34.

Stabunt et Parii lapides, *ſpirantia ſigna:*

and Æneid, vi. 848.

Excudent alii *ſpirantia* mollius *æra*,
Credo equidem, et *vivos* ducent *de marmore vultus*.

[B] Pope's Iliad, v. 537.

And *mortal* man! a wretch of humble birth,
A *ſhort-liv'd reptile* in the duſt *of earth*.

[C] An elegant figure, derived probably from Eſaiah, xxxiv. 4. "And *the heavens* ſhall be *rolled* together as a *ſcroll*." So too Revelations, vi. 14. Akin to which are the αναπτυχαι αιθερος of Euripides, and the ολυμπιοι πλακες of Lycophron.

Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.
Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvaſs fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art:
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.
How long, untun'd, had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all-extinct his fire?
This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſick from the ſounding ſtring;
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the hero burns;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores;
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, Earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To ev'ry theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play;
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who ſheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And while with ev'ry theme the verſe complies,
Sink without groveling, without raſhneſs riſe. [D]

[D] Eſſay on Man, iv. 378.
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe.

Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring, [E]
Be ours all Homer! ſtill Ulyſſes ſing.
How long* that Hero, by unſkilful hands,
Stript of his robes, a Beggar, trod our lands:
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warriour loſt?
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread; [F]
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head:
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.
Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like theirs, our Friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united—*For thy* FRIENDSHIP'S FAME.
This labour paſt, of heav'nly ſubjects ſing,
While hov'ring angels liſten on the wing, [G]

[E] Gray, in his Elegy:

Or *wak'd* to extacy the living *lyre:*

from Lucretius, ii. 413. who is exquiſitely happy:

Ac Muſea *mele,* per chordas organici quæ
Mobilibus digitis *expergefacta* figurant.

[F] Compare Odyſſey xiii. 496—502. and xvi. 186—190.

[G] Pope's St. Cecilia:

And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.

* Odyſſey, lib. xvi.

To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
From thy own Life tranſcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend;
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend, [H]
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away. [I]

W. BROOME.

[H] Windſor-Foreſt, ver. 45.

To *ſavage beaſts* and ſavage laws a prey,
And *kings more furious and ſevere* than they.

[I] Pope in the Ode juſt quoted:

And giddy factions *hear away their rage*.

POSTSCRIPT.

By Mr. POPE.

I Cannot diſmiſs this work without a few obſervations on the true character and ſtyle of it. Whoever reads the Odyſſey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the ſame character, or of the ſame ſort of ſpirit, will be grievouſly deceived, and err againſt the firſt principle of criticiſm, which is to conſider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The Odyſſey is a moral and political work, inſtructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples and precepts of civil and domeſtick life. Homer is here a perſon

" Qui didicit, *patriæ* quid debeat, & quid *amicis*,
" Quo ſit amore *parens*, quo *frater* amandus, &
" *hoſpes*: [A]

[A] Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,
And what we owe our country, parents, friends.
ROSCOMMON.

His page with wiſer rules of life is fraught,
Than thoſe which Crantor and Chryſippus taught.
EDITOR.

" Qui quid ſit *pulcrum*, quid *turpe*, quid *utile*,
" quid *non*,
" Plenius & melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit."

The Odyſſey is the reverſe of the Iliad, in *moral*, *ſubject*, *manner* and *ſtyle*; to which it has no ſort of relation, but as the ſtory happens to follow in order of time, and as ſome of the ſame perſons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connexion many have been miſled to regard it as a continuation or ſecond part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconſiſtent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader ſhould fall into this miſtake, [B] when ſo great a critick as Longinus ſeems not wholly free from it; although what he has ſaid has been generally underſtood to import a ſeverer cenſure of the Odyſſey than it really does, if we conſider the occaſion on which it is introduced, and the circumſtances to which it is confined.

" The Odyſſey (ſays he) [C] is an inſtance, how
" natural it is to a great genius, when it begins to

[B] It is rather a miſtake in our poet, underſtanding Longinus's word, with other tranſlators and editors, ἐπίλογος, in it's primary ſignification, as an *Epilogue*, or concluſion, of the Iliad: whereas the rhetorician means the *funeral oration*, as it were, of the heroes, whoſe deaths are recorded in the Iliad; becauſe the *Epilogue* was that part of an oration appropriated to the exciting of commiſeration and the tender paſſions: ſee Quintilian, p. 915. im. Ed. Burman.

[C] Our poet, from an ignorance of the original Greek, has tranſlated Boileau: his verſion, however, gives but a very inſipid and meagre repreſentation of his author; who is uncommonly ſplendid in diction, grand in thought, and happy in figure, throughout the paſſage.

" grow old and decline, to delight itſelf in *narrations*
" and *fables*. For, that Homer compoſed the
" Odyſſey after the Iliad, many proofs may be given,
" &c. From hence in my judgment it proceeds,
" that as the Iliad was written while his *ſpirit* was in
" its greateſt vigour, the whole ſtructure of that
" work is dramatick and full of action; whereas the
" greater part of the Odyſſey is employed in narra-
" tion, which is the taſte of *old age*: ſo that in this
" latter piece we may compare him to the ſetting
" ſun, which has ſtill the ſame greatneſs, but not the
" ſame ardour, or force. He ſpeaks not in the ſame
" ſtrain; we ſee no more that *ſublime* of the Iliad
" which marches on with a conſtant pace, without
" ever being ſtopped, or retarded: there appears no
" more that hurry, and that ſtrong tide of motions
" and paſſions, pouring one after another: there is
" no more the ſame fury, or the ſame volubility of
" diction, ſo ſuitable to action, and all along drawing
" in ſuch innumerable images of nature. But Homer,
" like the Ocean, is always great, even when he ebbs
" and retires; even when he is loweſt, and loſes him-
" ſelf moſt in narrations and incredible fictions: as
" inſtances of this, we cannot forget the deſcriptions
" of tempeſts, the adventures of Ulyſſes with the
" Cyclops, and many others. But though all this be
" *age*, it is the *age* of Homer—And it may be ſaid for
" the credit of theſe fictions, that they are *beautiful*
" *dreams*, or if you will, the *dreams of Jupiter himſelf*.
" I ſpoke of the Odyſſey only to ſhow, that the greateſt

" poets when their genius wants ſtrength and warmth " for the *pathetick*, for the moſt part employ them- " ſelves in painting the *manners*. This Homer has " done, in characterizing the Suitors, and deſcribing " their way of life; which is properly a branch of " comedy, whoſe peculiar buſineſs it is to repreſent " the manners of men."

We muſt firſt obſerve, it is the *ſublime* of which Longinus is writing: that, and not the nature of Homer's Poem, is his ſubject. After having highly extolled the ſublimity and fire of the Iliad, he juſtly obſerves the Odyſſey to have leſs of thoſe qualities, and to turn more on the ſide of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his buſineſs here to determine, whether the *elevated ſpirit* of the one, or the *juſt moral* of the other, be the greater excellence in itſelf.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is ſpeaking, cannot well be meant of the general ſpirit and inſpiration which is to run through a whole Epick Poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuoſity neceſſary in ſome parts, to image or repreſent actions or paſſions, of haſte, tumult, and violence. It is on occaſion of citing ſome ſuch particular paſſages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection; which ſeems to determine his meaning chiefly to that ſenſe.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyſſey to have leſs ſublimity and fire than the Iliad, but he does not ſay it wants the ſublime or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective.

He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that thoſe fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that thoſe manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in theſe points accompliſhed his own deſign, and done all that the nature of his Poem demanded or allowed, it ſtill remains perfect in its kind, and as much a maſter-piece as the Iliad.

The amount of the paſſage is this; that in his own particular taſte, and with reſpect to the *ſublime*, Longinus preferred the Iliad: and becauſe the Odyſſey was leſs active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his ſubject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong inſtance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the ſtrength of his judgment. For had he (as madam Dacier obſerves) compoſed the Odyſſey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both muſt in reaſon have been exactly the ſame as they now ſtand. To blame Homer for his choice of ſuch a ſubject, as did not admit the ſame incidents and the ſame pomp of ſtyle as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he muſt ever after only copy himſelf.

The *Battle of Conſtantine*, and the *School of Athens*, are both pieces of Raphael. Shall we cenſure the School of Athens as faulty, becauſe it has not the fury

and fire of the other? or ſhall we ſay, that Raphael was grown grave and old, becauſe he choſe to repreſent the manners of old men and philoſophers? There is all the ſilence, tranquillity and compoſure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry and tumult in the other, which the ſubject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the painter or poet be young or old, who deſigns and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was maſter not only of his art, but of his diſcretion.

Ariſtotle makes no ſuch diſtinction between the two poems: he conſtantly cites them with equal praiſe, and draws the rules and examples of epick writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyſſey that Horace gives the preference, in the Epiſtle to Lollius, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how oppoſite his opinion is to that of Longinus; and that the particulars he chuſes to extol, are thoſe very *fictions*, and *pictures of the manners* which the other ſeems leaſt to approve. Thoſe fables and manners are of the very eſſence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themſelves have both more invention and more inſtruction, and the manners more moral and example, than thoſe of the Iliad.

In ſome points (and thoſe the moſt eſſential to the Epick Poem) the Odyſſey is confeſſed to excel the Iliad; and principally in the great end of it, the *moral*. The conduct, turn, and diſpoſition of the *fable* is

alſo what the Criticks allow to be the better model for epick writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the caſt of this Poem than of the other in the Æneid, and (what next to that is perhaps the greateſt example) in the Telemachus. In the *manners*, it is no way inferiour: Longinus is ſo far from finding any defect in theſe, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the *narrations*, although they are more numerous as the occaſions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumſtantial, than the converſations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to mention the length of thoſe of Phœnix in the ninth book, and of Neſtor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters), thoſe of Glaucus in the ſixth, of Æneas in the twentieth, and ſome others, muſt be allowed to exceed any in the whole Odyſſey [D]. And that the propriety of ſtyle, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of Homer had ſuffered any decay; we muſt conſider, in both his Poems, ſuch parts as are of a ſimilar nature, and will bear compariſon. And it is certain we ſhall find in each, the ſame vivacity and fecundity of invention, the ſame life and ſtrength of imaging

[D] This is not accurate: compare Odyſſey xiv. ver. 220—995. xv. ver. 422—522. to ſpare the trouble of looking for other inſtances.

and colouring, the particular deſcriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The Odyſſey is a perpetual ſource of poetry: the ſtream is not the leſs full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we ſpeak only with regard to the *ſublime*) that a river, foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more ſtrikes, amazes and fills the mind, than the ſame body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable ſcenes of paſturage.

The Odyſſey (as I have before ſaid) ought to be conſidered according to its own nature and deſign, not with an eye to the Iliad. To cenſure Homer becauſe it is unlike what it was never meant to reſemble, is, as if a gardener who had purpoſely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a ſpecimen of his ſkill in the ſeveral kinds, ſhould be blamed for not bringing them into *pairs*; when in root, ſtem, leaf, and flower, each was ſo intirely different, that one muſt have been ſpoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who ſaw this Poem was "*partly of the* "*nature of Comedy*," ought not, for that very reaſon, to have conſidered it with a view to the Iliad. How little any ſuch reſemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear from hence, that although the character of Ulyſſes there was already drawn, yet here he purpoſely turns to another ſide of it, and ſhows him not in that full light of glory, but in the ſhade of common life, with a mixture of ſuch quali-

ties as are requiſite to all the loweſt accidents of it, ſtruggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meaneſt of mankind. As for the other perſons, none of them are above what we call the higher Comedy: Calypſo, though a Goddeſs, is a character of intrigue; the Suitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians are of the ſame caſt; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, deſcend even to droll characters; and the ſcenes that appear throughout, are generally of the comick kind; banquets, revels, ſports, loves, and the purſuit of a woman.

From the nature of the Poem, we ſhall form an idea of the *ſtyle*. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyſſey is not always cloathed in the majeſty of verſe proper to Tragedy, but ſometimes deſcends into the plainer narrative, and ſometimes even to that familiar dialogue eſſential to Comedy. However, where it cannot ſupport a ſublimity, it always preſerves a dignity, or at leaſt a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an eaſy, pure, perſpicuous deſcription even of a *low action*. There are numerous inſtances of this both in Homer and Virgil; and perhaps thoſe natural paſſages are not the leaſt pleaſing of their works. It is often the ſame in hiſtory, where the repreſentations of common, or even domeſtick things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the livelieſt impreſſion on the reader.

The queſtion is, how far a poet, in purſuing the deſcription or image of an action, can attach himſelf to *little circumſtances*, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be conſulted, and the whole regard had to thoſe circumſtances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confuſed, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vaſt ſervice to this effect, and the right uſe of theſe is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to diſtinguiſh when to ſpeak ſimply, and when figuratively: but whenever the Poet is obliged by the nature of his ſubject to deſcend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated ſtyle would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowneſs, the more the image would be broken, and conſequently obſcure.

One may add, that the uſe of the grand ſtyle on little ſubjects, is not only ludicrous, but a ſort of tranſgreſſion againſt the rules of proportion and mechanicks: it is uſing a vaſt force to lift a *feather*.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a juſt obſervation, that the *low actions of life* cannot be put into a figurative ſtyle without being ridiculous, but *things natural* can. Metaphors raiſe the latter into dignity, as we ſee in the Georgicks: but throw the former into ridicule, as in the Lutrin. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter

implies cenſure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of cenſure; therefore theſe may be elevated as much as you pleaſe, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are repreſented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, becauſe it is vicious in morality. The *bees* in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners repreſented on a level with creatures ſo ſuperiour as men; ſince it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule. [E]

The uſe of pompous expreſſion for low actions or thoughts is the *true ſublime* of Don Quixote. How far unfit it is for Epick Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the Mock Epick. It is ſo far from being the ſublime of *tragedy*, that it is the cauſe of all *bombaſt*; when poets, inſtead of being (as they imagine) conſtantly lofty, only preſerve throughout a painful equality of fuſtian: that continued ſwell of language (which runs indiſcriminately even through their loweſt characters, and rattles like ſome mightineſs of meaning in the moſt indifferent ſubjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it; and which is not *ſpeaking*, but *vociferating*.

[E] Philoſophical penetration, as well as exquiſite taſte, is diſplayed in theſe remarks, which are quoted with juſt commendation by Warton in his notes on the fourth Georgic of Virgil.

There is ſtill more reaſon for a variation of ſtyle in *Epick* Poetry than in *Tragick*, to diſtinguiſh between that *language of the Gods* proper to the Muſe who ſings, and is inſpired: and that of *men* who are introduced ſpeaking only according to nature. Farther, there ought to be a difference of ſtyle obſerved in the ſpeeches of human perſons, and thoſe of Deities; and again, in thoſe which may be called ſet harangues, or orations, and thoſe which are only converſation or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other poet: what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer ſtill performs by ſpeeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almoſt unknown to Virgil. This renders his Poems more animated, but leſs grave and majeſtick; and conſequently neceſſitates the frequent uſe of a lower ſtyle. [F] The writers of Tragedy lie under the ſame neceſſity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction which they perpetually uſe, would be improper even in orations deſigned to move with all the arts of rhetorick: this is plain from the practice of Demoſthenes and Cicero; and Virgil in thoſe of Drances and Turnus gives an eminent example, how

[F] From this conſideration, no doubt, our poet was induced, in the courſe of his tranſlation, to ſtifle ſhort ſpeeches and replies into languid narrative; as I have ventured to remark on various occaſions, as they occurred, with diſapprobation.

far removed the ſtyle of them ought to be from ſuch an exceſs of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that *language of the Gods* we have been ſpeaking of, or that of a Muſe under inſpiration.

To read through a whole work in this ſtrain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half ſo agreeable as ſometimes gradually to riſe, and ſometimes gently to deſcend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reaſon that ſo few poets have imitated Homer in theſe lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preſerving that mixture of eaſe and dignity eſſential to them. For it is as hard for an epick poem to ſtoop to the narrative with ſucceſs, as for a prince to deſcend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatneſs.

The *ſublime* ſtyle is more eaſily counterfeited than the *natural*; [o] ſomething that paſſes for it, or ſounds like it, is common in all falſe writers: but nature, purity, perſpicuity, and ſimplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capaci-

[o] For the ſame reaſon that *ſtatues in ornaments*, are of eaſier execution than *naked figures*. In one caſe, the outlines may be infinitely varied without impropriety; but in the other, one only is the true. So in a natural *ſtile*, there is no alternative of diſguiſe and concealment under pompous and artificial phraſeology: the ſentiment is the ſimplicity of truth, and the language, the direct enunciation of it. We can arrive at rectitude by one path only, but the divarications of error are innumerable.

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ties; and where they are not evident, they do not exiſt.

The moſt plain narration not only admits of theſe, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of ſtyle) but it requires every one of them to render it pleaſing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a ſhare of the ſublime, may paſs, notwithſtanding any defects in the reſt; nay, ſometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his loweſt narrations or ſpeeches, is ever eaſy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He ſhows not leſs *invention*, in aſſembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor leſs *judgment*, in proportioning the ſtyle and the verſification to theſe, than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the ſame genius that ſoared the higheſt, and from whom the greateſt models of the *ſublime* are derived, was alſo he who ſtooped the loweſt, and gave to the ſimple *narrative* its utmoſt perfection. [H] Which of theſe was the harder taſk to Homer himſelf, I cannot pretend to determine; but to his tranſlator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations muſt be) that of the latter has been much the more difficult.

Whoever expects here the ſame pomp of verſe, and the ſame ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad,

[H] Quintilian. x. i. Hunc nemo in magnis ſublimitate, in parvis proprietate, ſuperavit. "No man has excelled Homer in "a ſublime exhibition of what is great; no man, in the correct "propriety of what is little." EDITOR.

he will, and he ought to be diſappointed. Were the original otherwiſe, it had been an offence againſt nature; and were the tranſlation ſo, it were an offence againſt Homer, which is the ſame thing [1].

It muſt be allowed that there is a majeſty and harmony in the Greek language which greatly contribute to elevate and ſupport the narration. But I muſt alſo obſerve that this is an advantage grown upon the language ſince Homer's time; for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of uſe; and if the words we could find in any preſent language were equally ſonorous or muſical in themſelves, they would ſtill appear leſs poetical and uncommon than thoſe of a dead one, from this only circumſtance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another diſadvantage to a Tranſlator, from a different cauſe: Homer ſeems to have taken upon him the character of an Hiſtorian, Antiquary, Divine, and Profeſſor of Arts and Sciences, as well as a Poet. In one or other of theſe characters he deſcends into many particularities, which as a Poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All theſe ought to be preſerved by a faithful Tranſlator, who in ſome meaſure takes the place of Homer; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the ſubject will bear. Many arts therefore are requiſite

[1] The reader muſt admire the fullneſs, ſimplicity, and correctneſs, with which ſo plain a point is illuſtrated and enforced by our Poet.

Nature and Homer were, he found, *the ſame.*

Eſſay on Crit. ver. 135.

to ſupply theſe diſadvantages, in order to dignify and ſolemnize theſe plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some uſe has been made to this end of the ſtyle of Milton [K]. A juſt and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old Abbey ſtones into a building, which I have ſometimes ſeen to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not deſtroy the neatneſs, elegance, and equality requiſite to a new work; I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the preſent purity of writing, or from that eaſe and ſmoothneſs which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a ſtyle judiciouſly antiquated, one finds a pleaſure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way: but then the road muſt be as *good* as the way is *antient*; the ſtyle muſt be ſuch in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to ſhort ſtops by ſudden abruptneſſes, or puzzled by frequent turnings and tranſpoſitions. No man delights in furrows and ſtumbling-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever ſo great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbiſh another. The imitators of Milton, like moſt other imitators, are not *copies* but *caricaturas* of their original; they are a hundred times more obſolete and cramp than he, and equally ſo in all places: whereas it ſhould have been obſerved of Milton, that he is not laviſh of his exotick words and phraſes every where alike,

[K] Particularly by Fenton; and in many inſtances, I think, with extraordinary dexterity and ſucceſs. EDITOR.

but employs them much more where the ſubject is marvellous, vaſt and ſtrange, as in the ſcenes of heaven, hell, chaos, *&c.* than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradiſe, the loves of our firſt parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unuſual ſtyle better ſerves to awaken our ideas in the deſcriptions and in the imaging and pictureſque parts, than it agrees with the lower ſort of narrations, the character of which is ſimplicity and purity. Milton has ſeveral of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for ſome hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other epick poets) to imitate Homer's lowneſſes in the *narrative*, ſhould not alſo have copied his plainneſs and perſpicuity in the *dramatick* parts: ſince in his ſpeeches (where clearneſs above all is neceſſary) there is frequently ſuch tranſpoſition and forced conſtruction, that the very ſenſe is not to be diſcovered without a ſecond or third reading [L]: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preſerve the true character of Homer's ſtyle in the preſent tranſlation, great pains have been taken

[L] Without ſome proof of theſe aſſertions from a ſpecification of paſſages, I feel myſelf diſinclined to acquieſce in this cenſure of our Poet. EDITOR.

to be eaſy and natural [M]. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plauſible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleaſed all readers, but the judicious ones. My errours had been fewer, had each of thoſe gentlemen who joined with me ſhown as much of the ſeverity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a ſtrict animadverſion and correction [N]. What aſſiſtance I received from them, was made known in general to the publick in the original propoſals for this work, and the particulars are ſpecified at the concluſion of it; to which I muſt add (to be punctually juſt) ſome part of the tenth and fifteenth books [O]. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and conſequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have beſtowed as much time and

[M] Broome's talent in poetry was much more calculated for ſimplicity than that of Fenton, and even Pope himſelf: and accordingly ſome paſſages of this character he has hit off to admiration. Fenton affected a learned ſtateline's of phraſe, which bordered ſometimes on obſcurity and bombaſt. Pope throws over every part his own tiſſue of grace and elegance: and, what he finds brick, is not ſatisfied without an effort to render marble.

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[N] "The books of Fenton have very few alterations by the "hand of Pope. Thoſe of Broome have not been found: but "Pope complained, as it is reported, that he had much trouble "in correcting them." JOHNSON'S LIFE OF POPE.

[O] On the falſhood of this ſtatement, ſee Johnſon's Life of Broome. Such repeated impoſition, with ſuch an affectation of ſcrupulous veracity, is moſt odiouſly diſguſting. EDITOR.

pains upon the whole, as were conſiſtent with the indiſpenſable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched ſtate of health which God has been pleaſed to make my portion [P]. At the leaſt, it is a pleaſure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greateſt and moſt antient of Poets, with ſome dignity; and I hope, with as little diſadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited ſucceſs of that tranſlation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the Odyſſey; I think it ſufficient to ſay, that Homer himſelf did the ſame, or the world would never have ſeen it.

I deſigned to have ended this Poſtſcript here; but ſince I am now taking my leave of Homer, and of all controverſy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make uſe of this laſt opportunity, to ſay a very few words about ſome reflections which the late Madam Dacier beſtowed on the firſt part of my Preface to the Iliad, and which ſhe publiſhed at the end of her tranſlation of that poem *.

To write gravely an anſwer to them would be too much for the reflections; and to ſay nothing concerning them, would be too little for the author. It is owing to the induſtry of that learned lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of Homer's beauties, which were hidden from

[P] Prologue to the Satires:
To help me through *this long diſeaſe*, my life.
EDITOR.

* *Second edition, a Paris*, 1719.

them before in Greek and in Euſtathius. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great Poet, and I hope that I ſhall be thought, as I mean, to pay ſome part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had theſe reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary Critick, I ſhould not have apprehended their effect, and ſhould therefore have been ſilent concerning them: but ſince they are Madam Dacier's, I imagine that they muſt be of weight; and in a caſe where I think her reaſoning very bad, I reſpect her authority.

I have fought under Madam Dacier's banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine Homer againſt all the hereticks of the age. And yet it is Madam Dacier who accuſes me, and who accuſes me of nothing leſs than betraying our common cauſe. She affirms that the moſt declared enemies of this author have never ſaid any thing againſt him more injurious or more unjuſt than I. What muſt the world think of me, after ſuch a judgment paſſed by ſo great a Critick; the world, who decides ſo often, and who examines ſo ſeldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almoſt always the ſlave of authority? Who will ſuſpect that ſo much learning ſhould miſtake, that ſo much accuracy ſhould be miſled, or that ſo much candour ſhould be biaſſed?

All this however has happened, and Madam Dacier's Criticiſms on my Preface flow from the very ſame errour, from which ſo many falſe criticiſms of her countrymen upon Homer have flowed, and which

ſhe has ſo juſtly and ſo ſeverely reproved; I mean the errour of depending on injurious and unſkilful *tranſlations*.

An indifferent tranſlation may be of ſome uſe, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no tranſlation ought to be the ground of *Criticiſm*, becauſe no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning. Could Homer have had the honour of explaining his, before that auguſt tribunal where Monſieur de la Motte preſides, I make no doubt but he had eſcaped many of thoſe ſevere animadverſions with which ſome French authors have loaded him, and from which even Madam Dacier's tranſlation of the Iliad could not preſerve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our *iſland-tongue* was as neceſſary to Madam Dacier in my caſe, as the knowledge of Greek was to Monſieur de la Motte in that of our great author; or to any of thoſe whom ſhe ſtyles *blind cenſurers*, and blames for condemning what they did not underſtand!

I may ſay with modeſty, that ſhe knew leſs of my true ſenſe from that faulty tranſlation of part of my Preface, than thoſe blind cenſurers might have known of Homer's even from the tranſlation of la Valterie, which preceded her own.

It pleaſed me however to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any eſſentials of my Preface, but only at a few particular expreſſions. She propoſed little more than (to uſe her own phraſe) to *combat two or three ſimilies*; and

I hope that to combat a ſimile is no more than to fight with a ſhadow, ſince a ſimile is no better than the ſhadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more ſcrupulosity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

Theſe unlucky ſimilies taken by themſelves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant tranſlator; or there may have fallen from my pen ſome expreſſions, which, taken by themſelves likewiſe, may to the ſame perſon have the ſame effect. But if the tranſlator had been maſter of our tongue, the general tenour of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the paſſages objected to, would have ſufficiently determined him as to the preciſe meaning of them: and if Madam Dacier had taken up her pen a little more leiſurely, or had employed it with more temper, ſhe would not have anſwered paraphraſes of her own, which even the tranſlation will not juſtify, and which ſay more than once, the very contrary to what I have ſaid in the paſſages themſelves.

If any perſon has curioſity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my Preface, or ſome mangled parts of which theſe reflections are made, he will eaſily diſcern that I am as orthodox as Madam Dacier herſelf in thoſe very articles on which ſhe treats me like an heretick: he will eaſily ſee that all the difference between us conſiſts in this, that I offer *opinions*, and ſhe delivers *doctrines*; that my imagination repreſents Homer as the greateſt of human Poets,

whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending Homer againſt me, who (if I miſtake not) had carried my admiration of him, as far as it can be carried, without giving a *real* occaſion of writing in his defence.

After anſwering my harmleſs ſimilies, ſhe proceeds to a matter which does not regard ſo much the honour of Homer, as that of the times he lived in; and here I muſt confeſs ſhe does not wholly miſtake my meaning, but I think ſhe miſtakes the ſtate of the queſtion. She had ſaid, the manners of thoſe times were ſo much the better, the leſs they were like ours. I thought this required a little qualification. I confeſt that in my opinion the world was mended in ſome points, ſuch as the cuſtom of putting whole nations to the ſword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual ſlavery, and a few others. Madam Dacier judges otherwiſe in this; but as to the reſt, particularly in preferring the ſimplicity of the antient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, ſhe owns we agree. This I thought was well, but I am ſo unfortunate that this too is taken amiſs, and called adopting or (if you will) ſtealing *her* ſentiment. The truth is ſhe might have ſaid *her words*, for I uſed them on purpoſe, being then profeſſedly citing from her: though I might have done the ſame without intending that compliment, for they are alſo to be found in Euſtathius, and the ſentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to ſay to this whole remark, only that in the

firſt part of it, Madam Dacier is diſpleaſed that I do not agree with her, and in the laſt that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man ſhould overlook in a lady.

To puniſh my ingratitude, ſhe reſolves to expoſe my blunders, and ſelects two which I ſuppoſe are the moſt flagrant, out of the many for which ſhe could have chaſtiſed me. It happens that the firſt of theſe is in part the Tranſlator's, and in part her own, without any ſhare of mine: ſhe quotes the end of a ſentence, and he puts in French what I never wrote in Engliſh. "Homer (I ſaid) opened a new and "boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a "world for himſelf in the invention of fable;" which he tranſlates, *Homere crea pour ſon uſage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.*

Madam Dacier juſtly wonders at this nonſenſe in me; and I, in the Tranſlator. As to what I meant by Homer's invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly diſtinguiſhed from that extenſive ſenſe in which ſhe took it, by theſe words. "If Homer was "not the firſt, who introduced the Deities (as Hero-"dotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, he "ſeems the firſt who brought them into a *ſyſtem of* "*machinery* for poetry."

The other blunder ſhe accuſes me of is, the miſtaking a paſſage in Ariſtotle, and ſhe is pleaſed to ſend me back to this philoſopher's treatiſe of poetry, and to her preface on the Odyſſey for my better inſtruction. Now though I am ſaucy enough to think

that one may ſometimes differ from Ariſtotle without blundering, and though I am ſure one may ſometimes fall into an errour by following him ſervilely; yet I own, that to quote any author for what he never ſaid is a blunder; (but by the way, to correct an author for what he never ſaid, is ſomething worſe than a blunder.) My words were theſe. "As there is a "greater variety of characters in the Iliad than in "any other poem, ſo there is of ſpeeches. Every "thing in it has manners, as Ariſtotle expreſſes it; "that is, every thing is acted or ſpoken: very little "paſſes in narration." She juſtly ſays, that "Every "thing which is acted or ſpoken, has not neceſſarily "manners merely becauſe it is acted or ſpoken." Agreed: but I would aſk the queſtion, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor ſpoken? If not, then the whole Iliad being almoſt ſpent in ſpeech and action, almoſt every thing in it has manners, ſince Homer has been proved before in a long paragraph of the preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole poem is one continued occaſion of ſhewing this bright part of his talent.

To ſpeak fairly, it is impoſſible ſhe could read even the tranſlation, and take my ſenſe ſo wrong as ſhe repreſents it; but I was firſt tranſlated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expreſſion indeed was not quite exact; it ſhould have been, "Every thing has "manners as Ariſtotle calls them." But ſuch a fault methinks might have been ſpared, ſince if one was

to look with that diſpoſition ſhe diſcovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find ſome miſtakes which no context can redreſs; as where ſhe makes Euſtathius call Cratiſthenes the Phliaſian, Calliſthenes the Phyſician *. What a triumph might ſome ſlips of this ſort have afforded to Homer's, hers, and my enemies, from which ſhe was only ſcreened by their happy ignorance? How unlucky had it been, when ſhe inſulted Mr. de la Motte for omitting a material paſſage in the † ſpeech of Helen to Hector, Iliad vi. if ſome champion for the moderns had by chance underſtood ſo much Greek, as to whiſper him, that there was no ſuch paſſage in Homer?

Our concern, zeal, and even jealouſy, for our great author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as ſhe could in mine. It was one of the many reaſons I had to wiſh the longer life of this lady, that I muſt certainly have regained her good opinion, in ſpite of all miſrepreſenting Tranſlators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as paſſionate, an admirer of Homer as herſelf. For that was the firſt condition of her favour and friendſhip; otherwiſe not one's taſte alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion

* Dacier Remarques ſur le 4me livre de l' Odyſſ. p. 467.

† De la Corruption du Gout.

have been unſuſpected, who did not implicitly believe in an author whoſe doctrine is ſo conformable to holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expreſſing their belief, ſome purely by public and general acts of worſhip, others by a reverend ſort of reaſoning and enquiry about the grounds of it; it is the ſame in admiration, ſome prove it by exclamations, others by reſpect. I have obſerved that the loudeſt huzzas given to a great man in a triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the ſame with the rabble of Criticks, a deſire to be diſtinguiſhed from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a poet, I would not be an enthuſiaſt; and though I am an Engliſhman, I would not be furiouſly of a party. I am far from thinking myſelf that genius, upon whom, at the end of theſe remarks, Madam Dacier congratulates my country: one capable of, "correcting Homer, and "conſequently of reforming mankind, and amend-"ing this conſtitution." It was not to Great Britain this ought to have been applied, ſince our nation has one happineſs for which ſhe might have preferred it to her own, that as much as we abound in other miſerable miſguided ſects, we have at leaſt none of the blaſphemers of Homer. We ſteadfaſtly and unanimouſly believe, both his poem and our conſtitution, to be the beſt that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we deſpiſe

any French or Engliſhman whatever, who ſhall preſume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the leaſt alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which Madam Dacier miſtook me, my whole deſire is but to preſerve the humble character of a faithful Tranſlator, and a quiet ſubject.

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HOMER's

BATTLE

OF THE

FROGS AND MICE.

By Mr. Archdeacon PARNELL.

Corrected by Mr. POPE.

NAMES *of the* MICE.

PSYCARPAX, *One who plunders Granaries.* *
Troxartes, *A Bread-eater.*
Lychomyle, *A Licker of Meal.* †
Pternotroctas, *A Bacon-eater.* ‡
Lycopinax, *A Licker of Diſhes.*
Embaſichytros, *A Creeper into Pots.*
Lychenor, *A Name from Licking.*
Troglodytes, *One who runs into Holes.*
Artophagus, *Who feeds on Bread.*
Tyroglyphus, *A Cheeſe-ſcooper.*
Pternophagus, *A Bacon-eater.*
Cniſſodioctes, *One who follows the Steam of Kitchens.*
Sitophagus, *An Eater of Wheat.*
Meridarpax, *One who plunders his Share.*

NAMES *of the* FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, *One who ſwells his Cheeks.*
Peleus, *A Name from Mud.*
Hydromeduſe, *A Ruler in the Waters.*
Hypſiboas, *A loud Bawler.*
Pelion, *from Mud.*
Seutlæus, *called from the Beets.*
Polyphonus, *A great Babler.*
Lymnocharis, *One who loves the Lake.*
Crambophagus, *Cabbage-eater.*
Lymniſius, *called from the Lake.*
Calaminthius, *from the Herb.*
Hydrocharis, *Who loves the Water.*
Borborocates, § *Who lies in the Mud.*
Praſſophagus, *An Eater of Garlick.*
Peluſius, *from Mud.*
Pelobates, *Who walks in the Dirt.*
Praſſæus, *called from Garlick.*
Craugaſides, *from Croaking.*

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* More properly, Pſicharpax, a ſnatcher of crumbs.
† Rather, a licker of the mill-ſtone.
‡ Or, a bacon-nibbler: to diſtinguiſh him from one below.
§ It ſhould be written Borborocoetes.

THE

BATTLE

OF THE

FROGS AND MICE.

BOOK I.

TO fill my riſing ſong with ſacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye ſweet celeſtial Quire!
From Helicon's imbow'ring height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my pray'r.

Ver. 1.] This exordium is executed with no ſort of fidelity to his author, but the reader would nauſeate the minutiæ of criticiſm on this performance, in which our poet was but partially concerned; and would repreſs all oſtentatious pedantry with a verſe of Pope's:

Who breaks a butterfly upon the wheel?

In general, the tranſlation is extremely well executed, though diffuſe; having expanded 294 verſes of the original into no fewer than 489.

The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The ſprings of conteſt, and the fields of fight;
How threat'ning Mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults ſhook Olympus' tow'rs,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal pow'rs.
Theſe equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the Muſe records the tale of Fame.

Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,
And juſt eſcap'd the ſtretching claws of Death,
A gentle Mouſe, whom Cats purſu'd in vain,
Flies ſwift-of-foot acroſs the neighb'ring plain,
Hangs o'er a brink his eager thirſt to cool,
And dips his whiſkers in the ſtanding pool;
When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head,
And from the waters, hoarſe reſounding ſaid,
What art thou, ſtranger? What the line you boaſt?
What chance hath caſt thee panting on our coaſt?
With ſtricteſt truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithleſs Mouſe in thee.

Ver. 18.] This epithet is ſuperfluous. Rather:

And dips his whiſkers in the *lucid* pool.

Pope might take a hint from this paſſage in his imitations of Horace, book ii. ſatire 6. where his pleaſantry is very happy:

That jelly's rich; this malmſey, healing:
Pray, *dip your whiſkers* and your tail in!

If worthy friendſhip, proffer'd friendſhip take,
And ent'ring view the pleaſurable lake:
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty ſhare,
And glad return from hoſpitable fare.
This ſilver realm extends beneath my ſway,
And me, their monarch, all its frogs obey.
Great Phyſignathus I, from Pelius' race,
Begot in fair Hydromeduſe' embrace,
Where by the nuptial bank that paints his ſide,
The ſwift Eridanus delights to glide.
Thee too, thy form, thy ſtrength, and port proclaim,
A ſcepter'd king; a ſon of martial fame:
Then trace thy line, and aid my gueſſing eyes.
Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouſe replies.
Known to the Gods, the men, the birds that fly,
Thro' wild expanſes of the midway ſky,
My name reſounds; and if unknown to thee,
The ſoul of great Pſycarpax lives in me,
Of brave Troxartes' line, whoſe ſleeky down
In love compreſs'd Lycomile the brown.

Ver. 31.] He might eaſily have preſerved the true quantity of the word with more accuracy in other reſpects:

Rever'd Phyſignathus, of *Pelens'* race.

Ver. 42.] This is ſcarcely intelligible, if intended for an exact repreſentation of his author. The ſpeaker is *Pſycarpax* himſelf.

My mother ſhe, and princeſs of the plains
Where-e'er her father Pternotroctas reigns:
Born where a cabin lifts its airy ſhed,
With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.
But ſince our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation can a friendſhip grow?
Theſe curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
But man's high food ſupports my princely ſoul.
In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in flaſkets from my curious eye;
In vain the tripe that boaſts the whiteſt hue,
In vain the gilded bacon ſhuns my view,
In vain the cheeſes, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which Gods themſelves regale.
And as in arts I ſhine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the braveſt, and unknown to flight.
Tho' large to mine the human form appear,
Not Man himſelf can ſmite my ſoul with fear:
Sly to the bed with ſilent ſteps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dextrous ſkill;
Sleeping he feels, and only ſeems to feel.

Ver. 65.] This is the firſt defective rhyme, that has yet appeared, in a verſion remarkably pure in this reſpect. We may correct, with juſtice to his original, thus:

With dextrous ſkill *ſit nibbling at his heel.*

Yet have we foes which direful dangers cauſe,
Grim Owls with talons arm'd, and Cats with claws;
And that falſe Trap, the den of ſilent fate,
Where Death his ambuſh plants around the bait:
All dreaded theſe, and dreadful o'er the reſt
The potent warriours of the tabby veſt:
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race.
But me, nor ſtalks, nor watriſh herbs delight,
Nor can the crimſon radiſh charm my ſight:
The lake-reſounding Frogs ſelected fare,
Which not a Mouſe of any taſte can bear.
As thus the downy Prince his mind expreſt,
His anſwer thus the croaking King addreſt.
Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, ſtranger, we can boaſt of bounteous Jove:
We ſport in water, or we dance on land,
And born amphibious, food from both command.
But truſt thyſelf where wonders aſk thy view,
And ſafely tempt thoſe ſeas, I'll bear thee through:
Aſcend my ſhoulders, firmly keep thy ſeat,
And reach my marſhy court, and feaſt in ſtate.

Ver. 88.] Thus mend the rhyme:
And view, with rapture view, my bleſt retreat.

He ſaid, and lent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light mouſe, and claſps his arms around;
Then wond'ring floats, and ſees with glad ſurvey
The winding banks reſembling ports at ſea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy ſides,
His thoughts grow conſcious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow;
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccuſtom'd fears;
He ſighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for ſhore:
His tail extended forms a fruitleſs oar,
Half drench'd in liquid death his pray'rs he ſpake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake.
So paſs'd Europa thro' the rapid ſea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way;
With oary feet the Bull triumphant row'd,
And ſafe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.

Ver. 89.] In the firſt edition, leſs exactly to his author:
He ſaid, and *bent* his back.

Ver. 103.] Very different from his original, which ſays:
Not thus Europa did the ſea convey:
meaning that to be a leſs extraordinary tranſportation than his own. And, in paſſing, I have ſubſtituted a better rhyme.

Ver. 105.] From more gorgeous verſes in Paradiſe Loſt, vii. 438.

Ah ſafe at laſt! may thus the Frog ſupport
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.
As thus he ſorrows, Death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a Water-Hydra roſe;
He rolls his ſanguin'd eyes, his boſom heaves;
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd, the monarch ſees his hiſſing foe,
And dives to ſhun the ſable fates below.
Forgetful Frog! The friend thy ſhoulders bore,
Unſkill'd in ſwimming, floats remote from ſhore.
He graſps with fruitleſs hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;

— — — — — the ſwan with arched neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, *rows*
Her ſtate *with oary feet:*

upon the ſtrength of which paſſage, I have ventured to ſubſtitute, in the poem before us, from conjecture, the word *row'd*, inſtead of *rode* in all the editions. And, with a view of enlivening the dulneſs of theſe notes, I ſhall attempt to entertain the reader with ſome excellent verſes from Silius Italicus, which appear to have aſſiſted Milton with a few ſtrokes in his admirable painting: Punic. xiv. 189.

Haùd ſecùs, Eridani ſtagnis, ripâve Cayſtri,
Innatat albus olor, pronoque immobile corpus
Dat fluvio, et *pedibus* tacitas *eremigat* undas.
Thus the white ſwan, or in the pools of Po,
Or where Cayſter's lucid waters flow,
With oary feet and in majeſtic pride,
Moves his ſlow ſtate, and ſkims the tranquil tide.

Ver. 110.] *Water-Hydra* is an ignorant compound: and the next couplet is as faulty in rhyme, as faithleſs to it's model.

Plunging he ſinks, and ſtruggling mounts again,
And ſinks, and ſtrives, but ſtrives with fate in vain.
The weighty moiſture clogs his hairy veſt,
And thus the Prince his dying rage expreſt.
Nor thou, that fling'ſt me flound'ring from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the ſhatt'ring wrack,
Nor thou ſhalt 'ſcape thy due, perfidious king!
Purſu'd by vengeance on the ſwifteſt wing:
At land thy ſtrength could never equal mine,
At ſea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But heav'n has Gods, and Gods have ſearching eyes:
Ye Mice, ye Mice, my great avengers riſe!
This ſaid, he ſighing gaſp'd, and gaſping dy'd;
His death the young Lycopinax eſpy'd,
As on the flow'ry brink he paſs'd the day,
Baſk'd in the beam, and loiter'd life away:
Loud ſhrieks the Mouſe, his ſhrieks the ſhores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their Hero's fate:

Ver. 123.] *Fling'ſt.* To the firſt edition, very properly: later impreſſions give *flings.*

Ver. 135.] With vicious rhymes, we have alſo one of thoſe interpolations ſo very frequent with the tranſlators of the Iliad and Odyſſey. Thus his author:

Grief, diſmal grief enſues; deep murmurs ſound,
And ſhriller fury fills the deafen'd ground:
From lodge to lodge the ſacred Heralds run,
To fix their council with the riſing ſun;
Where great Troxartes crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his length'ning court beneath the plains:
Pſycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Pſycarpax lies remote from ſhore:
Supine he lies! the ſilent waters ſtand,
And no kind billow wafts the Dead to land!

Loud ſhrieks the Mouſe, *and bears with eager pace*
The dire diſaſter to the nibbling *race.*

The remainder of this book is excellently done.

BOOK II.

WHEN roſy finger'd Morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their Monarch Mouſe the nation crowds;
Slow roſe the Monarch, heav'd his anxious breaſt,
And thus, the council fill'd with rage, addreſt.
For loſt Pſycarpax much my ſoul endures,
'Tis mine the private grief, the publick, your's;
Three warlike ſons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three ſons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldeſt periſh'd by the rav'ning Cat,
As near my court the Prince unheedful ſat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire Arts aſſiſt the Trap, the Fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant Boy.
The laſt, his Country's hope, his Parents pride,
Plung'd in the lake by Phyſignathus, dy'd.
Rouſe all the war, my friends! avenge the deed,
And bleed that Monarch, and his nation bleed.
His words in ev'ry breaſt inſpir'd alarms,
And careful Mars ſupply'd their hoſt with arms.

In verdant hulls deſpoil'd of all their beans,
The buſkin'd warriours ſtalk'd along the plains:
Quills aptly bound, their bracing corſelet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a Cat they flay'd;
The lamp's round boſs affords their ample ſhield,
Large ſhells of nuts their cov'ring helmet yield;
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.
Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear:
The wond'ring Frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forſake the waters, thick'ning form a ring,
And aſk, and hearken, whence the noiſes ſpring;
When near the croud, diſclos'd to publick view,
The valiant chief Embaſichytros drew:
The ſacred herald's ſcepter grac'd his hand,
And thus his words expreſt his King's command.
Ye Frogs! the Mice with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deckt in armour ſhake the ſhining lance;
Their hapleſs Prince by Phyſignathus ſlain,
Extends incumbent on the watry plain.
Then arm your hoſt, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth thoſe Frogs that have the ſoul to die.

Ver. 21.] Or thus, to baniſh a vile Iriſh pronunciation, common alſo to Lancaſhire and Cheſhire:

In *greaves*, the verdant hulls *of* beans *beſtow*,
The buſkin'd warriours *to the combat go*.

The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly-ſwelling, yet perplex'd appear;
Much they reſent, yet much their Monarch blame,
Who riſing, ſpoke to clear his tainted fame.
O friends! I never forc'd the Mouſe to death,
Nor ſaw the gaſpings of his lateſt breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of ſwimming try'd,
And vent'rous in the lake the wanton dy'd.
To vengeance now by falſe appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltleſs head.
But wage the riſing war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.
Your King directs the way; my thoughts elate
With hopes of conqueſt, form deſigns of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant ſurface heave,
And the ſteep ſides confine the ſleeping wave,
There, near the margin, and in armour bright,
Suſtain the firſt impetuous ſhocks of fight:
Then where the dancing feather joins the creſt,
Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouſe arreſt;
Each ſtrongly graſping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countleſs circles whirl the lake below;

Ver. 57.] Or, if the reader pleaſe:
Where high the banks their verdant ſurface *ſpread*,
And the ſteep ſides confine the *wat'ry bed*.

Down ſink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd:
Loud flaſh the waters; echoing ſhores reſound:
The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raiſe their glorious trophies of the ſlain.
He ſpoke no more, his prudent ſcheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldeſt hearts.
Green was the ſuit his arming heroes choſe,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows cloſe;
Green were the beets about their ſhoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made;
Form'd of the vary'd ſhells the waters yield,
Their gloſſy helmets gliſten'd o'er the field;
And tap'ring ſea-reeds for the poliſh'd ſpear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dreſs'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
Poize the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.
But now, where Jove's irradiate ſpires ariſe,
With ſtars ſurrounded in ætherial ſkies,
(A ſolemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the Gods aſſume their golden ſeats:

Ver. 66.] In the firſt edition:

— — — — — — *and the* ſhores reſound:

But the whole clauſe is a mere interpolation: ſee note on book i. ver. 135. It is ſurpriſing to obſerve, how often this ſtale morſel has been ſerved up.

Ver. 83.] Or as follows:

(A council call'd) the brazen gates unfold;
The Gods *in order fill* their *thrones of gold.*

The Sire ſuperiour leans, and points to ſhow
What wond'rous combats mortals wage below:
How ſtrong, how large, the num'rous heroes ſtride;
What length of lance they ſhake with warlike pride:
What eager fire their rapid march reveals;
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales;
And ſo confirm'd, the daring Titans roſe,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the Gods be foes.
This ſeen, the Pow'r his ſacred viſage rears,
He caſts a pitying ſmile on worldly cares,
And aſks what heav'nly guardians take the liſt,
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs affiſt!
Then thus to Pallas. If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the Mice, why ſtays ſhe ſtill behind?
Drawn forth by ſav'ry ſteams they wind their way,
And ſure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where while the victims gratify their taſte,
They ſport to pleaſe the Goddeſs of the feaſt.

Ver. 89.] Thus?

What pride of war their marſhall'd ranks diſplay:
So the fierce Centaurs urg'd their furious way.

Ver. 93.] Or:

The Godhead ſpake: and ſmiles benignant grace
The ſoft'ning features of his awful face.

Ver. 101.] If the reader wiſh better rhymes, he may accept the following:

There, while rich offerings breathe their fragrance round,
In the briſk dance the frolic nation bound.

Thus ſpake the Ruler of the ſpacious ſkies,
When thus, reſolv'd, the blue-ey'd Maid replies.
In vain, my father! all their dangers plead;
To ſuch, thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flow'ry wreaths they petulantly ſpoil,
And rob my cryſtal lamps of feeding oil,
Ills following ills: but what afflicts me more,
My veil, that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Relentleſs wretches! all the work was mine;
Along the loom the purple warp I ſpread,
Caſt the light ſhoot, and croſt the ſilver thread.
In this their teeth a thouſand breaches tear;
The thouſand breaches ſkilful hands repair;
For which, vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve:
But Gods, that uſe no coin, have none to give;
And Learning's Goddeſs never leſs can owe:
Neglected Learning gets no wealth below.
Nor let the Frogs to gain my ſuccour ſue,
Thoſe clam'rous fools have loſt my favour too.

Ver. 105.] Or thus:

My Father! all their dangers plead in vain:
Mice from thy Pallas *will no ſuccour gain.*

Ver. 117.] For theſe two couplets, thus more nearly to his author:

For which thy daughter urgent duns moleſt:
Hence grew this deep reſentment in my breaſt.
Of borrow'd implements my veil was made;
And ſtill remains alas! the debt unpaid.

For late, when all the conflict ceaſt at night,
When my ſtretch'd ſinews ach'd with eager fight,
When ſpent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And ſunk for ſlumber on my ſwelling ſhield;
Lo from the deep, repelling ſweet repoſe,
With noiſy croakings half the nation roſe:
Devoid of reſt, with aching brows I lay,
'Till cocks proclaim'd the crimſon dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either hoſt forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the ſpear.
Let heav'nly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conqueſt of a meaner foe,
Who, wildly ruſhing, meet the wond'rous odds,
Tho' Gods oppoſe; and brave the wounded Gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals ſcenes for you.
So mov'd the blue-ey'd Queen, her words perſuade,
Great Jove aſſented, and the reſt obey'd.

Ver. 124.] For *ach'd* the firſt edition has *work'd*.

BOOK III.

NOW front to front the marching armies ſhine,
Halt e'er they meet, and form the length'ning line;
The chiefs conſpicuous ſeen, and heard afar,
Give the loud ſign to looſe the ruſhing war;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets ſound,
The ſounded charge remurmers o'er the ground;
Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horrour nigh,
And rolls low thunder thro' the troubled ſky.
Firſt to the fight the large Hypſiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a jav'lin ſlew;
The luckleſs warriour, fill'd with gen'rous flame,
Stood foremoſt glitt'ring in the poſt of Fame.
When in his liver ſtruck, the jav'lin hung;
The Mouſe fell thund'ring, and the target rung:
Prone to the ground he ſinks his cloſing eye,
And, ſoil'd in duſt, his lovely treſſes lie.

Ver. 4.] Thus in the firſt edition:

Give the loud *ſignal* to the ruſhing war.

A ſpear at Pelion Troglodytes caſt;
The miſſive ſpear within the boſom paſt;
Death's ſable ſhades the fainting Frog ſurround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embaſichytros felt Seutlæus' dart
Transfix, and quiver in his panting heart;
But great Artophagus aveng'd the ſlain,
And big Seutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd
For boaſtful ſpeech and turbulence of ſound;
Deep thro' the belly pierc'd, ſupine he lay,
And breath'd his ſoul againſt the face of day.
The ſtrong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire,
A victor triumph, and a friend expire;
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought;
A warriour vers'd in arts, of ſure retreat,
Yet arts in vain elude impending fate:
Full on his ſinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (ſecond of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring aim;

Ver. 17.] The proper *quantity* might be preſerved by tranſpoſition:

Troglodytes a ſpear at Pelion caſt.

Ver. 34.] Or thus:

In arts *deep* vers'd *o'er all the* warriour-*train*;
But arts elude impending Fate in vain.

Thro' all the Frog the ſhining jav'lin flies,
And near the vanquiſh'd Mouſe the victor dies.
The dreadful ſtroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, leſs inur'd to fights;
Heedleſs he runs, and ſtumbles o'er the ſteep,
And wildly flound'ring flaſhes up the deep:
Lychenor, following, with a downward blow
Reach'd, in the lake, his unrecover'd foe;
Gaſping he rolls, a purple ſtream of blood
Diſtains the ſurface of the ſilver flood;
Thro' the wide wound the ruſhing entrails throng,
And ſlow the breathleſs carcaſs floats along.
Lymniſius good Tyroglyphus aſſails,
Prince of the Mice that haunt the ſlow'ry vales,
Loſt to the milky fares and rural ſeat,
He came to periſh on the bank of fate.
The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius ſhuns by flight,
Drops the green target, ſpringing quits the foe,
Glides thro' the lake, and ſafely dives below.
The dire Pternophagus divides his way
Thro' breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day;
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceneſs more,
His parents fed him on the ſavage boar:

Ver. 53.] Or,

Loſt to the milky fares and rural *ſtate*.

But where his lance the field with blood imbru'd,
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis purſu'd,
'Till fall'n in death he lies; a ſhatt'ring ſtone
Sounds on the neck, and cruſhes all the bone;
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his noſtrils burſts the guſhing brain.
Lycopinax with Borb'rocœtes fights,
A blameleſs Frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal jav'lin unrelenting flies,
And darkneſs ſeals the gentle croaker's eyes.
Incens'd Praſſophagus, with ſprightly bound,
Bears Cniſſodioctes off the riſing ground;
Then drags him o'er the lake, depriv'd of breath;
And, downward plunging, ſinks his ſoul to death.
But now the great Pſycarpax ſhines afar,
(Scarce he ſo great whoſe loſs provok'd the war)
Swift to revenge his fatal jav'lin fled,
And thro' the liver ſtruck Peluſius dead;
His freckled corps before the victor fell,
His ſoul indignant ſought the ſhades of hell.
This ſaw Pelobates, and from the flood,
Lifts with both hands a monſtrous maſs of mud.
The cloud obſcene o'er all the warriour flies,
Diſhonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.

Ver. 86.] I believe the time will allow us to attribute ſome ornament of this paſſage to one in the Dunciad, ii. 108. ſupremely ludicrous:

Repaſſes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds *the brown diſhonours of his face.*

Enrag'd, and wildly ſputt'ring, from the ſhore
A ſtone immenſe of ſize the warriour bore;
A load for lab'ring earth, whoſe bulk to raiſe,
Aſks ten degen'rate Mice of modern days:
Full to the leg arrives the cruſhing wound;
The Frog, ſupportleſs, writhes upon the ground.
Thus fluſh'd, the victor wars with matchleſs force,
'Till loud Craugaſides arreſts his courſe:
Hoarſe croaking threats precede; with fatal ſpeed
Deep thro' the belly runs the pointed reed,
Then, ſtrongly tug'd, return'd imbru'd with gore;
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.
The lame Sitophagus, oppreſs'd with pain,
Creeps from the deſp'rate dangers of the plain:
And where the ditches riſing weeds ſupply,
To ſpread their lowly ſhades beneath the ſky;
There lurks the ſilent Mouſe reliev'd of heat,
And, ſafe imbower'd, avoids the chance of fate.
But here Troxartes, Phyſignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed ſpear:
Then where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartes wounds, and Phyſignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a ſafe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.

Ver. 103.] Or thus:

There lurks the ſilent Mouſe; draws thick his breath,
O'erſpent with toil, and ſcarce eſcap'd from death.

The Mouſe ſtill urges, ſtill the Frog retires,
And half in anguiſh of the flight expires;
Then pious ardour young Praſſæus brings,
Betwixt the fortune of contending kings:
Lank, harmleſs Frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combats not his own:
Which faintly tinkling on Troxartes' ſhield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.
Now nobly tow'ring o'er the reſt appears
A gallant prince that far tranſcends his years,
Pride of his ſire, and glory of his houſe,
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouſe:
His action bold, robuſt his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his reſounding name.
The warriour, ſingled from the fighting crowd,
Boaſts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then ſtrutting near the lake, with looks elate,
Threats all its nations with approaching fate.
And ſuch his ſtrength, the ſilver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground;
But pow'rful Jove who ſhews no leſs his grace
To Frogs that periſh, than to human race,

Ver. 117.] This language ſeems borrowed from Dryden's verſion of the parallel paſſage in Virgil's Æneid, ii. 745.

And *faintly tinckled on the* brazen *ſhield.*

Felt ſoft compaſſion riſing in his ſoul,
And ſhook his ſacred head, that ſhook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing pow'rs began,
The ſire of Gods, and Frogs, and Mouſe, and man.
What ſeas of blood I view, what worlds of ſlain?
An Iliad riſing from a day's campaign!
How fierce his jav'lin, o'er the trembling lakes,
The black-furr'd hero, Meridarpax, ſhakes!
Unleſs ſome fav'ring Deity deſcend,
Soon will the Frogs loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye:
While Mars, refulgent on his rattling car,
Arreſts his raging rival of the war.
He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head;
When thus the glorious God of combats ſaid,
Nor Pallas, Jove! tho' Pallas take the field,
With all the terrours of her hiſſing ſhield;
Nor Mars himſelf, tho' Mars in armour bright
Aſcend his car, and wheel amidſt the fight;
Not theſe can drive the deſp'rate Mouſe afar,
And change the fortunes of the bleeding war.

Ver. 134.] This entire verſe is borrowed from one of the tranſlators of the Iliad: but my memory cannot ſpecify the author or the paſſage.

Let all go forth, all heav'n in arms ariſe;
Or launch thy own red thunder from the ſkies:
Such ardent bolts as flew that wond'rous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay;
When all the giant-race enormous fell;
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.
'Twas thus th' armipotent advis'd the Gods,
When from his throne the Cloud-compeller nods;
Deep length'ning thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then ſwift he whirls the brandiſh'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the diſtant ground;
The bolt, diſcharg'd, inwrap'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming paſſage thro' the ſkies:
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, ſhake;
And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet ſtill the Mice advance their dread deſign,
And the laſt danger threats the croaking line;
'Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loſs they bore,
With ſtrange aſſiſtance fill'd the frighted ſhore.
Pour'd from the neighb'ring ſtrand, deform'd to view,
They march, a ſudden unexpected crew.
Strong ſuits of armour round their bodies cloſe,
Which like thick anvils blunt the force of blows;

In wheeling marches turn'd, oblique they go;
With happy claws their limbs divide below;
Fell ſheers the paſſage to their mouth command;
From out the fleſh the bones by nature ſtand:
Broad ſpread their backs, their ſhining ſhoulders riſe,
Unnumber'd joints diſtort their lengthen'd thighs,
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd,
Their round black eye-balls in their boſom plac'd,
On eight long feet the wond'rous warriours tread,
And either end alike ſupplies a head.
Theſe to call Crabs, mere mortal wits agree;
But Gods have other names for things than we.
Now, where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes tails with ſev'ring graſps they rend.
Here, ſhort of feet, depriv'd the pow'r to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and ſcatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpleſs amazement, fear purſuing fear,
And mad confuſion thro' their hoſt appear;
O'er the wild waſte with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.